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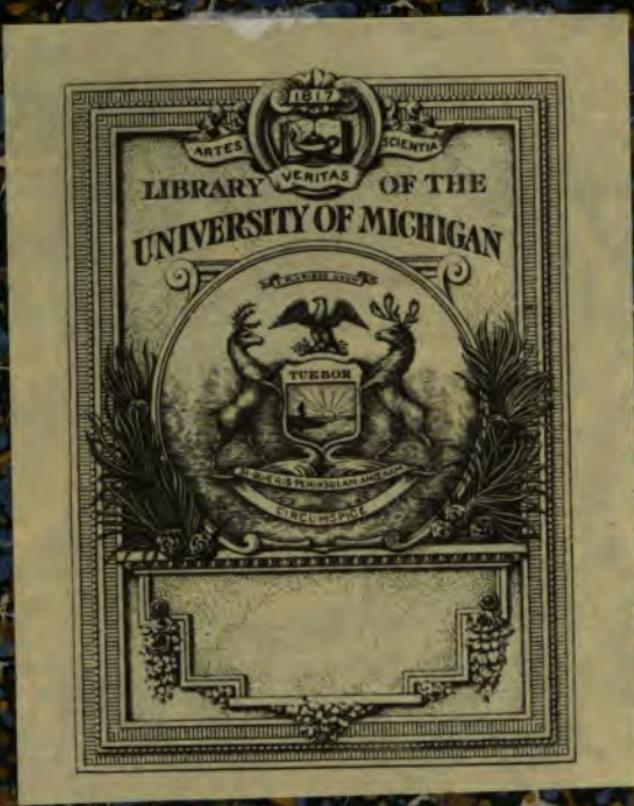
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Mary of Modena:
Queen of James 2nd

Published by Henry Colburn, Great Marlborough Street, 1846.

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LIV.
OF THE
QUEENS OF ENGLAND,
BY
AGNES STRICKLAND.



Escape of the Queen and Prince of Wales.

VOL. II.

LONDON,
HENRY COLBURN, GREAT MAPLEBOURNE, CITTRETT.

1846.

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LIVES
OF THE
QUEENS OF ENGLAND,

FROM
THE NORMAN CONQUEST;

WITH
ANECDOTES OF THEIR COURTS,

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED FROM
OFFICIAL RECORDS AND OTHER AUTHENTIC DOCUMENTS,
PRIVATE AS WELL AS PUBLIC.

BY
AGNES STRICKLAND.

2

"The treasures of antiquity laid up
In old historic rolls, I opened."

BEAUMONT.

VOL. IX.

LONDON:
HENRY COLBURN, PUBLISHER,
GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

1846.

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LONDON:
PRINTED BY THOMAS C. SAVILL,
CHANDOS STREET

G. L.
Prof. W. Mc Colly

7-16-64

13-377163

TO

HER MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY

Our Sovereign Lady Queen Victoria,

THE LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND

ARE BY GRACIOUS PERMISSION INSCRIBED,

WITH FEELINGS OF PROFOUND RESPECT AND LOYAL AFFECTION,

BY HER MAJESTY'S FAITHFUL SUBJECT

AND DEVOTED SERVANT,

AGNES STRICKLAND.

PREFACE.

SOME indulgence, it is hoped, will be accorded by the gentle readers of the "Lives of the Queens of England," for the tardy appearance of the present volume, when it is explained that the materials for the biography of the consort of James II. are chiefly derived from the unpublished letters, journals, and documents of the period. Many of these, and indeed the most important, are locked up in the Secret Archives of France; papers that are guarded with such extreme jealousy from the curiosity of foreigners, that nothing less than the powerful influence of M. Guizot himself could have procured access to those collections. Through the kindness and liberality of that accomplished statesman-historian, every facility for research and transcription was granted during my residence in Paris, in the spring and summer of 1844. The result was fortunate beyond my most sanguine expectations, in the discovery of inedited letters, records, and documents, connected with the personal history of the beautiful and unfortunate princess whose memoir occupies the present volume of the "Lives of the Queens of England." Not the least curious of those records is part of a MS. diary, kept, apparently, by one of the nuns of Chaillot, of the sayings and doings of the exiled queen during her occasional retreats to that

convent, after the death of James II., full of characteristic traits and anecdotes. It is quaintly, but pleasantly written, though somewhat wearisome at times, from the frequent allusions to the devotional exercises, the fasts, and other observances practised by the sisters of Chaillot and their royal guest. It admits us, however, most fully within the grate, and puts us in possession of things that were never intended to be whispered beyond the walls of that little world.

Much additional light is thrown on the personal history of the exiled royal family, by the incidents that have been there chronicled from the queen's own lips. The fidelity of the statements is verified by their strict agreement, in many instances, with other inedited documents, of the existence of which the sister of Chaillot could not have been aware. Besides these treasures, I was permitted to take transcripts of upwards of two hundred original autograph letters of this queen, being her confidential correspondence, for the last thirty years of her life, with her friend Françoise Angélique Priolo, and others of the nuns of Chaillot. To this correspondence I am indebted for many touching pictures of the domestic life of the fallen queen and her children, during their residence in the chateau of St. Germain. It is impossible to read her unaffected descriptions of her feelings without emotion. Some of the letters have been literally steeped in the tears of the royal writer, especially those which she wrote after the battle of la Hogue, during the absence of king James, when she was in hourly expectation of the birth of her youngest child, and, finally, in her last utter desolation.

The friendly assistance rendered by M. Michelet, in the prosecution of my researches, in the Archives au Royaume

de France, demands the most grateful acknowledgments. I am also indebted through the favour of M. Guizot, and the courtesy of M. Mignet and M. Dumont, for inedited documents and royal letters from the Archives des Affaires Etrangères; nor must the great kindness of M. Champollion be forgotten, or the service rendered by him, in the discovery of a large portfolio of inedited State Papers and secret Jacobite correspondence, from the Archives of St. Germains, tending to throw much light on the regency, as it was called, of Mary Beatrice, during the minority of the prince her son, better known by the sobriquet of "the Pretender."

The life of every queen of England whose name has been involved with the conflicting parties and passions excited by revolutions, or differences of religious opinions, has always been a task of extreme difficulty. With regard to the consort of James II. it has been peculiarly so, since, for upwards of a century after the revolution of 1688, it was considered a test of loyalty to the reigning family, and attachment to the church of England, to revile the sovereigns of the house of Stuart, root and branch, and to consign them, their wives, and children, their friends and servants, and all who would not unite in desecrating their tombs, to the reprobation of all posterity. Every one who attempted to write history at that period was, to use the metaphor of the witty author of *Eōthen*, "subjected to the immutable law which compels a man with a pen in his hand to be uttering, now and then, some sentiment not his own, as though, like a French peasant under the old regime, he were bound to perform a certain amount of work on the public highways." Happily the necessity, if it ever existed, of warping the web of truth to fit the

exigencies of a political crisis, exists no longer. The title of the present illustrious occupant of the throne of Great Britain to the crown she wears, is founded on the soundest principles, both of constitutional freedom of choice in the people, and legitimate descent from the ancient monarchs of the realm. The tombs of the last princes of the male line of the royal house of Stuart, were erected at the expense of their august kinsman George IV. That generous prince set a noble example of liberal feeling in the sympathy which he was the first to accord to that unfortunate family. He did more; he checked the hackneyed system of basing modern history on the abuse of James II. and his family, by authorizing the publication of a portion of the Stuart papers, and employing his librarian and historiographer, to arrange the life of that prince from his journal and correspondence.

The biography of Mary Beatrice of Modena has never before been written, though abounding in circumstances of touching interest. There are epochs in her life, when she comes before us in her beauty, her misfortunes, her conjugal tenderness, and passionate maternity, like one of the distressed queens of tragedy, or romance, struggling against the decrees of adverse destiny. The slight mention of her that appears on the surface of English history, has been penned by chroniclers of a different spirit from "Griffith"—men whose hearts were either hardened by strong political and polemic animosities, or who, as a matter of business or expediency, did their utmost to defame her, because she was the wife of James II., and the mother of his unfortunate son. The bitterest of her unprovoked enemies, Burnet, was reduced to the paltry weapons of vituperation and calumny, in the attacks he constantly makes on her. The

first, like swearing, is only an imbecile abuse of words, and the last vanishes before the slightest examination. History is happily written on different principles in the present age. “We have now,” says Guizot, “to control our assertions by the facts;” in plain English, to say nothing either in the way of praise or censure, which cannot be substantiated by sound evidence.

Mary Beatrice of Modena played an important rather than a conspicuous part in the historic drama of the stirring times in which her lot was cast. The tender age at which she was reluctantly torn from a convent to become the wife of a prince, whose years nearly trebled hers, and the feminine tone of her mind, deterred her from interfering in affairs of state, during the sixteen years of her residence in England. The ascetic habits, and premature superannuation of her unfortunate consort, compelled her, for the sake of her son, to emerge at length from the sanctuary of the domestic altar, and to enter upon the stormy arena of public life; and she became, and continued for many years after, the rallying point of the Jacobites. All the plots and secret correspondence of that party, were carried on under her auspices.

It was her personal influence with Louis XIV., the dauphin, and the duke of Burgundy, that led to the infraction of the peace of Ryswick, by the courts of France and Spain, through their recognition of her son’s claims to an empty title: to please her, Louis XIV. allowed the dependant on his bounty to be proclaimed at the gates of one of his own royal palaces, as James III., king not only of Great Britain and Ireland, but even of France, and to quarter the fleur-de-lys unmolested. The situation of the royal widow and her son, when abandoned by their protector, Louis XIV., at

the peace of Utrecht, closely resembles that of Constance of Bretagne, and her son Arthur, after the recognition of the title of king John by their allies; but Mary Beatrice exhibits none of the fierce maternity attributed by Shakespeare to the mother of the rejected claimant of the English throne; her feelings were subdued by a long acquaintance with adversity and the fever of disappointed hope. The present volume brings her biography down to the period of her widowhood. The events of the last sixteen years of her life will be comprised in the first and second chapters of Volume X., which is in the press, and will be immediately forthcoming.

In conclusion, I beg to offer my best thanks to the distinguished persons who have facilitated my labours by affording me access, for the purpose of personal research, to the State Paper Offices of England, Scotland, and France. My obligations have already been acknowledged to M. Guizot, and the other gentlemen of the French Archives. I have now to return thanks to sir James Graham for his frank renewal of the orders of admission to the State Paper Office in Duke-street, originally granted to my sister and myself by the marquess of Normanby; to W. Pitt Dundass, Esq., the keeper of the royal records of Scotland, for the facilities afforded me for transcription, as well as personal investigation of those documents; and to Alexander Macdonald, Esq., of the Register Office, whose kindness I have had frequent occasion to acknowledge. My thanks are also due to the lord provost of Edinburgh, Adam Black, Esq., for his introduction to the civic records of that town; and T. Sinclair, Esq., of the City Chamber, for their liberal communication of documents illustrative of the residence of the consort of James II. at Holyrood, when duchess of York, and

the attentions paid to her and her husband, by the good town of Edinburgh. Sincere acknowledgments are also due to J. Lang, Esq., librarian to the signet; and to Francis Home, Esq. of Avontoun, and his amiable sisters, for much friendly aid in the prosecution of my researches in the Scotch archives and libraries. I am much indebted to the Hon. lady Bedingfeld for the communication of a most interesting original letter of the exiled queen, addressed to the countess of Lichfield; and to his grace the duke of Devonshire, for his signal courtesy in granting to my sister and myself the great privilege of reference to the rich collection of historical letters preserved in the archives of his noble family. Nor must the liberality of C. P. Elliot, Esq., in favouring us with the loan of the MS. Diary of the Rev. Dr. Lake, tutor to queen Mary II. and queen Anne, remain unnoticed; for, not only is the life of Mary Beatrice enriched with some curious facts from that source, but the obligation will appear more important in the elucidation of the early personal history of the two female sovereigns of Great Britain, in the succeeding volume of the Lives of the Queens of England.

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MARY BEATRICE and her INFANT SON, under the walls
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MARY BEATRICE OF MODENA,

QUEEN CONSORT OF JAMES II. KING OF GREAT
BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER I.

Lely's portraits of Mary Beatrice—Her ancestry, parentage, birth—Death of her father—Educated by her mother—Anecdotes of her infancy—Brought up with her brother—Her mother's stern rule—Mary wishes to be a nun—Goes to the Carmelite convent—Her aunt—Her future husband—James duke of York—He commissions the earl of Peterborough to choose a new consort for him—Four ladies named—The earl sees a portrait of Mary d'Esté—Wishes to obtain her for the duke—Obstacles stated—He goes to look at the other ladies—Intrigues about the marriage at home—Mysterious letters from the court of Modena—Perplexity of the earl—His premature communication to the princess of Wirtemberg—The duke's marriage with Mary of Modena determined—Disappointment of Mary Anne of Wirtemberg—The earl goes incognito to Modena—Reluctance of the princess—Her innocence—Begs her aunt to marry the duke of York—First interview between Mary d'Esté and the ambassador—Her petulant behaviour—The pope refuses his dispensation to the marriage—The duchess of Modena's determination—Reluctant consent of the princess—Bishop of Modena refuses to solemnize the marriage—An English priest agrees to officiate—The espousals celebrated—The earl of Peterborough marries the princess as the proxy of the duke of York—Honours paid to him in that capacity—The bridal dinner and ball—Public rejoicings at Modena for the marriage of their princess—The duke of York receives the news and announces it to his brother's court.

THE pencil of Lely has rendered every one familiar with the languishing dark eyes, classic features, and graceful form, of the Italian consort of James II.; that painter was never weary of multiplying portraits of a princess who completely realized his *beau ideal* of female loveliness, and who so well became the rich and picturesque costume which his

exquisite taste had rendered the prevailing mode of the court of the second Charles. She appears to no less advantage, however, when depicted by him in the character of Innocence, without a single ornament to enhance her natural charms, such as she was when she came to England in the early ripeness of sweet fifteen, as the reluctant bride of the duke of York.

We recognise her, in her youthful matron dignity, among “the ‘light-o’-love’ beauties,” in the Hampton Court gallery, but distinguished from them by the vestal-like expression of her face. Her portraits, at a more advanced period of life, as queen of England, are among the finest specimens of sir Godfrey Kneller’s art. Every one of these transcripts of the royal beauty, tells its progressive tale of melancholy interest, to the few who are intimately acquainted with the events of her life. Little, however, is now remembered in England of this queen, beyond the bare outline facts, that she was a princess of Modena, the consort of a dethroned and most unpopular sovereign, and the mother of the disinherited prince to whom the world applied the contemptuous epithet of “the Pretender.”

The conjugal tenderness of Matilda of Boulogne, of Eleanor of Castile, and of Philippa, is deservedly appreciated, the maternal devotion of Margaret of Anjou, the patience of the long-suffering Catharine of Arragon, have received their due meed of praise, for they have become matter of history; but the history of Mary of Modena, for obvious reasons, has never been given to the world. Bold, indeed, would have been any writer of the last century, who should have ventured to call attention to the virtues and the sufferings of the faithful consort of the last and most unfortunate of the Stuart kings.

Among the princesses, who have worn the crown matrimonial of England, many have been born in a more elevated rank than Mary Beatrice of Modena; but few could boast of a more illustrious descent than she claimed as the daughter of the house of Esté. That family, so famous in the page of history, derives its name from the city of Esté, near the Euganean hills, between Verona and Padua; and surely no name is associated with nobler themes of interest, than the line of heroes, of whom Tasso, Ariosto, and Dante have sung: more than once did they repel the

progress of the ferocious hordes of barbarians, who came prepared to ravage the fair fields of Italy. Forestus of Esté, the immediate ancestor of Mary Beatrice of Modena, was, in the year 452, entrusted with the command of the forces sent to relieve Aquileia. He met, and put to flight, 16,000 of Attila's terrible Huns, and he continued to defy and hold the mighty barbarian at bay, till, by the treachery of some of his soldiers, he was drawn into an ambush, where, it is believed, he was slain by Attila's own hand. His son Acarius, more than equalled his father's fame, and with better fortune maintained the freedom of his country for a much longer period, till he too sealed his patriotism with his blood.¹

Poetry and romance have perhaps scattered their flowers among the traditional glories of the ancient heroes of the line, but those garlands were the votive offerings of the grateful chroniclers and immortal bards of Italy, who, in every age from remote antiquity, found their noblest patrons in the chivalric and munificent princes of the house of Esté. No family in Europe has, indeed, contributed more to the progress of civilization, by liberal encouragement of literature and the fine arts.

Our sovereign lady queen Victoria is the representative of the elder branch of this illustrious stock, which in the year 1000, divided into two distinct houses, in consequence of the marriage of the reigning prince Azo, marquess of Tuscany and Liguria, with the heiress of the wealthy Bavarian family of Wolf or Guelph, when the eldest of his two sons, by this alliance, took the name and estates of his German mother; the younger became the representative of the house of Esté in Italy, and his descendants reigned over the united duchies of Ferrara and Modena. Alphonso II. dying in the year 1598, without issue, bequeathed his dominions to his kinsman, Caesar d'Esté, but pope Clement VIII., under the pretence that Ferrara was a fief of the papal empire, seized on that territory and annexed it to his dominions.²

After the loss of this fairest jewel in the ducal bonnet, the representative of the Italian line of Esté was only recognised in Europe as duke of Modena. This territory is

¹ History of the House of Esté, dedicated to Mary Beatrice, duchess of York.

² Ibid.

bounded on the south by Tuscany and Lucca, on the north by the duchy of Mantua, on the east by Bologna and the papal dominions, and on the west by Parma; it is about fifty-six English miles in length, and thirty-six in breadth.¹ It is a fair and fruitful district, abounding in corn and wine. The duke, though a vassal of the Germanic empire, is absolute in his own dominions.

The father of Mary Beatrice, was Alphonso d'Esté duke of Modena, son of Francisco the Great and Maria Farnese. Her mother, Laura Martinozzi, claimed no higher rank than that of a Roman lady, being the daughter of Count Hieronimo Martinozzi da Fano, a Roman nobleman of ancient family, and Margaret, fourth sister of the famous minister of France, cardinal Mazarine. Mary Beatrice Eleanora d'Esté was the first fruit of this marriage; she was a seven months' child, born prematurely in the ducal palace, October 5th, 1658.² The name of Beatrice was given her in honour of St. Beatrice, a princess of the house of Esté, whose spiritual patroness she is, of course, supposed to be. According to the legendary superstitions of Modena, this royal saint was accustomed to knock at the palace gate three days before the death of every member of the ducal family.³ A runaway knock from some mischief-loving urchin may probably have frightened more than one of the princely race of Esté out of several years of life, from having been construed into one of the ominous warnings of holy St. Beatrice.

The city of Modena claims the honour of the birth of Tasso, of Correggio, and of the imperial general Montecuculi. A daughter of that house was educated with the young Mary Beatrice, and remained through life unalterably attached to her fortunes through good and ill.

"The father of Mary Beatrice," says a contemporary historian,⁴ "was a prince who would have been without doubt an ornament among the sovereigns of his age, if hard

¹ The city of Modena was the ancient *Mutina* of the Romans, so much extolled by the ancient writers for its wealth and grandeur before the injuries it received while Decius Brutus was besieged there by Marc Antony. During the long and obstinate defence of the place, carrier pigeons were used by the consul Hertius, to convey intelligence, and to this day there is a famous breed of pigeons in Modena, trained to convey letters.—Keyler.

² Leti Teatro Britannica.

³ Encyclopædia Britannica.

⁴ Leti.

fortune had not fettered his talents in the cruel chains of the gout, which circumscribed his reign to four years of continued pain, during which ‘his greatest consolation’ as he himself affirmed, ‘was that of having married a lady who appeared born to bring comfort to his afflictions.’”¹

It was, indeed, fortunate for duke Alphonso, that he had chosen a consort from a rank not too much elevated, to prevent her from being skilled in one of the most valuable attributes of woman in domestic life—the sweet and tender office of a nurse. The duchess Laura manifested so much compassion and affectionate consideration for her suffering lord, that he never heard from her lips a word that could lead him to suppose that she was displeased at being the wife of a prince who was generally confined to his bed. Worn out with the acuteness of his agonizing malady, he died in the flower of his age, leaving his two infant children, Francis II., his successor, and Mary Beatrice, the subject of the present biography, to the guardianship of his duchess, on whom he conferred the regency of Modena, during the long minority of his infant successor, Francisco, who was two years younger than Mary Beatrice.

Prince Rinaldo d'Esté, afterwards cardinal d'Esté, the younger brother of Alphonso, was appointed as the state guardian of the children; and associated with the widowed duchess in the care of their education; but all the power was in her hands.² The princely orphans were early trained to habits of virtue and religion by their mother; so fearful was she of injuring their characters by pernicious indulgence, that she rather erred on the opposite side, by exercising too stern a rule of discipline in their tender infancy. She loved them passionately, but she never excused their faults. Both were delicate in constitution, but she never allowed them to relax their studies or the fasts enjoined by the church of which they were members on that account. The little princess had an insuperable aversion to *soupe maigre*, but her mother, who was always present when the children took their meals, compelled her to eat it, notwithstanding her reluctance and her tears.³

Mary Beatrice, from whose lips these little traits of her childhood were recorded after she was herself a

¹ Leti Teatro Britannica.

² Inedited Memorials of Mary Beatrice d'Esté in the Secret Archives au Royaume de France.

³ Ibid.

parent, was wont to say, "that the duchess her mother, considered this severity as her duty, but for her own part she would not imitate it, for on fast days, when she was compelled to eat of the *maigre*, she always left the table in tears, and she wished not for her children to regard any observance connected with their religion in so painful a light, but rather to perform those little sacrifices of inclination, as voluntary acts of obedience."¹

Her mother forbade sweetmeats and cakes to be given to her and the little duke her brother, lest such indulgences should create a propensity to gluttony; but that these orders were frequently broken there can be no doubt, for Mary Beatrice, when discussing this matter, also in after-years, said, "I recommended my son and daughter not to eat sweetmeats and cakes, but I did not forbid them, well knowing that these things would then have been given them by stealth, which it is not always possible to prevent; and this would have accustomed them to early habits of concealment and petty artifice, perhaps of falsehood."²

The duchess of Modena discouraged every symptom of weakness and pusillanimity in her children, considering such propensities very derogatory to persons who are born to move in an elevated station. Those who conduct the education of princes, can never place too much importance on rendering them, habitually, insensible to fear. Intrepidity and self-possession in seasons of peril, are always expected from royalty. The greatest regnal talents, and the most exalted virtue, will not atone to the multitude for the absence of physical courage in a king or queen. When Mary Beatrice was a little child, she was frightened at the chimney sweepers who came to draw the chimney of her nursery; her mother made them come quite close to her, to convince her there was no cause for alarm.³ The young duke was compelled to study so hard, that it was represented to the duchess-regent, that his health was injured by such close application, and that his delicate constitution required more recreation and relaxation. Her reply was that of a Roman mother—"Better that I should have no son than a son without wit and merit!"⁴

¹ MS. Memorials of the queen of James II. by a nun of Chaillot, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

² Ibid.

³ Ibid.

⁴ Ibid.

One day, when the little princess was repeating her daily devotional exercise, she missed one of the verses in the *Benedicite*, and as she continued to do so every time she was made to repeat that psalm, the duchess gave her a box on the ears.¹ Their uncle, Prince Rinaldo d'Esté, asked the two children whether they liked best to command or to obey? the young duke said boldly, "he should like best to command;" the princess replied meekly, "that she liked better to obey." Their uncle told them, "it was well that each preferred doing that which was most suitable to their respective vocations," alluding to the duke's position as a reigning prince, and probably not anticipating, for Mary Beatrice, a loftier destiny than wedding one of the nobles of his court. Her own desire was to embrace a religious life. Her governess, to whom she was passionately attached, quitted her when she was only nine years old, to enter a convent. Mary bewailed her loss with bitter tears, till she was sent to the same convent to finish her education. She found herself much happier under the guidance of the Carmelite sisters, than she had been in the ducal palace, where nothing less than absolute perfection was expected by her mother, in everything she said and did. There is, withal, in the heart of every young female of sensibility, a natural craving for that sympathy and affectionate intercourse, which ought ever to subsist between a mother and her daughter. The duchess of Modena loved her children devotedly, but she never caressed them, or treated them with those endearments which tender parents delight to lavish on their offspring.²

Mary Beatrice often spoke in after-years, of the stern discipline to which she had been subjected in childhood, with the observation, "that she liked not to keep her children at so awful a distance from her, as she had been kept by her mother, as she wished her daughter to regard her as a friend and companion, one to whom she could confide every thought of her heart." The spirit of maternal wisdom shone far more benignantly in Mary d'Esté, than in her mother, who had been elevated from private life.

The mode of life pursued by Mary Beatrice in the con-

¹ Inedited Memorials, Archives au Royaume de France.

² Ibid.

vent; the peculiar style of reading, and the enthusiastic interest that was excited among the cloistered votresses by dwelling on the lives of female saints and royal virgins, who consecrated themselves in the morning flower of life, to the service of God, had the natural effect of imbuing her youthful mind with mysticism and spiritual romance. There was an aunt of Mary Beatrice, scarcely fifteen years older than herself in the same convent, to whom she was very tenderly attached. This princess, who was her father's youngest sister by a second marriage, was preparing herself to take the veil, and Mary Beatrice was desirous of professing herself at the same time. Very rarely, however, does it happen, that a princess is privileged to choose her own path in life; the death of Anne Hyde, duchess of York, proved the leading cause of linking the destiny of this young innocent recluse, who thought of nothing but veils and rosaries, with that of the most ill-fated prince of the luckless house of Stuart, James, duke of York, afterwards the second king of Great Britain of that name.

The youthful career of this prince, though by no means so familiar to the general reader as that of his brother, Charles II., is scarcely less replete with events and situations of stirring interest.¹ He was born at St. James's Palace, October 14, 1633, at midnight. When only nine years old, he marched by his royal father's side in the front of the line at Edgehill, and stood the opening volley of the rebel's cannon as boldly as any gentleman there. He was not thirteen when he fell into the hands of the parliamentary forces at the surrender of Oxford in June, 1646. The next day, sir Thomas Fairfax, the commander of the rebel army, came with the other leaders to pay him a visit. Cromwell, who was among them, thought proper to kneel and kiss his hand; and this was the more remarkable, as he was the only person by whom this mark of homage was offered to the captive prince. James was conducted to London under a strong guard.

Within four miles of the metropolis, he was met by the

¹ As it is perfectly impossible to compress these within the limits of the few pages, that could be devoted to a closely abridged summary of the leading events of his life, before he became the husband of Mary of Modena, I have decided on publishing a separate volume, to be entitled "The Early Days of James II."

earl of Northumberland, and committed to his custody. All his old attached servants were then dismissed by the order of parliament, not even excepting a little dwarf, of whom he was very fond, and begged to be permitted to retain; after this preliminary, he was conducted to St. James's Palace, where he found his sister, the princess Elizabeth, and his little brother Gloucester. His adventures while a prisoner in his natal palace, and the manner in which he effected his escape to Holland, are like the progressive scenes in a stirring drama.

While in France, James withstood the attempts of his mother, to compel him to forsake the communion of the church of England, with unswerving firmness. In the year 1652, he offered to serve as a volunteer in the royalist army, under the banner of Turenne, during the civil war in France which succeeded the outbreak of the *Fronde*. It was with great difficulty that he succeeded in borrowing three hundred pistoles for his outfit.

James fought by the side of Turenne on the terrible day of the barricades de St. Antoine, and was exposed to great peril in the assault.¹ On this and other occasions of peculiar danger, the princely volunteer gave proofs of such daring intrepidity and coolness, that his illustrious commander was wont to say, "That if any man in the world were born without fear, it was the duke of York." His keen sight and quick powers of observation were of signal service to Turenne, who was accustomed to call him "*his eyes*;" and so high an opinion did that experienced chief form of his military talents, that one day, pointing to him with his finger, he said to the other officers of his staff, "That young prince will one day make one of the greatest captains of the age." A bond of more powerful interest than the friendships of this world united the princely volunteer and his accomplished master in the art of war,—they were of the same religion. Turenne and the duke of York were perhaps the only protestants of high rank in the royalist army. History would probably have told a fairer tale of both, if they had adhered to their early opinions.

James was in his twenty-first year when he commenced his second campaign as a lieutenant-general; he was the

¹ James's History of his Campaigns.

youngest officer of that rank in the French service, and the most distinguished. His great talent was as an engineer.

At the siege of Mousson, where he was at work with his company in the ditch of the envelope, under the great tower, a storm blew away their blinds, and left them exposed to the view of those on the ramparts. "Yet all of us," says he, "were so busily employed picking our way, the ditch being full of dirt and water, that not one single man observed that the blind was ruined, and we consequently in open view, till we were gotten half our way, and then one of our company proposed that we should return, to which I well remember I would not consent, urging that since we were got so far onward, the danger was equal; so we continued going on, but in all the way we were thus exposed, not one shot was fired at us, at which we were much surprised. After the town surrendered, the governor informed us, that being himself on the wall, and knowing me by my star, he forbade his men to fire upon the company."¹

A very fine three-quarter length original portrait of this prince, in the royal gallery at Versailles, represents him such as he was at that time, and certainly he must have been one of the handsomest young cavaliers of the age. He is dressed in the light, graceful armour of the period, with a Vandyke falling collar, bareheaded, and his fine forehead is seen to great advantage with the natural adornment of rich flowing ringlets of beautiful chestnut hair, a little dishevelled, as if blown by the wind, instead of the formal disquising periwig with which we are familiar in his more mature portraits and medals. In the Versailles portrait James is in the first glory of manhood, full of spirit and grace: his features, at that time uninjured by the ravages of the small pox, are bold, but retain the softness of youth; the eyes are large, dark, and expressive, the lips full and red, and the natural fairness of his complexion embrowned with a warm healthful tint. This portrait bears a strong likeness to his daughter Mary at the same period of life.

When the royal English brothers were, in 1655, in consequence of the treaty between Mazarine and Cromwell, excluded by name from France, James resigned his command, having served four hard campaigns under Turenne. He was

¹ *Journal of James II.*

offered the post of captain-general in the army in Piedmont, of which the duke of Modena, the grandfather of Mary Beatrice, was the generalissimo, but his brother Charles forbade him to accept it. It was in obedience to the commands of Charles, that James reluctantly entered the Spanish service, in which he also distinguished himself, especially in the dreadful battle among the sandhills before Dunkirk, where he and his British brigade of exiled cavaliers were opposed to the Cromwellian English troops.¹

"When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war."

James performed prodigies of unavailing valour that day; and finally, at the head of twenty men, the sole survivors of the two regiments he commanded, cut his way through the French battalions to the village of Zudcote.² How incredible would it have appeared to those who fought under the banner of the princely knight-errant, and witnessed his fearless exposure of his person on so many occasions, that day, as well as during his four campaigns under Turenne, if any one had predicted that the injustice of a faction in his own country would ever succeed in throwing a stigma on his courage. The ardent love which he bore to his native land, and the lingering hope entertained by him that he might one day be able to devote his talents to her service, prevented James from accepting the brilliant offers that were made to him by the court of Spain in the commencement of the year 1660. These hopes were soon afterwards realized, when England called home her banished princes at the Restoration, and he shared in the rapturous welcome with which all ranks of people united in hailing the public entrance of his royal brother into London on the 29th of May.

James's marriage with Anne Hyde³ was unfortunate in every respect. It had the effect of involving him in the unpopularity of her father, Clarendon, and of entailing upon him the enmity of Buckingham, Bristol, Shaftesbury, and the rest of that party, who, fancying that James would one day avenge his father-in-law's injuries on them, were unremitting in their efforts to deprive him of the royal succession.

¹ *Journal of James's Campaigns.*

² *Life of James II.*

³ The particulars of James's marriage with the daughter of Clarendon have been related in the memoir of his royal mother, Henrietta Maria.—*Lives of the Queens of England*, vol. viii. p. 220 to 233.

Clarendon appears perfectly satisfied with James's conduct to his daughter, and always speaks of the domestic happiness of the duke and duchess, as a contrast to the conjugal infelicity of the king and queen. James was an unfaithful, but not an unkind husband, and the duchess was too wise to weary him with jealousy. How merrily they lived may be inferred from some little circumstances recorded by Pepys, who notices in his diary, "that he came one day into a room at Whitehall, whence the chairs and tables had been removed, and surprised the duke of York sitting with his duchess and her ladies on the hearth-rug, playing at the old Christmas game, 'I love my love with an A,' &c., with great glee and spirit."¹

While James occupied the post of lord admiral of England his attention was bestowed not only on every branch of naval science, but in the foundation and encouragement of colonies in three different quarters of the globe—namely, in Hindostan, at Long Island in America, which was called in honour of him New York, and others on the coast of Africa. These all became sources of wealth and national prosperity to England. The jealousy of the Dutch was excited. They had hitherto endeavoured to exclude the British merchants from the trade both of the East and West Indies, as well as to usurp to themselves the sovereignty of the seas. They committed aggressions on the infant colonies founded by the duke of York, and he prevailed on his brother to allow him to do battle with them in person on the seas. His skill and valour achieved the most signal triumph over the fleets of Holland that had ever been attained by those of England. This memorable battle was fought on the 3rd of June, 1665, off the coast of Suffolk, and the brilliant success was considered mainly attributable to the adoption of the naval signals and the line of battle at sea, which had been discovered by the naval genius of the duke of York. Eighteen great ships of the Dutch were taken or burnt, and but one ship lost of the British navy. The chief slaughter was on board the duke's own ship,

¹ This childish game merely consists in a series of droll alliterations, as, I love my love with an A, because he is amiable, I hate him with an A, because he is avaricious, he took me to the sign of the Angel, and treated me with apples: his name is Alfred Arnold, and he lives at Aldborough. The next person takes the letter B, and all in turn to the end of the alphabet.

especially around his person, for the friends he loved best were slain by his side, and he was covered with their blood. These were lord Muskerry and Charles Berkeley (lord Falmouth). They were well avenged, for James instantly ordered all his guns to fire into the hull of Opdam, the Dutch admiral's ship. At the third shot, she blew up. The parliament voted James a present of £60,000, as a testimonial for the great service he had performed.

The maternal anxiety of the queen-mother, Henrietta, on account of the peril to which the duke of York had been exposed in the late fight, wrung from Charles a promise that he should not go into battle again. The nation united in this feeling, for James was then the idol of his country. If his earnest representations had been heeded by Charles and his short-sighted ministers, the insult that was offered to England by the Dutch aggression on the ships at Chatham in the year 1667, would never have taken place.¹

The events of the next five years, cast a blight over the rest of James's life. All his children died but the two daughters who were subsequently to bring his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. His wife, Anne Hyde, on her death-bed, declared herself a Roman catholic, and he soon after withdrew himself from the communion of the church of England, nor could any representations of the impolicy of his conduct, or his royal brother's entreaties, induce him to appear again in the chapel royal. It is a remarkable but well authenticated fact, that about this time he became honourably attached to a lady who was a firm member of the church of England, Susanna Armine, the widow of sir Henry Bellasis, whom he was most anxious to marry, although she had not only resisted all his attempts to convert her to his new creed, but was even supposed to have shaken some of his recently imbibed opinions by the force of her arguments. Lady Bellasis was by no means beau-

¹ The poverty of the crown led to paltry expedients in the way of retrenchments. The large ships were laid up. James vehemently protested against the measure as an abandonment of the sovereignty of the seas; and he predicted that the Dutch would insult the coast and plunder the maritime counties. His objections were over-ruled, the distresses caused by the plague and the fire, prevented the merchants from lending money to the government to pay the seamen's wages. The crown was paralysed by a debt of 900,000*l.* and for want of natural supplies, the measure deprecated by the heir presumptive of the crown was adopted. The result left a stain on the annals of Charles II.'s government.

tiful ; her great charm consisted in her fine understanding and captivating manners. James, who was aware that his attentions might be misconstrued by the world, gave her a written promise of marriage, lest her reputation should suffer from the frequency of his visits ;¹ few alliances, however, could have been less suitable for the heir of the realm, than this, for she was the mother of the heir of a catholic house, and her late husband had been killed in a duel while in a state of inebriation.

When the king heard of his brother's romantic attachment to this lady, he was extremely provoked, and after expostulating roughly with him on the subject, told him "it was intolerable that he should think of playing the fool again at his age," in allusion to his impolitic marriage with Anne Hyde. James, like a true lover, thought no sacrifice too great to make to the woman whom he esteemed for her virtues, and adored for her mental endowments, rather than for her external graces, and would not give her up. Lady Bellasis proved herself worthy of the attachment she had inspired, for when she found that the interests of the duke of York were likely to suffer on account of his engagement with her, she voluntarily resigned him, conditioning only that she might be permitted to retain a copy of his solemn promise of marriage properly attested.² This she owed to her reputation, having no mind to be classed with Arabella Churchill, or any other court mistress.

King Charles, perceiving that his brother's desire of domestic happiness, would lead him into a second marriage, incompatible with his position as the heir of the crown, engaged him in a matrimonial treaty with the archduchess of Innspruck, although as a catholic princess the idea of such an alliance for the duke of York was highly unpopular.

Immediately after James's second victory over the Dutch fleets at Solebay, and while the royal admiral was yet on the sea, came the news from sir Bernard Gascoigne, the British ambassador at Vienna, that the treaty of marriage with the archduchess of Innspruck was concluded, and nothing more was required than for his royal highness to send an ambassador extraordinary, to marry her as his proxy, and bring her home. James made choice of his faithful

¹ Count Hamilton, Burnet, Jameson.

² Jameson.

friend and servant, Henry Mordaunt, earl of Peterborough. That gallant old cavalier has left a copious and very amusing account of his proceedings, and the difficulties and perplexities with which he found himself beset in the execution of his delicate commission, of obtaining a second consort for his royal friend, the heir-presumptive of the realm.¹

"The earl of Peterborough did at that time attend the duke in his own ship ; he had been with him the whole expedition, and was particularly participant in all the honours and hazards of that bloody battle (of Solebay), wherein the noble earl of Sandwich lost his life, and so many brave gentlemen of either party. And from this fleet it was he commanded the earl of Peterborough to repair to the king and entreat his orders to the ministers for preparing monies, instructions, and instruments, that might enable him to proceed on his journey, in order to bring home the princess."

So many intrigues, however, crossed the appointment at home, that it was not till March, 1673, that the earl of Peterborough was allowed to embark with his suite on this errand. He was entrusted with jewels from his royal highness's cabinet, to the value of 20,000*l.*, intended as a present for the princess. These jewels were worn by a different bride from her for whom they were destined by the sailor prince, when he selected them.

The empress of Germany had fallen sick in the mean time, and even before she breathed her last, the emperor Leopold I. determined to marry the affianced consort of the duke of York, and she decided on accepting him. Sir Bernard Gascoigne succeeded in discovering this arrangement in time to prevent the further mortification of the

¹ In the genealogies of the Mordaunt family, written by himself : a book of which four-and-twenty copies only were printed for private use. Of these, the only one that I have been able to trace is in the Herald's College. Through the courtesy of sir Charles G. Young, garter king of arms, I have been enabled to gather from this precious tome much valuable information relating to the second marriage of James II. then duke of York, with Mary Beatrice Eleonora d'Esté of Modena, which, together with the minute, but still more interesting anecdotes that were recorded from her own verbal communications to the nuns of Chaillot, from the inedited fragments in the Archives au Royaume de France, enables me to bring the fullest particulars of this royal wooing and wedding, which have never appeared in any history, but are from sources, the authenticity of which cannot be impugned.

arrival of the duke's proxy at Vienna. The faithless archduchess had intimated, by way of consoling James, that the emperor had an unmarried sister whom he might perhaps be induced to bestow in marriage on his royal highness.¹ James took no notice of this hint, but wrote to his friend the earl of Peterborough, to choose a wife for him from four other princesses who had been proposed to him, and that as it was impossible for him to see or become acquainted with either of these ladies himself, he entreated his lordship to use his utmost diligence to obtain a sight of them, or at least of their pictures ; with a full and impartial account of their manners and dispositions.²

The first on the list was the duchess of Guise, a widow, and cousin-german to the duke of York, being the youngest daughter of his maternal uncle, Gaston duke of Orleans, by his second marriage. She was most particularly favoured, and recommended by the court of France. The next was the subject of the present biography, the young princess of Modena, only sister to the duke of that country. It is said by Charles the Second's historiographer, Gregorio Leti, that this princess was first mentioned by the queen, Catharine of Braganza, as a suitable consort for her brother-in-law, the duke of York ; but other writers of the same period declare, that she was proposed by Louis XIV. as his adopted daughter. The extreme admiration of both Charles and James for the person of her beautiful cousin, Hortense Mancini, whom she greatly resembled, might have had some influence in directing attention to her. The third lady in James's list, the earl of Peterborough calls Mademoiselle de Rais³—probably some very great heiress, for her name is neither allied with royal nor historical associations. The fourth was the princess Mary Anne of Wirtemburg.

All this being perfectly new to the public, demands a few additional pages descriptive of the rival claims of the *quartette*; for certainly, since the sultan-like requisitions of Henry VIII. to Francis I. and his ambassadors for a princess worthy of the honour of becoming his fourth consort, no chapter of royal wife-hunting has been half so rich. No chance was there of the shrewd old cavalier whom the duke of York had en-

¹ Letters of the earl of Arlington, and Sir Bernard Gascoigne.

² Mordaunt Genealogies.

³ Perhaps a princess of the House of Reuss.

trusted with the disposal of the future happiness or misery of his life, making a blunder in the choice of the lady; so excellent a judge was he of beauty, and so deeply impressed with the importance of the commission he had undertaken. "This was a great trust," says he, "to the performance whereof, were requisite both honour and discretion. The first, to render *unconsidered* all the advantages which might be proposed to bias the person trusted, against the interest and satisfaction of his master; and the latter to find out and judge what might be most expedient and agreeable to his true humour and circumstances."

"Of the ladies named by the duke of York, the first and the last—namely, the duchess of Guise and the Wirtemberg princess, both resided at Paris—the duchess of Guise at her own house, the princess at a convent in Paris, where she was a boarder. The duchess of Guise the earl saw at court, but was convinced that the duke could have no inclination for her, as she was low and ill-shaped; and though she had much reputation for innocence and virtue, her constitution was too feeble for there to be much probability of her bringing the duke heirs, which he knew to be the chief object of his wishing to enter into a second marriage. All the favour of France, therefore, which the earl might have won by permitting this alliance, would not tempt him to recommend anything that appeared contrary to the trust which the duke had reposed in him."¹

The princess of Modena the earl could not see, as she was in her own country; but, by means of Mr. Conn, a Scotch gentleman, he was introduced into the Conti palace, where he saw her picture, which had been recently painted in Italy and sent thither; the princess de Conti,² being nearly related to her. The sight of this portrait seems to have almost turned the head of our discreet envoy, and must be described in his own eloquent words.

"It bore the appearance of a young creature about fourteen years of age; but such a light of beauty—such characters of ingenuity and goodness—as it surprised the earl, and fixed upon his fancy, that he had found his mistress and the fortune of England.³

¹ Mordaunt Genealogies.

² This lady was also a Mancini, sister to the duchess of Modena's mother.

³ Earl of Peterborough's Mordaunt Genealogies.

"An ill picture," which his excellency goes on to say, "he saw of Mademoiselle de Rais," the third lady in the duke of York's catalogue, was not, of course, calculated to efface the impression which had been made on his imagination, by this living representation of the fair young flower of Esté; in fact, it placed the lady at such discount, that he did not consider it worth his while to make any further inquiries about her. His whole thoughts were turned upon the princess of Modena; and, in order to gain some information touching her character, he employed his friend, Mr. Conn, to arrange such a meeting and introduction as might appear accidental, with the Abbé Riccini, a person who was employed in negotiating the interests of the house of Esté, in Paris. This interview took place in the cloisters of the great Charter-house, in Paris. After the usual compliments had passed, the three diplomatists led the discourse from the indifferent topics with which they began their conversation, to the affairs of England; the duke of York being a widower, and the necessity of his marrying again. Then they discussed the various princesses that the world judged proper for so illustrious a match, and the earl took occasion to inquire "what children there were in the house of Esté?" "Only two," replied Riccini; "a son, who is the reigning duke, as yet a minor, and a daughter of about fourteen years of age." After enlarging on the many excellences of this princess, pursues the earl, "he endeavoured to render them useless to us, by saying, 'that the duchess, her mother, but more strongly her own inclinations, did design her for a religious life, and that she seemed resolved not to marry.'"¹

This intimation, which the trusty envoy was reluctantly compelled to convey to the duke, at the same time that he informed him of her great beauty and the high character which, from all quarters, he had received of the young princess, appeared for the present to put all hopes of obtaining her out of the question. Then the duke directed him to obtain access to the princess Mary Anne of Württemberg, who was the daughter of a brother of the reigning duke. Her father had been slain in the wars, and her mother having retired into Flanders, she remained, under the protection of the crown of France, in a convent in

¹ The earl of Peterborough, in the Mordaunt Genealogies.

Paris, in company with several ladies of quality. In consequence of the great services her late father had performed for France, it was supposed that, next to the duchess of Guise and the young princess of Modena, she stood the best chance of being recommended by that court as a consort for the duke of York.

Through the good offices of father Gilbert Talbot, an English ecclesiastic of high rank, and an acquaintance of her confessor, the earl of Peterborough obtained an introduction to this lady, who was persuaded to receive a visit from him at the grate of a parlour, according to the usual etiquette of convents. Notwithstanding the vivid impression which the pictured charms of the young lovely d'Esté had made on the old cavalier, he gives a highly favourable report of the princess Mary Anne of Wirtemburg.

"She was," says he, "of middle stature, fair complexion, with brown hair; the figure of her face turned very agreeably, her eyes grey, her looks grave but sweet, and in her person she had the motions of a person of quality and well bred; but, above all, she had the appearance of a maid in the bloom of youth, and of a healthful constitution, likely to bring strong children, such as might live and prosper. Although there was much modesty in her behaviour, yet she was not scarce of her discourse, and spoke well and pertinently to everything." In short, our prudent ambassador, believing that, excepting the princess of Modena, he had neither seen nor heard of anything more suitable for the personal object of his mission than this lady, began to inquire what fortune might be expected with her; but, although some persons, inclined for her, did give out that, one way or other, fifty or three score thousand pounds might be expected, he could not find any reasonable ground on which to build such an assurance.

Wisely considering, however, that money ought not to be regarded as a matter of the slightest importance in a marriage, where so much depended on the qualifications of the lady, he made such representations to the duke, that his royal highness, being well satisfied with the reports that he had heard from other quarters of this princess, charged him to proceed in his visits to her, and even to give hopes to her friends that he might soon be authorized to demand her in

marriage... The earl obeyed, and found every day fresh contentments in the conversation of the princess; but all of a sudden a change of purpose took place in the matrimonial views of the duke of York, or rather in the policy of king Charles and his cabinet; for orders came to the earl by express, directing him to leave Paris privately, with as little company as possible, and proceed incognito to Dusseldorf, the court of the duke of Newburgh, and there try to get a sight of the princess, his daughter, who had been earnestly recommended to the duke as a princess the fittest of any for his alliance.¹ The duke of York took the precaution of privately charging his friend, to give him a faithful character of this new candidate for his hand, in all particulars telling him, "that if he did not feel satisfied that she was in person, mind, and manners, calculated to make him happy, he should have immediate orders to return and bring home the princess of Wurtemberg."

The earl, who was nothing but duty and faithfulness to the duke, obeyed his new orders with all diligence. He took post, accompanied only by signor Varasani, his gentleman of the horse, and one that served him in his chamber, and arrived in three days at Metz, whence he came by water to Cologne. There, when he was walking about in the street, he was recognised by Sir Joseph Williamson, one of the English resident ministers, who greatly offended his *secretiveness*, by alighting from his coach, and complimenting him in the street, of which unseasonable respect his lordship delivered himself, by desiring "that he would forbear it any further;" and, though he privately visited both him and his colleague, Sir Lionel Jenkins, he did not communicate his business to them: business of which they were, doubtless, to the full as well aware as himself.

At the inn, our cautious envoy, whose proceedings are too amusing to be omitted, told the host "he wanted to see the city and court of Dusseldorf," and got him to provide him with a guide well acquainted with the place, embarked with his companion Varasani and two servants, one morning, in an ordinary boat on the Rhine, and in due time arrived at the gates of Dusseldorf. There being examined, and giving out that they were strangers, brought by curiosity to see the place, they were admitted, and conducted by a

¹ The earl of Peterborough, in the Mordaunt Genealogies.

soldier to an inn. They next sent their guide to inquire the method of approaching the palace and the prince, and were informed, "that there would be a greater opportunity that day than usual; for the prince and court were to be present at an anniversary contest among the citizens, and other persons of that place, which could soonest shoot down the *papejay*,¹ or parrot (a thing made in similitude of such a bird), from a very high pole, which was to be performed with much ceremony, and the victor to receive the reward of his address." But before the commencement of this spectacle, the prince was to be entertained with very rare music at afternoon service in the Jesuits' church, at which also the duchess and the princess were to be present; and the guide added that he could conduct him to a station proper for obtaining a view of them. This was readily accepted by his lordship, who, with his companion, was placed in a fair passage of the cloister, through which the prince and his court were to pass. After some expectation, the duke arrived, preceded by the state and ceremony befitting his rank. He led his consort by the hand; the princess followed, and a considerable train of ladies and gentlemen, well dressed and in goodly order; but the princess was not well to be discerned, by reason of the hoods that were over her face. Passing after into the body of the church, the earl had a farther view into the gallery above, where the duke sat to hear the service. The office and music being ended, the court retired in the same order as it entered; and all went to see the shooting, except the earl, who did not desire to appear publicly abroad.

Meantime, the guide, having acquainted some under-officer of the court that two gentlemen belonging to the train of the English ambassador at Cologne, were come to see that town, and were desirous to have a sight of the court and to do reverence to the duke, was told that he might bring them. Under his conduct they proceeded to the palace, where they were met by a gentleman of the inner court, who led them up into a large room, where, after some attendance, they were led into another, where the prince came to them.² Mysterious as the earl of Peterborough thought himself, there can be little doubt but that his

¹ The reader will remember the fête of the popinjay in *Old Mortality*.

² *Mordaunt Genealogies.*

business was shrewdly suspected in that court, otherwise he would scarcely have obtained access to the sovereign's presence, without letters, passport, or, in fact, the slightest warrant of his respectability.

The duke of Newburgh received his lordship's compliments with much courtesy, and of himself began to ask questions about the journey, the English ambassadors, and proceedings of the treaty of Cologne; and afterwards insensibly turned the conversation on the court of England and the royal family. He inquired about the duke of York and his marriage; and asked where was Monsieur de Peterborough, and if he continued at Paris after the treaty of Innspruck? Discreet answers having been returned by lord Peterborough to all these queries, the duke went on to say "that he heard the duke of York was like to be married to an English lady," to which the earl replied, "that he had heard of no such thing." At last he took his leave with much civility. After his departure, Peterborough and his friend asked the gentleman by whom they had been presented to the duke, "if they might not have the further favour of seeing the duchess and the young princess." He said, "he would inquire," and left them; and after some stay, returned to let them know they would be admitted. He then ushered them into an upper room, where they found the duchess of Newburgh and the princess, her eldest daughter, in evident expectation of their visit. The earl made his compliments, with the greatest possible respect, to which her highness in her own tongue made all suitable returns; but said, "that, not being versed in the French language, she desired her daughter the princess might interpret between them." On which the princess, nothing loth, as it should appear, approached and helped to carry on the conversation, with intention, as he thought, of showing her capacity in that language. They all, by that time, as he had reason afterwards to believe, suspecting him to be some other person, and having more design in this little voyage than was pretended.¹

From this hint, it should appear, that the naval envoy of the duke of York was mistaken for the royal admiral himself, going about the world in disguise to choose a second consort for himself; the romantic circumstances attending

¹ Mordaunt Genealogies.

his first marriage, and secondly, his disinterested attachment to lady Bellasis, indicating that he was not likely to enter into a cold state alliance with a stranger. James acted much more wisely, however, in trusting to the good taste and sound sense of his trusty friend, than if he had relied on his own judgment, since no man was more easy to be deceived than himself.

The princess of Newburgh was supposed to be about eighteen years of age, of middle stature; she had very light hair, and was of an exceedingly fair complexion. Her eyes were of a light bluish grey, the turn of her face more round than oval; that part of her neck which his lordship could see, was white as snow; but, on the whole, she was inclining to be fat. In discourse, she interpreted readily her mother's sense to him, and spake her own aptly enough; "but there did not appear that great genius for business and conversation" for which, observes our noble author, "she has been praised, since she was called to sit on the greatest throne in Europe."¹

The earl of Peterborough took his leave of the duchess and her daughter, with all the respect due to ladies of their quality. At his departure, he found himself attended much more by gentlemen, and with greater respect, than at his arrival; and he was pressed to stay supper by the chief officers of the house, even to a degree of importunity. The punctilious caution with which his lordship avoided committing himself, by accepting the slightest hospitality from the duke of Newburgh, proves that he did not consider the fat, fair *fraulein*, his daughter, by any means worthy of the preferment of becoming duchess of York.

After he had, with some trouble, backed out of all the civilities that were pressed upon him, and withdrawn to his inn, where he made an "ill supper,"² there came to call upon him, under pretence of a visit from a countryman, a young gentleman, one Hamilton, who wore a gold key by

¹ The name of this princess was Eleanor Magdalen. She married James's former rival, the emperor Leopold I., on the death of his second wife, the beautiful arch-duchess of Innspruck, in 1676. She was the mother of the emperors Joseph I. and Charles VI. The great enmity of the imperial family to James may, perhaps, be traced to the influence of this princess, and the offence she took at the earl of Peterborough coming to look at her for his master, and then making no proposal for her hand.

² Mordaunt Genealogies.

his side, and was said to be of the duke's bedchamber, and much in his favour. This Mr. Hamilton seemed every way to try what he could get out of the earl; and by his discourse, his lordship perceived that he had puzzled the court, and that his declining to receive further attentions, made them suspect that he was dissatisfied. The earl, finding himself rather in a dilemma, was impatient to be gone; and having a wagon ready, the usual mode of travelling in that country, he made a precipitate retreat the next morning to Colognie, whence he wrote by express to England, an account of his visit to the court of Dusseldorf. In answer, he received immediate orders to return to Paris, where he was assured he should meet directions to marry and bring home the princess Mary Anne of Wirtemberg.

The earl obeyed with much satisfaction, esteeming this, next to the Modenesse alliance, the most suitable of any that had been proposed; so with all the haste he could, and not doubting of the performance of what he had been assured, he returned to Paris, and alighting at the monastery wherè the princess Mary Anne lived; he acquainted her with the news of the preferment, which he had every reason to believe, awaited her. The princess had not self-command enough to conceal her joy on this occasion; "and," pursues his excellency, "she was not to be blamed, considering the provision it would have been for an orphan maid to marry a prince so great, both in the circumstances of fortune and merit."¹

The result should be a warning to all diplomatists engaged in the delicate and responsible business of royal marriages, not to advance a single step beyond the precise warranty of their instructions; brief as had been the interval between the letters the earl had received at Cologne, and his arrival at Paris, a total change of purpose had taken place in the secret councils of the British court; and the luckless envoy found that he had committed an irretrievable blunder, by his communication to the princess; for the orders that awaited him at his own house were, not to marry and bring her home, as the consort of the duke of York, but to break off all negotiations for her hand. His consternation and vexation may be imagined, especially as this

¹ Mordaunt Genealogies.

sudden and provoking caprice proceeded not from any fickleness on the part of the duke of York, but from the impertinent interference of that restless intrigante, the duchess of Portsmouth, whose insolence led her to aspire at nothing less than marrying the heir-presumptive of the British crown to a bride of her selecting. The lady whom she had chosen for him was the daughter of the duc d'Elboeuf, a cadet prince of the house of Lorraine ; her mother was the sister of Mareschal Turenne—a connexion to which his royal highness would have had no objection, because of his affection to his old commander, had the lady been of a suitable age ; but when the earl of Peterborough came to see her, after king Charles had consented to the marriage, he found that she was a little girl under thirteen, and so very childish for that age, that he would not for a moment encourage the idea of bringing home a bride of her fashion for his royal friend.¹ The duchess of Portsmouth, however, who thought to carry her point in time, if she could only succeed in breaking off the promising negotiation with Mary Anne of Wirtemberg, continued, by means of her emissaries, so to disparage that princess that the duke was induced to give her up.

Much ado was there to pacify the poor princess on so great a disappointment ; especially as there were those to whom she seemed a rival, who forbore not to rejoice, if not to insult her, on this change of fortune. As for the earl of Peterborough, he frankly confessed that he durst not see her again.² In fact, after having committed himself by his premature communication, he felt to the full as deeply mortified as herself.

An effort had been made by the British resident at Paris, by sending an express to meet him on the road with news of this change, to prevent the earl of Peterborough from committing himself, by complimenting the princess of Wirtembergh on the imaginary preferment that his first letters had given him reason to believe awaited her, but the messenger having taken a different route, missed him. Mortified and annoyed as the earl was with the capricious conduct of his own court, he was in a manner consoled when he found that he was required by his majesty to proceed

¹ Earl of Peterborough, in Mordaunt Genealogies.

² Ibid.

with all speed to Modena, to demand, according to the proper forms, the original of that beautiful portrait which had never ceased to haunt his imagination since he first got a stealthy view of it in the Conti palace.

It is a little amusing that king Charles, in his instructions to "Our right trusty and right well-beloved cousin, Henry, earl of Peterborough, our ambassador extraordinary at the court of Modena," commences with noticing "the failure of the occasion" on which he had been appointed ambassador-extraordinary at the court of Vienna—"viz., for effecting a marriage between our most dear brother, James, duke of York, and the young archduchess of Inspruck," but passes over in silence the other five ladies—viz., the duchess of Guise, Mesdemoiselles Rais and d'Elboeuf, and the princesses of Newburgh and Wirtemberg, whose conjugal qualifications his excellency had subsequently been employed to report for his royal highness's consideration, and proceeds with laudable brevity to the object of his present mission, in these words:—

" Our said dear brother desiring us much to consent to his marriage with the young princess of Modena Mary d'Esté, sister to the present duke of Modena, we have thought fit hereby to enjoin and direct you to make what convenient speed you possibly can to the court of the said prince, and introducing yourself there by your letters of credence, which we herewith send you, to an audience of the duchess-regent, after the performance of such compliments to her on our part, as will best occur to you on the subject, open unto her our brother's earnest desire to espouse the young princess, her daughter,"¹ &c. &c.

A polite hint on the subject of the young lady's portion is delicately introduced in his majesty's statement:—

" That our said dearest brother seems to be willing to settle a jointure of fifteen thousand pounds per annum sterling money of England, and even to enlarge himself further therein, if the value of her portion (*hitherto not certainly known to us*) shall require a better."

The time for the payment of the portion, and all arrangements connected with it, are in this document referred to the friendly arbitration of the king of France, Louis XIV.:—

" These capitulations being thus finished, proceeds his majesty, you shall proceed to espouse the princess in our brother's name, according to the depuration and proxy he will send you to that effect, and when that ceremony is

¹ "Official instructions to the earl of Peterborough for the marriage treaty of James Duke of York and Mary of Modena." Appendix of Mordaunt Genealogies.

over, adjust with the duchess-regent, or her ministers, the manner of bringing the young princess hither, which, we suspect, for the avoiding of many troublesome and chargeable ceremonies, she will choose to be *incognita*."

A very adroit method this of intimating to the princess the plan it was intended she should adopt in her bridal progress. A prudential clause follows, requiring that the expenses of the bride's journey, as far as Paris or Calais, should be defrayed by her own court.

The document concludes with this observation :—

"Now, although it be unusual to send extraordinary ambassadors to a single prince of Italy of that sphere, yet we have condescended to do it, to honour our most dear brother's choice of this princess for his wife, but that on the other side our own dignity may not suffer thereby, you must be careful to stipulate and adjust the manner of your appearance there, to the full extent of such ceremonies as have been given to the ambassadors of France and Spain, who have ever appeared there."

These instructions, signed by king Charles, and counter-signed by the earl of Arlington, are dated July 31, 1673. The same express brought a similar document, only somewhat amplified from the duke of York, directing the earl of Peterborough, after delivering the king's credential letters and his own to the duke and duchess-regent of Modena, to profess to them his earnest desire of marrying the young princess, and the great affection he had conceived for her person and virtues, repeating what has been mentioned in the king's letter touching her portion, and the jointure of 15,000*l.* that he was willing to settle on her, in case she should survive him, and his willingness to augment it in proportion to the amount of her portion :—

"When you shall have contracted the princess in my name," continues the duke, "you are to present to her as a token of my esteem, such part of my jewels in your custody as you shall judge convenient, and the morning of the day of performing the solemnity of the marriage you shall present her with the remainder of my said jewels, as a further pledge of my affections and of my satisfaction of what you have done for me."¹

The expediency of the princess travelling incognita is also repeated by the duke, and he especially recommends his trusty proxy to adopt the same plan for himself on his way to Modena, taking with him only such servants as were absolutely necessary.

Two days after the date of this instrument, James an-

¹ Printed for Lord Peterborough in the appendix to the Mordaunt Genealogies.

nounced his intended nuptials in the following laconic seaman-like epistle to his cousin, prince Rupert, who had succeeded him in the command of the British fleet:—

“St James's, Aug. 3, 1673.¹

“I have received yours by Dowcett, and, by the account he gave of what passed when you were neare the Schonveldt, see plainly de Ruyter will hardly come out to fight you. I have also seen yours to Ld. Arlington, from whom you will receive his majesty's pleasure, so that there remains nothing more for me to say but that now my marriage is agreed on with the yonge princess of Modena, and to wish you faire weather and good successe if you undertake anything.”

“JAMES.

“For my deare couesen,

“Prince Rupert.”

Like most men, who find themselves in a position to choose a wife from among the fairest, the noblest, and the wealthiest ladies on earth, James, who had hitherto been embarrassed with the agreeable perplexity of selecting for his consort her who should be esteemed the most unexceptionable of all the princesses who had been offered to his consideration, fancied that after he had once made up his mind on that point, no further difficulty could be apprehended—at least, not on the part of the lady to whom the prospect of sharing the crown of Great Britain was offered with his hand. His plenipotentiary very soon had occasion to undeceive him in this notion. The wooing of Mary Beatrice of Modena, which these pages for the first time unfold to the world,² is indeed a curious chapter in the personal history of royalty, demonstrating that princesses—ay, and very youthful ones—occasionally endeavour to exert a will of their own, and that ladies sometimes prefer a maiden life of tranquil happiness to the cares and trials of the conjugal state, even when it offers the glittering perspective of a crown.

James urged the earl of Peterborough to use all possible diligence to marry and bring home his Italian bride, before the approaching session of parliament, being well aware that attempts would be made to prevent his union with a Roman-catholic princess. The earl then receiving wings from the commands and interests of his master, set

¹ MS. Lansdown, 1236, article 99, fol. 160.

² From the inedited Narrative of the earl of Peterborough and the MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice in the Archives au Royaume related by herself to the nuns of Chaillot.

off post for Lyons incognito. He arrived there at the end of three days, fancying, from the care he had taken to send his equipage and baggage away, under the care of his officers, that he should be entirely unknown; but scarcely had he entered his inn to repose and refresh himself a little, when the waiter brought him word there were two gentlemen below, who desired admittance to speak with him on the part of the duchess of Modena. He could not possibly refuse to see them, and they delivered a letter to him, signed by one Nardi, who styled himself a secretary, acquainting his excellency,¹ "that the duchess of Modena had heard of his intention to come into these parts to treat of a marriage with the young princess, but knowing her daughter's inclinations to be entirely against any obligations of that kind, and that she was perfectly settled in the resolution to take upon her a religious life, she thought it reasonable to give him timely information thereof, that the king, his master, and his lordship might avoid committing themselves by pursuing a design which, though very honourable and advantageous to her daughter and the house of Esté, was yet impracticable, and could never be brought about."

The surprise of the incognito ambassador, on finding his secret had already transpired, was extreme. However, he thought it prudent to appear greatly amazed at the contents of the letter, and to disown to the bearers any concern in the matter, or having any orders to proceed in the business they did surmise. He told them further, "that he was a private traveller, who came to satisfy his own curiosity, and his desire of seeing Italy, so there was no occasion for her highness or any others to concern themselves in his motions."

The gentlemen having departed, the earl immediately gave an account of this strange incident to the king and the duke of York. Then, reflecting that this marriage, after the failure of the attempts to engage the duke in a matrimonial alliance with either the duchess of Guise, mademoiselle d'Elboeuf, or the princesses of Newburgh or Wirtemberg, had been strenuously recommended by the king of France, he determined to proceed to Turin, and

¹ Lord Peterborough, in the Mordaunt Genealogies.

confer with the French ambassador there, who was supposed to direct the affairs of Italy, on the subject, and hear from him what probability there was of ultimate success if he persevered in the pursuit. When he came to have a private conference with that minister, he found that he had received no orders from France to interfere, but to his infinite surprise he had had a letter from the duchess of Modena, wherein she prayed him—"that if his lordship came to Turin, and did confer or advise with him on that matter, he would signify to him the impossibility of accomplishing it, which had before been expressed in the letter which his lordship had received at Lyons from Nardi." "This second appearance of an adverse proceeding much discouraged the earl, who was in great doubt whether he should make any further advances, but the French ambassador, who believed the king, his master, to be much concerned in bringing it about, advised him to have a little patience, and that, continuing the pretence of a casual traveller, he should advance his journey down the Po to an agreeable city, called *Plaisance* (Placentia), where he might remain and amuse himself till he had further orders."¹

The earl took his advice, and repairing to Placentia, lodged himself there as conveniently as he could, under the character of a private traveller. But with all his caution, his person and movements were perfectly known; and the second or third morning after his arrival, the servants informed him that there was a gentleman desired the favour of admittance to him, who came from the duchess of Modena. This gentleman proved no other than Nardi himself, the writer of the mysterious letters for preventing the offer of the duke of York being formally made to the young princess.² He had the appearance of an ingenious man, who spoke well, and was practised in all Italian civilities. His errand was to deliver a letter from the duchess herself, wherein she wrote, "that having heard of his journey in these parts, she thought it incumbent on her, before a great king and his minister should expose themselves by demanding that which could not be accomplished,

¹ Earl of Peterborough, in the Mordaunt Genealogies.

² Mordaunt Genealogies.

to manifest her reasons. She then recapitulated the substance of Nardi's previous letter to him, and the French ambassador, but added in conclusion, that there were other princesses in her family besides her daughter, to one of whom, if the duke his master thought fit, it was possible that he might be admitted to address himself, and in the meantime, if his lordship would come and divert himself in her court, she should esteem it an honour to receive him, and he should be very welcome." The earl of Peterborough, who was anything but flattered at the anxiety of the duchess, to forestal with a refusal, an offer which he, at any rate, had given her no reason to believe would be made, drily apologized to her highness "for the trouble which his coming into those parts seemed to cause her, and thanked her for the honour she did him, for which, however, he assured her there was no cause, seeing he was but a private traveller, without design or orders to disquiet any persons with pretences that were not agreeable to them."¹

If the duchess of Modena had really been averse to having the heir of a mighty realm for her son-in-law, she would not have taken the pains she did to watch the motions of the matrimonial agent of the duke of York. She had been accurately informed of the predilection entertained in favour of her daughter, and in a very early stage of the business, took occasion to discuss the matter with the young princess. Mary Beatrice wanted rather better than two months of completing her fifteenth year; she was tall and womanly in figure, but perfectly unconscious of her charms. For her acquirements, she read and wrote Latin and French; she possessed some taste in painting, and was a proficient in music, which she passionately loved; but of those royal sciences, history and geography, which ought to form the most important part of the education of princes, she knew so little, that when her mother announced to her that she was sought in marriage by the duke of York, she asked, with great simplicity, "who the duke of York was?" Her mother told her, "that he was the brother of the king of England, and heir-presumptive to that realm;" but the princess was not a whit the wiser for this information. "She had been so innocently bred," observes James, in his

¹ Mordaunt Genealogies.

journal, "that she did not know of such a place as England, nor such a person as the duke of York."

When the duchess of Modena had sufficiently enlightened the ignorance of the fair young devotee on the subject, by making her fully acquainted with the nature of the matrimonial prospects that awaited her, not concealing the fact that the duke of York was in his fortieth year, Mary Beatrice burst into a passionate fit of weeping, and implored her aunt to marry this royal suitor instead of her, observing with some naïveté, "that the age of the elder princess of Modena, who was thirty years old, was more suitable to that of a bridegroom of forty than her own, as she was only in her fifteenth year." Mary Beatrice was assured in reply, "that the fancied objection of too great juvenility in a girl of her age, would be very soon obviated by time, while every day would render a lady of thirty less agreeable to a prince like the duke of York."¹

This reasoning, however cogent, did not reconcile the youthful beauty to the idea of being consigned to a consort five and twenty years her senior; she wept, and protested her determination to profess herself a nun; and continued to urge the propriety of bestowing her aunt on the duke of York instead of herself, so perseveringly, that at last she convinced some of the most influential persons in the court of Modena that she was right. These were her uncle Rinaldo d'Esté, who, like the princess her aunt, was the offspring of her grandfather's second marriage with a princess of the house of Parma, and the padre Garimbert, her mother the duchess-regent's confessor, and in reality her prime minister. This ecclesiastic had been born a subject of Parma, and was exceedingly desirous of obliging that family by promoting the interests of their kinswoman.²

Garimbert, who is called by the earl of Peterborough a cunning Jesuit, was suspected by those of the cabinet who wished to promote the marriage of the duke of York with Mary Beatrice, of encouraging her in her determined negation of that alliance.

The effects of this under-current had appeared in the

¹ MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice of Modena in the Archives au Royaume de France.

² Mordaunt Genealogies.

duchess being wrought upon by her spiritual director, first, to plead her daughter's predilection for the vocation of a nun, in order to deter the envoy of the duke of York from addressing his master's suit to her ; and in the next place, to suggest his transferring it to the elder princess. In order to favour this change of persons, sufficient interest had been made with the ruling powers in the court of France to induce them to use their influence in favour of the aunt instead of the niece. In the meantime, an express was sent from England to apprise the earl of Peterborough that the king of France had dispatched the marquis of Dangeau, with orders to assist in concluding the matrimonial alliance between England and Modena, but that it was suspected that instead of the young princess, from whom it was supposed all the difficulty arose, it was intended to substitute an aunt of hers, who in all manner of circumstances was inferior to her, and for divers considerations unsuitable for the duke of York. "This sudden change in the affair greatly mortified the earl, whose head turned round under this variety of circumstances."¹

A few days after, came Nardi again, with more compliments from the duchess, and open declarations "of the pleasure it would give her and her court, if the honour, which it was supposed was intended for her daughter, could be transferred to another princess in the family." The earl of Peterborough, who was determined, if he could not have the youngest and fairest, he would take neither, stood to his first pretence, "That he came to Italy for his own pleasure ; that he had no orders on the subject her highness mentioned ; and that his sojourn in that neighbourhood was only caused by a little indisposition ; and concluded with his duty and humble thanks to the duchess for the honour she did him."

A fresh express from England informed the earl of the approach of the marquis of Dangeau, empowered by the king of France to use his utmost influence to obtain the young Mary Beatrice for the duke of York, and none other ; and if his mediation failed, then he was to return to Paris without further delay. A week after this, the marquis arrived, and undertook to reason with the duchess on the subject, having formerly had some

¹ Earl of Peterborough, in the Mordaunt Genealogies.

² Ibid.

acquaintance with her, when, as one of cardinal Mazarin's nieces, she resided in France. He was a clever, eloquent man, well versed in the arts of courts, and so clearly demonstrated to the princes of Esté their true interest in obliging the king, his master, and contracting, at the same time, the powerful alliance of England, that all the court and council were persuaded, with the single exception of father Garimbert, who did all he could to encourage the young princess in her aversion, and to dissuade the duchess from yielding her consent. However, the advantage of the connexion having been once clearly represented to the duchess, all objections were presently overruled. The marquis of Dangeau then wrote to the earl of Peterborough that he might now advance to Modena, where his addresses would be honourably received. The duchess also wrote to the same effect, and gave him a most respectful invitation to her court, assuring him that the only difficulty that now remained, was to obtain a dispensation from the pope, for the celebration of the marriage of a catholic princess with a prince not openly declared of that religion.¹

The duke of York had afforded sufficient proof of his devotion to the church of Rome, by the sacrifice of his power, his influence in the state, together with the vast income which he had hitherto derived from the high offices he held, rather than do violence to his conscience, by taking the test which had been devised by the republican party in parliament to deprive the country of his services. Yet, as he had made no public profession of reconciliation to the church of Rome, the pope took the present opportunity of giving him every annoyance.

The earl of Peterborough, suspecting that the marriage might be prevented by an opposition to it from such a quarter, would not make a public entrance into Modena in the first instance, but, preserving his incognito, travelled thither as a private person. About a mile from the town, however, he was met by Nardi, the under-secretary of state, with a coach and six, and was conveyed to the palace of one of the chief nobles, brother to the bishop of Modena, of which he was put in possession in the name of the duchess of Modena. Here, finding he was to be splendidly lodged and entertained at her highness's expense, he

¹ Mordaunt Genealogies.

protested against it, as being contrary to his desire of keeping up his incognito ; but Nardi told him that although the duchess, in compliance with his request, omitted offering him in public the respect that was his due, she was not tied from serving him her own way in all things necessary for his comfort and accommodation.

The abbé Dangeau the marquis's brother, having been despatched to Rome to endeavour to negotiate the dispensation for the marriage, with the pope and his favourite nephew, cardinal Altieri, the earl of Peterborough was in the meantime admitted to the presence of the duchess of Modena. He was brought in a private coach to the palace by Nardi, who, by a back way, introduced him into an apartment, where he found the duchess standing with her back to a table. The earl approached her with the respect due to a sovereign princess in her own house. She received him with much courtesy ; and chairs being set, his lordship entered at once upon the true cause of his coming, observing, "that he was surprised at finding a difficulty in a thing which the world judged to be so advantageous to all parties."¹

The duchess excused herself by pleading the aversion her daughter had to a married life, and the great desire she had to be a nun. She said, likewise, that the princess was young, and not of a strong constitution ; and that, "besides, the Italian princes, depending much on the reputation of zeal for the Catholic religion, there would be difficulties in obtaining a dispensation for an alliance with a prince, who was not declared of the same church, let the opinion of his true faith be what it would." To all those objections the earl replied in such a manner as induced the duchess to declare that he had appeased the greatest difficulties of her own thoughts. She added, "that if the abbé succeeded in obtaining the dispensation, she knew not but they might proceed to a happy conclusion." This first conversation ended with the earl's requesting to be favoured with a sight of the young princess, whose possession he had so long thought necessary for his master's happiness ; and the duchess having promised it for the next evening, he retired in the same manner in which he arrived.²

The next day his excellency received advice from the

¹ Earl of Peterborough, in the Mordaunt Genealogies. ² Ibid.

abbé Dangeau that great exertions had been made by the French ambassador, and also by cardinal Barberini, and all the friends and allies of the house of Esté at Rome, to obtain the dispensation, but that the pope was very averse to it, and his governing nephew, cardinal Altieri, was violently opposed to it. Various pretences were alleged in excuse of this unfriendly proceeding; but the true cause was the jealousy of the papal government of the aggrandizement of the house of Esté; lest through an alliance, powerful as that of England, the duke of Modena should be enabled to contest the fair duchy of Ferrara, and the lands of which the princess of Esté had been wrongfully deprived by the usurpation of the Roman see, in which case it was possible he might be disposed to use other means than prayers and tears to recover his own, even from the successors of St. Peter.¹

Our stout old cavalier was not a man to be lightly discouraged; he had set his heart on bringing home the fairest bride in Christendom for his royal friend. His spirit rose in proportion to the greatness of the obstacle that was likely to be opposed to the accomplishment of his purpose; and, determining, if possible, to bring the matter to a sudden conclusion, he renewed his request of being permitted to see the princess that evening. He was conducted to the palace at the hour appointed, introduced into the duchess's apartment as before, and found the young princess with her mother.

"The princess Mary of Esté," says he, "appeared to be at this time about fourteen years of age; she was tall and admirably shaped; her complexion was of the last degree of fairness, her hair black as jet, so were her eyebrows and her eyes, but the latter so full of light and sweetness as they did dazzle and charm too. There seemed given unto them by nature sovereign power—power to kill and power to save; and in the whole turn of her face, which was of the most graceful oval, there were all the features, all the beauty, and all that could be great and charming in any human creature."²

The earl approached her with the respect he thought due to his future mistress; and having made her the proper compliments, "he asked her pardon if he were the means of

¹ Mordaunt Genealogies.

² Ibid.

disturbing her tranquillity, and in some sort crossing her inclinations ; but first, from the sight of her picture, and now still more so from the view of herself, he was convinced it was the only means of making happy a prince whose love, when she came to know him, would make ample amends to her for anything that she might now regard as a grievance."¹

She answered with a little fierceness, "that she was obliged to the king of England and the duke of York, for their good opinion ; but she could not but wonder why from so many princesses of more merit, who would esteem that honour, and be ready to embrace it, they should persist in endeavouring to force the inclination of one who had vowed herself, as much as was in her power, to another sort of life, out of which she never could think she should be happy ; and she desired his excellency," even, as he fancied, with tears in her eyes, "if he had an influence with his master, to oblige her by endeavouring to avert any further persecution of a maid, who had an invincible aversion to marriage. Princesses there were enow," she said, "in Italy, and even in that house, who would not be unworthy of so great an honour, and who, from the esteem they might have thereof, would deserve it much better than she could do."²

However piqued the earl might be at the lofty disdain with which the youthful beauty received his compliments, and her earnest endeavours to defend herself from the unwelcome alliance to which he was wooing her, he was too able a diplomatist to take any notice of her pointed hint, that his master's addresses would be more agreeable and suitable to her aunt than to herself. In reply to all her passionate rhetoric on the propriety of his allowing her to fulfil that vocation to which it was her desire to devote herself, his excellency told her, "that he begged her pardon if he could not obey her ; he might have been induced to do so before he saw her, but now it was impossible, since he could not believe that she was made for other end than to give princes to the world, who should adorn it with characters of high virtue and merit ; that his country had need of such, and he would now hazard the offending her by persisting in his demand ; since if he did incur her displeasure by it, it would be the means of making her one of

¹ Earl of Peterborough, in the Mordaunt Genealogies.

² Ibid.

the happiest princesses in the world." The earl complains that, for all he could say, the princess appeared dissatisfied at his persistance. Well she might, when the plain meaning of his flattering speech simply amounted to this, that since she suited the object of his mission, it mattered little whether she shuddered at the thought of being torn from her own sunny clime, and the sweet familiar friends of her childhood, to be transplanted to a land of strangers, and consigned to an unknown husband five-and-twenty years older than herself; whose name she had never heard till she was required to plight her vows of conjugal love and obedience to him; and that even the alternative of a convent and a veil were not to be allowed to her. Who can wonder that a young high-spirited girl, under fifteen, broke through the conventional restraints whereby princesses are taught from their cradles to control their feelings, and endeavoured to avert the dreaded doom that awaited her, by telling the ambassador her mind with the passionate and tearful vehemence of a child of nature. Having done this, she maintained an obstinate silence, and retired with the duchess her mother.

The next day, the ambassador made a formal complaint of her highness's behaviour to Nardi; and expressed his dissatisfaction, that, having been kept on under pretence of "Dangeau's" negotiation for the dispensation, a much greater difficulty appeared in the aversion so openly expressed by the princess, of whose consent he now utterly despaired.¹

Nardi told him he need not be under the least concern on that account, since the ladies of Italy, when it came to be in earnest, were accustomed to have no will but that of their friends; and if her mother were satisfied, she would soon be brought to a much more difficult matter than that.

The earl then reminded the minister that time pressed, the meeting of parliament drew near, and therefore it was necessary to come to an immediate conclusion or to depart. The duchess, on being informed of this, sent him word, the next day, that she had greater hopes of the princess's concurrence, who had, she said, been urged by the duke her brother, and all about her, to consent; so that she trusted, on the arrival of the dispensation, he would be satisfied. In the meantime, the treaty proceeded about the portion,

¹ Earl of Peterborough, in the Mordaunt Genealogies.

which was to be fourscore thousand pounds, to be paid at several times, with conditions for jointure, maintenance, and other matters ; and upon those things which are the rocks and shoals on which other marriages generally split, there was no disagreement. James notices the extreme reluctance of the young princess to accept his hand, which he merely imputes to her desire of devoting herself to a religious life. "She had at that time," says he, "a great inclination to be a nun; insomuch that the duchess, her mother, was obliged to get the pope to write to her, and persuade her to comply with her wish, as most conducive to the service of God and the public good."¹

There is some difficulty in reconciling this assertion with the following statement which his royal highness's representative, the earl of Peterborough, gives of the unfriendly conduct of the pope in this affair :—"But now at last came from Rome the abbot Dangeau, without the dispensation, which he could not by any means obtain, by reason that the cardinal Altieri was inflexible, and threats of excommunication were issued against any that should undertake to perform or celebrate the marriage. Thereupon," pursues his excellency, "we were all upon fears of a total rupture. The duchess herself, a zealous, if not a bigoted woman, was in great pain about the part that might seem offensive to his holiness, or neglective of his authority ; and the princess took occasion from hence to support her unwillingness. But, in truth, the cardinal Barberini, on whom the duchess had great dependence, and all the other adherents and relations of the house of Esté, being every day more and more convinced of the honour and interest they were like to find in this alliance, were scandalized at the unreasonable obstinacy of the pope and his nephew, and did frankly advise the duchess of Modena to conclude the marriage at once ; it being less difficult to obtain forgiveness for it after it was done, than permission for doing it."²

The next great difficulty was, to find a priest who would in that country venture to perform the ceremony of the espousals in defiance of the interdict of the pope. The bishop of Modena, who was applied to, positively refused ; but, at last, a poor English Jacobin, named White, who, having

¹ Life, from Stuart Papers.

² Earl of Peterborough, in the Mordaunt Genealogies.

nothing to lose, and upon whom the terror of excommunication did not so much prevail, undertook to do it. The princess, then, at last, gave herself up to the will of her friends ; a day was appointed for the solemnity, and the earl had liberty to visit her highness in her own apartment.¹ It is much to be regretted that his excellency did not enrich his curious and amusing history of this marriage, with a few particulars of his state visit to the reluctant bride-elect, and of her reception of him, and the costly offering of jewels, which he was then empowered to present to her, as a love token, from her future lord. It was not, as she herself afterwards declared, without floods of tears that she yielded to her mother's commands, which she had never before ventured to dispute.²

When a reluctant assent had been thus wrung, by maternal authority, from poor Mary Beatrice, the earl of Peterborough assumed his official character of ambassador extraordinary from the king of England to that court; and procurator and proxy for his royal highness James duke of York and Albany's marriage with the princess, sister to the duke.

Instead, however, of making a public entrance into Modena, which, in consequence of having left his servants and equipage at Lyons, the earl was not prepared to do, he was brought in the most honourable manner to his first public audience of the duchess-regent and the reigning duke her son, by the prince Rinaldo of Esté, the uncle of the duke, and all that were great and noble in that court. "And, indeed," continues the earl, "the ceremony, attendance, state guards, and other appurtenances, were in that order and magnificence as might have become a prince of far greater revenues and territories; and herein all the marks of sovereignty did appear, which are usual with princes who are dependent but of God." He delivered his credentials in the usual form to their highnesses; and after having made a speech suitable to the occasion, retired as he came; only, instead of being conducted to his coach, he was led into a very noble apartment which was appropriated to his use, in quality of his office as ambassador extraordinary for the marriage; and there he was entertained with the greatest

¹ Mordaunt Genealogies.

² Memorials of Mary d'Esté, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

plenty and magnificence, entirely at the expense of that generous princess, the duchess of Modena.¹

The marriage treaty was speedily completed. Some authors have asserted that the portion was furnished by Louis XIV., but it appears that he merely advanced some part of it as a loan, of which he afterwards endeavoured to extort a forcible repayment from the duke of Modena, when there was a political disagreement between them a few years afterwards. Mary Beatrice was always treated by Louis XIV. as his adopted daughter: probably from the remembrance of early friendship with her mother, who, as the niece of cardinal Mazarin, was one of the companions of his childhood.

All the preliminaries for the marriage being now arranged, and the earl of Peterborough pressing for his departure, the day for the solemnization of the nuptial contract was fixed for the 30th of September. The noble proxy having prepared his equipage and habit suitable for the occasion, he was fetched from his lodgings at about eleven o'clock on that morning, by the duke of Modena in person, accompanied by prince Rinaldo, and all the noblest cavaliers of the court; and conducted to a chamber near the chapel, where he reposed himself, till so much of the service was done as seemed obnoxious to the religion he professed,² for it is to be noticed, that James had not chosen a Roman-catholic, but a member of the church of England for his proxy, although it might have involved some inconvenience in an Italian court.

When the mass was over, the earl was led into the chapel, where the bride expected him; and there, not only without a dispensation from the pope, but in defiance of his interdict, was Mary of Modena married by a poor English priest to the catholic heir of England, represented by a proxy of the reformed faith. "The ceremony that was then performed, was designed," to use the words of the earl of Peterborough, "for a perpetual marriage between that admirable princess and the duke of York, his master." In the name of that prince, the noble proxy placed the nuptial ring on the finger of the bride. This ring she always wore; it was set with a fair diamond, which she was accustomed to call the diamond of her marriage.³

¹ Earl of Peterborough, in the Mordaunt Genealogies.

² Ibid.

³ MS. Memorials of the queen of James II. in the Archives au Royaume de France.

It was one of the only three jewels of which she did not finally strip herself for the relief of the distressed British emigrants, who followed the adverse fortunes of her unfortunate lord ; but of this hereafter.

When the spousal rites were over, the noble proxy of that unknown consort to whom Mary Beatrice had, with much reluctance, plighted her nuptial faith, led her by the hand to her apartment, where, taking his leave, he went to repose himself in his own, till he was fetched to accompany the princess at the dinner.

"This," proceeds our record,¹ "did succeed about one of the clock, and, as to the ceremony of it, it was performed at a long table, over the upper end whereof was a rich cloth of state (or canopy), under which, in representation of a bride and bridegroom, the earl of Peterborough sat with the princess, who was now given the title of her royal highness the duchess of York. The duke of Modena, her brother, the duchess-regent, and the other princes of the house of Esté, sitting on either side, according to their degrees.

"This dinner was served with all the care and curiosity that was possible for anything of that nature to be contrived. What the sea could afford, (though it was not near,) and what the rivers and the lakes, was there; what the land could produce, or the air of Italy, was not wanting; and all this was made more excellent by the courtesy and good humour of the princes; but it ended at last; and all arose, in order to a greater liberty of conversation; that also had a conclusion for a time, and the company, for their repose, retired to their respective apartments; his excellency being conducted to his with the same ceremony as he was brought to dinner. The night was dedicated to dancing, for there was a ball in honour of the nuptials, to which all the beauties of the court resorted. It was performed with the order and magnificence suitable to the rest of the entertainments, much to the satisfaction of all the guests and spectators.² The saddest heart there, being, no doubt, that of the beautiful young bride, who had made such obstinate and unexampled efforts to defend her maiden freedom. Her struggles had been fruitless; she had been led a powerless victim to the marriage altar, her reluctant lips had been compelled to pronounce the irrevocable vow;

¹ Mordaunt Genealogies.

² Ibid.

the glittering fetter was on her finger ; the most solemn rites of her church had been employed to accomplish the sacrifice ; and all her kindred and her people were rejoicing in festivities, which had cost her oceans of tears.

The next day the duke of Modena and the earl of Peterborough rode in state to the cathedral, where a solemn service and Te Deum were sung in honour of the accomplishment of the marriage. Two or three days more were spent in triumphant pageants and other testimonials of public rejoicing. The manner in which the bridegroom, to whom the virgin hand of Mary Beatrice had thus been plighted, received the announcement of the actual solemnization of his state nuptials, is thus related by lady Rachel Vaughan, in a lively, gossiping letter to lord William Russell. “The news came on Sunday night to the duke of York that he was married ; he was talking in the drawing-room ; when the French ambassador brought the letter, and told the news, the duke turned about to the circle, and said, ‘Then I am a married man.’”

“ His bride proved to be the princess of Modena, but she was rather expected to be Canaples’ niece.¹ She is to have 100,000 francs, and more. They say she has more wit than any woman had before ; as much beauty and more youth than is necessary. The duke of York sent his daughter, lady Mary, word the same night ‘that he had provided a play-fellow for her.’”

¹ A daughter of the duke of Crequi, who shared the royal blood of France by distant descent.

MARY BEATRICE OF MODENA,

QUEEN CONSORT OF JAMES II. KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER II.

Mary Beatrice duchess of York—Her childish behaviour—Grief at quitting Modena—Insists on her mother accompanying her—Duke of York's directions for her journey—Her Italian ladies—She commences her journey overland—Sorrowful parting with her brother—Gallantry of the duke of Savoy—Attentions paid to her by Louis XIV. and his queen—Opposition to the marriage in England—She leaves Paris—Her journey to the coast—Embarks at Calais—Lands at Dover with her mother—Received on the sands by the duke of York—Their nuptials—Her wedding ring—Verses on her marriage—Journey to Gravesend—Voyage to White-hall—Flattering reception by king Charles—Her bridal medals—Her court at St. James's palace—Duchess of Modena leaves England—Mary Beatrice becomes attached to her husband—Her losses at cards—Goes to Cambridge—Learns English—Her attention to authors—Birth of her first child, the princess Catharine—Makes her confessor baptize it into the Romish church—King Charles has it re-baptized in the chapel royal—The child dies—Impertinence of the duchess of Portsmouth—Her visit to the duchess of Portsmouth—Displeasure of the queen—Birth of the princess Isabella—Birth of her first son—His christening—Created duke of Cambridge—His death—Grief of the duke and duchess—Frightful dream of the duchess—Her incognito visit to the princess of Orange with the princess Anne—Troubles of the duke of York about the Popish plot—He is banished to Flanders—Mary Beatrice resolves to accompany her lord—Compelled to leave her child—Sorrowful departure—Her passionate reproaches to the king—Embarkation—Visit to William and Mary—Her residence at Brussels—Duchess of Modena comes to see her—Arrival of the princesses Anne and Isabella—Dangerous illness of the king—The duke's incognito journey to England—Obtains leave to live in Scotland—Returns to fetch Mary Beatrice—Their visit to the Hague—Stormy passage to England—Illness of the duchess—Obtains leave to land—They arrive in London—Visited by the duchess of Monmouth—King enjoins them to retire to Scotland—Mary Beatrice resolves to share the fortunes of her lord.

FIVE days after the solemnization of her espousals with the duke of York, Mary Beatrice completed her fifteenth

year, and it must be confessed, that she conducted herself with no more regard for her newly acquired dignity as a bride, than if she had been ten years younger; when the time was appointed for her to commence her journey to England, she cried and screamed two whole days and nights, and it was only by force that she could be kept in bed. Nothing, in fact, would pacify her, till her mother consented to accompany her to England, and the duke her brother, part of the way.¹ The earl of Peterborough, who does not appear to have been at all aware of these perversities on the part of the virgin duchess of York, and was by no means desirous of such additions to his travelling party as would compel him to depart entirely from the programme arranged both by the king and the duke for the homeward journey, tried vainly to dissuade the duchess of Modena from this resolution. He says, "The time for the departure being come, the duchess-mother would by all means accompany her daughter into England, and it could not be diverted by any means, although it proved chargeable to her, and of ill consequence to her concerns."²

Mary Beatrice, however, who had reason to know the real state of the case, told the nun of Chaillot, who recorded these particulars from her own lips, "that her passionate importunity prevailed over the extreme reluctance of the duchess her mother to undertake so long a journey, which was extremely inconvenient to her as regent for her son, as she was thus in a manner compelled to leave the government in other hands." Her absence was unavoidably a month longer than she had by any means anticipated, and in the meantime a party was formed against her which finally stripped her of her authority in the state, and caused an estrangement between her and the young duke her son.

"I shall never cease," would Mary Beatrice say, when adverting to these circumstances, "to reproach myself for my childish importunity, which led to such bad results for my mother."³

The duke of York, in his paper of instructions to lord Peterborough, expressly says—

"When the marriage shall be over, and you have adjusted all the manner of your coming into France, which journey will, I think, be most conveniently

¹ MS. Memorials of Mary of Modena, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

² Mordaunt Genealogies.

³ MS. Memorials, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

performed by sea to Marseilles, whither the galleys of the most Christian king will be ordered to bring her, and whither you must attend her, it will be fit that then, or before, you dismiss most of your retinue, lest their attendance may not consist with the figure the princess may probably desire to take of travelling incognito, or embarrass you in the conveniences of your journey, retaining only as many as will fill one coach, and thus follow her all the way, until she arrive at Paris or Calais, at one of which places my servants shall be appointed to attend upon her.”¹

Such was the prudent arrangement of the princely bridegroom for the journey of his bride to England; but Mary Beatrice, young as she was, having a will of her own, determined to travel overland under the protecting care of her mother and uncle, and to leave her native city with some degree of *eclat*, her plans superseded those of her new consort. James had, with great wisdom, directed the earl’s attention to a point of no small importance to his domestic comfort, and the future popularity of his bride, who, as a catholic princess, would, he was well aware, be regarded with jealous eyes, by a very considerable party in England.

“ You will do your utmost,” he says, “ to inculcate to the princess herself, and the ministers there, the great inconvenience that would follow her being attended by a numerous train of foreigners, who are seldom so useful here as natives, and are obnoxious to censure upon any miscarriages.”

The quarrels that had threatened to destroy the conjugal happiness of his parents, in consequence of their struggle about the French attendants of Henrietta Maria, and the unhappiness of his royal sister-in-law, queen Catherine, at the dismissal of her Portuguese followers, were not forgotten by James, when he gave this order. There were, however, three Italian ladies of the highest rank, Madame Molza, Madame Montecuculi, her daughter Anna Montecuculi, and a lady of the name of Turenne, who had been attached to the service of Mary Beatrice from her cradle; and these, in compliance with her earnest desire, she was permitted to retain among her bed-chamber appointments as duchess of York. They attended her to England, and they followed her fortunes through every vicissitude, whether for good or ill, with devoted fidelity, till death. Madame Molza was scarcely seventeen years of age at the time of her royal

¹ Appendix of the Mordaunt Genealogies.

friend's espousals, and the duchess of Modena said, laughingly, "that she and the duchess of York, were both such young girls, that they required an experienced matron to take care of them on their journey."¹

Mary Beatrice left Modena under the protection of the earl of Peterborough and his suite, accompanied by the duchess-regent her mother, the duke of Modena her brother, her uncle prince Rinaldo d'Esté, and whatever was noble and considerable among their own people, as well as many other persons of quality from other courts, who came to show their respect to the house of Esté on this occasion. "And a very princely *corteggio* it was," says his excellency, "that went with them out of Modena."²

After two days, the young duke was persuaded to take leave of his sister and return; he did it with all the repugnance of which an excellent nature can be capable, they having been ever bred together with all that reciprocal kindness which nearness and merit could beget. "But the princess," pursues lord Peterborough, "was near being dissolved in tears. She left her happy and delicious country, with the kind companions of her youth among whom she had been bred, and all these, perhaps, for ever;" as indeed it proved to be. "Her youth and innocence permitted her not to know whither it was she was to go, to what kind of part, nor among whom; so compassion was to be allowed to her fears as well as to her reluctance, and it was enough we could induce her to proceed, and be comforted."

Mary Beatrice and the princely boy, whom she regarded in the twofold light of her brother and her sovereign, were at that guileless period of life, when the links of kindred affection are more closely twined than at any other, round hearts whose sensibilities are in their first exquisite bloom, and as yet unblighted by intercourse with a selfish world. No wonder that they, who had been debarred by the restraining etiquettes imposed on children of their elevated station from forming other intimacies, felt very keenly the pangs of rending asunder the bonds of that sweet friendship which had united them from their cradles. Very frequently, no doubt, had the sorrowful bride to be reminded, during that journey, of the exhortation of the

¹ M.S. Memorials of Mary of Modena, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

² Earl of Peterborough, in Mordaunt Genealogies.

royal psalmist : “ Hearken, O daughter, and consider; forget also thine own people and thy father’s house.”

Having passed, then, through her own country, she entered the dominions of her kinsman the duke of Parma, who complimented the earl of Peterborough with the present of a fine painting by Parmegiano, the subject of which is described by one of the affected *cognoscenti* of the last century as “ Ceres standing with a *most genteel air*, holding up wheat.” The royal bride was not forgotten on that occasion by his highness ; compliments and presents were showered upon her from all quarters, as she proceeded on her sorrowful but festive progress through Italy. Passing through Milan, they came at last into Piedmont, the dominions of the duke of Savoy, “ where,” says the earl of Peterborough, “ these princes were almost, as it had been by spirits, invisibly lodged and provided for, after the most magnificent manner, but ever at the expense of that generous duke.” Nor was this all ; for having an extreme desire to see the beautiful young bride, to whom he was nearly related, his highness of Savoy carried his gallantry so far as to come on horseback incognito, to meet the fair travellers by the way, as they were passing through his dominions ; and, pretending to be one of his own knights, stopped them and delivered a complimentary message, as he said, “ from the duke his master.” After talking with them a little while, he made himself known, and told Mary Beatrice “ that he thought she spoke very well, and had answered him agreeably enough.” “ But,” said she, when relating this adventure, many years afterwards to the nuns of Chaillot, “ he almost made me die with shame by telling me that he hoped my first child would be a girl, that he might marry her to his son.”¹

When they left his territories, they were met by the officers of the king of France, who accompanied them, and defrayed all their expenses to Paris, bringing them to the arsenal, which was appointed for their abode. In that fortified palace, celebrated in history as the official residence of the great Sully, where he so frequently feasted his royal friend and master, Henry of Navarre, the grandfather of the prince whom Mary Beatrice now called

¹ MS. Memorials of Mary of Modena in the Archives au Royaume de France.

her lord, she and the duchess her mother, and their *suite*, were entertained in a manner befitting their rank and his own magnificence, at the charge of the king of France.¹ There, also, the earl of Peterborough was lodged, and a noble table kept for him and his attendants, at the same king's expense.

"The necessity of our repair into England," continues his excellency, "now drew near; but her royal highness here fell sick, and her disease, for all the power of medicine, hung so upon her, that for some weeks they were not able to think of her remove." This illness was a dangerous fever, which, if not brought on by distress of mind, and the force that had been put on her inclinations, was doubtless aggravated by the change of climate and her dread of the completion of her marriage. She kept her bed a fortnight, and her convalescence was tedious. She was anxious enough then to avoid all fatigue, by maintaining a strict incognito; but as soon as she began to recover her strength, the king of France could not be persuaded from coming in state to pay her a visit, to offer her those compliments and marks of respect which universal report had assured him were due to her royal qualities. This drew on Mary Beatrice the necessity of visiting the queen of France; and she was received by their majesties at Versailles, with all imaginable circumstances of honour and high consideration, and there entertained with royal magnificence.

The queen of France returned the visit of her royal highness with all the forms prescribed by the rigour of etiquette; state calls were also exchanged with all the great princesses allied to the royal family; "wherein, was much circumspection to be used about punctilios and

¹ But little now remains of the ancient building over which the storms of the revolution have passed, but the whole suite of Sully's apartments are still in good preservation. His strong box, his reading-desk, and a few other things are still there, with a copious and interesting collection of the autograph letters of Henri Quatre.

The apartments occupied by Mary of Modena and the duchess, her mother, are supposed to be those which look upon the river on one side, and on the old convent of the Celestins on the other, a *locale* very interesting to the monastic tastes of the reluctant bride, who would so infinitely have preferred a cloister to a throne. The bay window at the end of the principal salon, which must have been her state reception room, commands the most splendid view of the whole of Paris.

formalities."¹ Wearisome work, of course, it was ; and attended with much vexation of spirit, to persons uninitiated into all the intricate minutiae of claims, privileges, and precedences, insisted upon by the numerous members of the haughty demi-royalty of France, under the ancient *regime*. And to make the matter more perplexing, it was necessary that the duchess of York should accord to each of those ladies, the full measure of attention to which she was entitled, without lessening her own dignity by undue condescensions. Happily, however, for her, she was treated with peculiar indulgence and consideration, as the adopted daughter of the king of France, and on account of her tender age and inexperience ; "mediums were found, and expedients practised for satisfying all pretences, and avoiding all offences."² Mademoiselle de Montpensier, and her half-sister Madame de Guise, the latter of whom was, as the reader will remember, an unsuccessful candidate for the hand of the duke of York, were among those who came in state to call on his Italian bride, and she returned their visits in due form.

The beauty and graceful deportment of Mary Beatrice, excited the greatest admiration in the French court ; and she was complimented by the king with very royal presents.³ The jewels which she had already received from the earl of Peterborough, as a bridal offering from her unknown consort, the duke of York, amounting in value to 20,000*l.* sterling, enabled her to appear with all the magnificence befitting the rank to which her marriage had elevated her among European princesses. Charms like hers, however, required not the aid of elaborate decorations ; and her own classical taste disposed her to prefer a general simplicity of attire, except on these occasions, when the etiquette of royal ceremonials compelled her to assume the glittering trappings of a state toilette.

While Mary Beatrice was receiving all these flattering attentions at Paris and Versailles, and probably endeavouring, by every possible excuse, to delay her dreaded journey, a strong party in England was labouring to prevent her coming at all. The object of that party was, the annoyance of the duke of York, by exciting a popular ferment against his innocent young bride, under the ready pretext

¹ Mordaunt Genealogies.

² Ibid.

³ Ibid.

of religion. I say the pretext, for the person by whom it was the most vehemently urged, was the earl of Shaftesbury, a known infidel. He was, at that time, the secret counsellor, and very soon afterwards, the acknowledged leader of a faction made up of the relics of the old commonwealth, allied with a new generation, who were determined to get the executive power of government into their own hands, by establishing a republic under the shadow of a monarchy. This design, they were well aware, they never could hope to accomplish so long as the duke of York maintained his influence in his royal brother's councils, and that popularity with the people which his public services had won.

"It was he," says the earl of Peterborough, "who encouraged the king's faithful friends and his fainting ministers, and it was in him alone that the enemies of the crown found resistance. He made them desperate at last, and they saw it was impossible to accomplish their designs without his ruin. This did seem a great undertaking; to destroy a prince such as he was, in his birth, in his merit and virtues, and in the esteem of all just and reasonable men. But the zeal of these commonwealth-men, made them find nothing impossible; their resolution was great in this particular, their malice greater, and their cunning greater than either. They knew the admirable qualities of this prince; they knew his valour, justice, temperance; his love of business, his indefatigableness in all honourable undertakings; they knew, also, that against a man so qualified, no truth could prevail; they were then resolved to have recourse to falsehood, and"—pursues the honest old cavalier, warming with the remembrance of the unfounded calumnies that had been heaped on his royal friend, into a climax of uncontrollable indignation—"and to the devil, the father of liars, one of whose chief favourites was become sir Antony Ashley Cooper, the late earl of Shaftesbury."¹

His royal highness being perfectly aware that the next contest which these political religionists were preparing to fight against him would be on the question of his marriage with the princess of Modena, had taken his measures accordingly; and, through the energetic proceedings of his

¹ The reader must bear in mind that the earl of Peterborough never intended his work for publication. The four and twenty copies that were printed were only for the use of his family.

faithful friend the earl of Peterborough, the treaty for this alliance had been so promptly and quietly settled, that the party were perfectly taken by surprise, when at the meeting of parliament on the 20th of October, they addressed the king on the subject, by stating "that they had heard, with regret, that a marriage between the duke of York and the princess of Modena was thought of, and petitioned his majesty not to allow it to proceed."¹ Charles replied, briefly and drily, "That their remonstrances came too late; the alliance matter to which they alluded was not only thought of but done; 'the duke, his brother,' was already married to the princess of Modena, and she was on her journey to England."² This announcement threw the commons into a flame; they immediately voted an address to the king, praying him "to send and stop the princess at Paris, in order to prevent the consummation of her marriage with the duke of York." Charles replied, "That he could not in honour dissolve a marriage that had been solemnly executed." The commons, infuriated at the royal declaration, concluded a series of angry votes by petitioning the king "to appoint a day of general fasting, that God might avert the dangers with which the nation was threatened."³

Charles graciously granted them permission to fast as much as they pleased, although aware that the proposition of such an observance was not intended for a humiliation to themselves, but as an especial contempt for the Italian bride. The next day being the anniversary of the gunpowder plot, the popular pageant of burning Guy Fawkes and the pope was played off with more than wonted vivacity by the London 'prentices, attended with various circumstances and allusions, tending to mark their displeasure at the duke of York's change of creed and his "popish marriage,"⁴ as they styled it, regardless of the fact that it had been contracted not only without the pope's licence, but positively in defiance of his authority.

The cabinet of king Charles II. took the alarm, and the earl of Arlington implored his majesty either to prevent the departure of the princess of Modena from Paris, or to insist that James, after his marriage, should withdraw

¹ Inedited letters of news in the Lansdowne MSS. Journals of Parliament.

² Lansdowne MSS.

³ Parliamentary Journals.

⁴ Evelyn.

from court, and lead the life of a country gentleman. The king replied, "That the first was incompatible with his honour, and the second would be an indignity to his brother."¹

While these stormy scenes, on her account, were agitating the nation and court over which she was one day to preside as queen, the reluctant bride left Paris, and commenced her journey to the sea-coast. She travelled in state, and in all the towns and provinces through which she passed, she was met and received by the governors and local authorities with the same respect as if she had been queen of France. Louis XIV.'s officers defrayed all the expenses of this pompous progress till she came to the water's edge. The vessels that had been appointed by king Charles for her passage to England were waiting for her at Calais, where, on the 21st of November, she embarked in the Katharine yacht with her mother, her uncle, and all who had attended her from Italy. The royal bride crossed the channel with a prosperous breeze, and towards evening arrived at Dover. The duke of York, with becoming gallantry, was on the sands to give his new consort a personal welcome to England, and when she came to shore, he received her in his arms.²

The beauty, the timidity, and the innocence of the royal bride rendered such an occurrence, doubtless, a spectacle of exciting interest to the honest seafaring population of Dover, the manly squires of Kent, and the gentle ladies who thronged the strand that day to obtain a sight of the new duchess, and the ceremonial of her landing. James was charmed, as well he might be, with the surpassing grace and loveliness of the consort his friend, the earl of Peterborough, had chosen for him. "On her landing," says the earl, "she took possession of his heart as well as his arms." Of her emotions, his lordship, for obvious reasons, does not speak.

"Mary Beatrice, in after years, acknowledged that she did not like her lord at first."³ What girl of fifteen ever did like a spouse five and twenty years her senior? Princesses are rarely so fortunate as to be allowed the privilege of a negative in matters of the kind; but the

¹ Lingard.

² Mordaunt Genealogies.

³ MS. Memorials of the queen of James II., Archives au Royaume de France.

fair d'Esté had not submitted to the hard fate of female royalty without a struggle, and now it should seem she had not sufficient self-control to conceal her feelings under deceitful smiles. She is even said to have betrayed a childish aversion to the duke at their first interview.¹ Some men would have hated her, and rendered the union for ever miserable by a manifestation of evil temper on the occasion. The sailor prince knew better, well qualified as he was to play the wooer successfully to ladies of all ages, he wisely took no notice of discouraging symptoms in so young a creature, but professing himself dazzled with the beauty of her eyes, he led her with courtly attention to her lodgings, and left her with her mother to take a little repose after the discomposure of her voyage. Brief time had she for rest, and none for reflection; the fatigue and excitement of a state toilet awaited her in preparation for another agitating scene, the solemn confirmation of her espousals with the duke by the bishop of Oxford, who had attended his royal highness from London for that purpose.

The greatest difficulty, perhaps, with which historians have to contend, is the discrepancy of statements between equally credible witnesses of the same fact. The account given by the duke of York of the ceremonial of his marriage with Mary d'Esté, at Dover, is very different from that recorded by his proxy, the earl of Peterborough. James says, "She landed at Dover, the 21st of November; Dr. Crew married them, declaring that by proxy a lawful marriage."² The compiler of James' life, from the Stuart Papers, details the manner in which this was done. "The same evening the duke and duchess of York, and the duchess of Modena, with their attendants, the earl of Peterborough being also present, being assembled together in the state drawing-room, the bishop of Oxford asked the duchess of Modena, and the earl of Peterborough, 'whether the said earl had married the duchess of York, as proxy of the duke?' which they both affirming, the bishop then declared 'it was a lawful marriage.'"³

From the above statements, which, as far as they went, were probably true, Dr. Lingard, and others, have inferred

¹ Mackintosh's History of the Revolution of 1688.

² Extracts from the Journal of James II., by Carte and Macpherson.

³ Life of James, by Stanier Clark.

that no other ceremony took place ; but it is certain, that neither James nor his biographer have related the whole of the circumstances ; the latter, because he found no further record in his authorities ; while James, perhaps, omitted mentioning the church of England marriage service, from a foolish repugnance to acknowledging that he resorted to the rites of that church for the confirmation of his wedlock with a princess of the Romish faith. The plain fact was, that even to Roman catholics it was a matter of expediency to legalize by such rites a marriage which the pope had forbidden ; and James was perfectly alive to the necessity of taking due precautions for securing, beyond the possibility of dispute, the legitimate claims of the male issue of this alliance, to the royal succession.

" His royal highness," says the earl of Peterborough, " who had provided so to confirm this matter, as the malice of any age to come should have no pretence to call it in question, led out his duchess into his great room before his bed-chamber, and there, in presence of all the lords, who had attended him from London, of all the country gentlemen who were come to see him, and what it could contain of the citizens of Dover, he married again his wife after the forms of the church of England, by the hands of Dr. Nathaniel Crew, at this time bishop of Durham ; after which, they supped together, and the marriage was lawfully completed the same night."¹

James honoured the ancient customs of the land over which he expected to rule, by admitting a portion of the honest, true-hearted classes, in whom the strength of a monarch depends, to witness the solemnization of his marriage with a princess whom he had taken to wife, in the hope of her becoming the mother of a line of kings. It was sound policy in him, not to make that ceremonial an exclusive show for the courtiers who had attended him from London, and the foreigners, who, notwithstanding his prudent caution to the earl of Peterborough, had accompanied his Italian consort to England. He knew the national jealousy, the national pride of his countrymen, and that their affections are easily won, but more easily lost, by those who occupy high places. That they are terrible in their anger, but just in their feelings : their crimes being always

¹ Mordaunt Genealogies.

imputable to the arts of those by whom their feelings are perverted to the purposes of faction or bigotry. The English are, moreover, a sight-loving people; and, for the most part, inclined to regard the principal actors in a royal pageant with feelings of romantic enthusiasm. It was, therefore, well calculated, to increase his popularity and counteract the malice of his enemies, for the sailor prince to take so excellent an opportunity for interesting their generous sympathies in favour of the innocent young creature against whom the republican faction was endeavouring to raise a general persecution.

It is a little singular, that among the numerous spectators, gentle and simple, courtly and quaint, who witnessed the landing of Mary Beatrice that day, and, afterwards, the royal ceremonial of her marriage with the heir of the crown, not one should have left any little graphic record of the events of the day, with details of the dress and deportment of the bride, and her reception of the English ladies; the manner and order of the supper; with many other minor observances connected with the costume of those times, which his excellency of Peterborough has considered it beneath the dignity of an ambassador to chronicle, although few ambassadors have recorded so many pleasant adventures as he has done. Why was not that most minutely circumstantial of all diarists, Samuel Pepys, at the wedding of his royal master, the duke of York, to count the pearls on the bride's stomacher, and to tell us how rich and rare was the quality of her white and silver petticoat; and to marvel at the difference between her tall sylph-like figure and the obesity of her portly predecessor Anne Hyde?

The ring with which James wedded Mary of Modena, was a small ruby, set in gold; she showed it to the nuns of Chaihot in the days of her sorrowful widowhood—days of her exile and poverty, and said, “it was impossible for her to part with it, for it was her marriage ring, which was given her, when she arrived in England, by her royal husband, then duke of York; and, therefore, she valued it more than the diamond which, according to the custom of her country, she received on the day of her espousals at Modena.” She

¹ MS. Memorials of the Queen of James II. in the Archives au Royaume de France.

evidently regarded it as the pledge of a more sacred contract, though solemnized with the rites of the reformed church.

The noble proxy concludes his pithy history of the marriage of Mary Beatrice in these words : " And here the earl of Peterborough ended this great service, which, through so many difficulties, brought to the duke the fairest lady in the world, and to England a princess of the greatest example and virtue." The countess of Peterborough was appointed to the highest office in the household of her royal highness ; and her daughter, the young duchess of Norfolk, made one of the ladies of the bed-chamber.

During the two days that James remained at Dover with his bride, one of his pretended friends, the earl of Berkshire, advised him to write to the king, his brother, requesting leave to withdraw from public life, and to retire with his new duchess to Audley End, or some other country residence, where he might enjoy her society, and hunt and pray without any offence to others or disquiet to himself. James thanked him for his good meaning, but told him, " that unless his majesty should command him to the contrary, he would always wait upon him, and do him what service he could."¹ It was not his intention to gratify his foes by burying himself and his beautiful bride in the obscurity of country life. He was justly proud of her charms, and determined that she should make her public entrance into London in a manner befitting the consort of the heir-presumptive of the realm ; and although the season of the year was anything but favourable for showing off an aquatic pageant, in such a climate as England, to a native of Italy, he resolved on bringing her in triumph up the Thames to Whitehall.

On the second day after the marriage, this little court set out from Dover, accompanied by the duchess of Modena and prince Rinaldo d'Esté. They performed the journey overland to Gravesend, sleeping at Canterbury the first night, at Rochester the second,² the people everywhere expressing their joy upon the arrival of her royal highness. The slow rate at which she travelled enabled every one, who wished, to gratify their curiosity, by obtaining a view of her. It has been said with truth, that a little beauty goes a great

¹ Life of James II.

² London Gazette.

way with queens and princesses, but Mary of Modena was descended from families in which nobility of person was an hereditary gift. The royal and commanding lineaments of the princely house of Esté were in her softened and blended with the captivating graces of the more humbly-born Mancini, which had been transmitted to her by her maternal grandmother, the sister of cardinal Mazarin. The portraits of Mary Beatrice bear an improved and chastened likeness to those of Hortense Mancini, whom Charles II. loved well enough to offer to marry, and James II. has styled "the most beautiful girl in the world." The discretionary nature of the earl of Peterborough's commission in choosing a bride for his royal friend, and the surpassing charms of her whom he had selected, elicited an elegant poem from the young earl of Lansdowne, of which the following lines may serve as a fair specimen :

"The impartial judge surveys with vast delight
All that the sun surrounds of fair and bright;
Then strictly just, he, with adoring eyes,
To radiant Esté gives the glorious prize:
Who could deserve like her, in whom we see
United, all that Paris found in three."

Even a grave dignitary of the church of England, the learned Dr. South, who was one of the Protestant chaplains of the duke of York, was seized with a fit of poetic inspiration when the news of his royal patron's nuptials with the fair young flower of the historic line of Esté reached him. The worthy doctor being then on a journey, composed an impromptu Latin ode on this auspicious theme, and wrote it down while on horseback, having no other desk than the neck of his steed, which, on that occasion, proved a veritable Pegasus to his reverence.¹

The merry monarch, attended by the principal lords and ladies of the court, went down the river in state in the royal barges on the 26th of November, to meet and compliment the newly-wedded pair. Their royal highnesses having embarked at Gravesend, that morning, with the duchess of Modena and their noble attendants, came up with the early tide. When the two courts met on the broad waters of the Thames, the bridal party came on board the royal yacht. His majesty received

¹ See Dr. South's letter to his friend Dr. Ralph Bathurst: *Life and Literary Remains of Dr. Bathurst, dean of Wells, by Thomas Warton.*

and welcomed his new sister-in-law with every demonstration of affection, and they returned together. The duchess of Modena must have been an old acquaintance of the king and the duke of York, she having resided at Paris before her marriage, at the time when they were in exile. Many a subject connected with mutual friends must they have had to discuss together, while the strong personal resemblance of the bride to her cousin, Hortense Mancini, could scarcely fail of recalling the memory of his morning years to the king. Mary Beatrice was invariably treated with the greatest tenderness and consideration by her royal brother-in-law. "He was always kind to me," would she say, in after years, "and was so truly amiable and good-natured, that I loved him very much, even before I became attached to my lord the duke of York."¹

At noon, the royal party landed at Whitehall, and Mary Beatrice was presented in due form to the queen, by whom she was received in the kindest and most obliging manner. The reception of the youthful duchess on her first appearance at Whitehall was truly flattering, as she was treated with every mark of affection and distinction by their majesties, and with much respect by the great ladies of the court and all the royal party; yet, observes lord Peterborough, "clouds hung heavy upon the brows of many others, who had a mind to punish what they could not prevent."

It was impossible for anything to be more unpopular than the marriage of the heir presumptive to the crown with a catholic princess. The disapprobation of parliament had been loudly but fruitlessly expressed. The ribald political rhymesters who had already assailed James with a variety of disgusting lampoons on the subject of his Italian alliance, were preparing to aim their coarse shafts at his bride; but, when she appeared, her youth, her innocence, and surpassing loveliness, disarmed even their malignity; they found no point for attack. From others, the young duchess received the most unbounded homage. Waller, though on the verge of seventy, wrote the following complimentary lines in her copy of Tasso:—

" Tasso knew how the fairer sex to grace,
But in no one durst all perfection place;

¹ MS. Memorials, Archives au Royaume.

In her alone that owns this book is seen
 Clorinda's spirit, and her lofty mien,
 Sophronia's piety, Erminia's truth,—
 Armida's charms—her beauty and her youth.
 Our princess here, as in a glass, doth dress
 Her well-taught mind, and every grace express,—
 More to our wonder than Rinaldo fought :
 The hero's race excels the poet's thought."

King Charles ordered a silver medal to be struck in honour of his brother's marriage ; in which half-length portraits of James and his bride appear, face to face, "like Philip and Mary on a shilling." The disparity in their ages is strikingly apparent, for though the royal admiral was still in the meridian pride of manhood, and reckoned, at that time, one of the finest men in his brother's court ; his handsome but sternly marked lineaments are in such strong contrast to the softness of contour, delicate features, and almost infantine expression of his youthful consort, that no one would take them for husband and wife. The dress of the young duchess is arranged with classical simplicity, and her hair negligently bound up with a fillet, over which the rich profusion of ringlets fall negligently, as if with the weight of their own luxuriance, on either side her face, and shade her graceful throat and bosom. A much finer medal of her was struck soon afterwards, from one of her bridal portraits, by Lely ; a whole length, in the costume of a Grecian muse, only with more ample draperies, and the hair in flowing ringlets. The medal bears this inscription, " Maria Beatrix, Eleanora ducissa Eborâensis."¹ As this princess was of that order of beauty to which the royal taste awarded the palm, and her natural charms were unmarred by vanity or affectation ; she excited boundless admiration in the court of Charles II., where it was hoped that the purity of her manners and morals would have a restraining and beneficial effect.

George Granville earl of Lansdowne, in his poem on her marriage with the duke of York, pays her the following graceful compliment :

" Our future hopes from this blest union rise,
 Our present joy and safety from her eyes ;
 Those charming eyes that shine to reconcile
 To harmony and peace this stubborn isle."

The noble young bard, at that time a student only in his thirteenth year, lived to see the lustre of those eyes, from

¹ Both these medals are preserved in the national collection in the British Museum.

which he caught his earliest spark of poetic inspiration, dimmed with long years of weeping, yet he always remained true to his first theme, and sang her praises as fervently in the dark days of her adversity, as when her star first rose in its glittering ascendant surrounded by so many glorious attributes and flattering hopes.

St. James's palace had always been the residence of the duke of York, and thither he conducted his new duchess. On the 6th of December, the French ambassador waited on their royal highnesses to compliment them on their marriage. The same day the ambassador of Portugal, the Swedish and Danish envoys, the residents of Venice and Newburgh, came to offer the congratulations of their respective courts on the same occasion, being introduced by Sir Charles Cotterel, the master of the ceremonies.¹ The duke and duchess of York held their courts and levees at this palace as regularly as the king and queen did theirs at Whitehall, but on different days. There was not, however, the slightest rivalry either intended or suspected. King Charles always said, "that the most loyal and virtuous portion of his courtiers were to be found in his brother's circle at St. James's palace."² He was excessively fond of the company of his new sister-in-law, and occasionally did her the honour of presenting himself, with other company, at her *levée*, where he was wont to amuse himself, not only with the floating news of the day, but in discussing the affairs of the nation. Sir John Reresby, in his memoirs, mentions, "that on the 18th of March, he entertained his majesty a long time in the duchess of York's bedchamber, with what had been then transacting in the House of Commons." The proceedings there boded little good to the heir of the crown and his consort. Much was said of the dangers to be apprehended from this popish marriage; and sternly was the exercise of the penal laws insisted upon. It was even forbidden for any popish recusant to walk in the park, or to enter St. James's palace under any pretence.

It had been stipulated in her marriage articles, that the duchess of York was to enjoy the use of the catholic chapel at St. James's, which had been fitted up by the queen-mother Henrietta, for herself and her household; but Charles II., who was an attentive observer of the signs of

¹ London Gazette.

² Mordaunt Genealogies.

the times, perceiving that a great excitement prevailed among the populace, at the idea of a second public establishment for the worship of the church of Rome, circumvented his brother and his young Italian bride, by setting the queen to claim it as one of her chapels.¹ This sly piece of diplomacy laid the foundation of a lasting coolness between Mary Beatrice and queen Catherine.

There is reason to believe that the duchess of Modena, who was still with her daughter, wrote to Louis XIV., to complain of the infraction of the treaty to which he had been a guaranteee, for in the *Archives des Affaires Etrangère Paris*, there is an inedited letter addressed by James to that monarch, in reply to an inquiry from him as to the manner the duchess of York was allowed to exercise her religion. An apartment in St. James's palace had been fitted up by Charles's order, as an oratory or private chapel, for the young duchess and her suite, so that truth compelled James, however disatisfied with the arrangement, to reply as he does in the following letter, which, as it is derived from a source only accessible through the courtesy of Monsieur Guizot, is here inserted :

"THE DUKE OF YORK TO KING LOUIS XIV."

" Monsieur,

" London, 8 Deember, 1673.

" As the duchess of Modena has informed me that it will be desirable that I should give your majesty some account of the manner in which the duchess (of York) enjoys the exercise of her religion, I have her permission to inform you that she enjoys here the free exercise of the catholice, apostolic, and Roman faith, in the same manner that the queen does here at this present time for herself and her household, and that the king, my brother, will have the same care for her and all her people, in regard to the catholic religion, that he has for the queen and her suite. Your letter being confined to this sole subject, I will not trouble your majesty further at present, than to assure you that I am with all respect imaginable,

Sir,

Your majesty's very affectionate brother, cousin, and servant,

JAMES."*

From the dry laconic style of the above letter, it may easily be perceived that James neither approved of the dictation of his mother-in-law, the duchess of Modena, nor the interference of his royal kinsman of France, yet the

¹ Journal of James.

* Inedited MS. in the Archives des Affaires Etrangère Paris: communicated by monsieur Dumont, by the favour of monsieur Guizot. The original document is in French.

manner in which he has noted, in his own journal the refusal of St. James's chapel to his duchess, shows that he regarded it as a great affront to her. Charles, however, acted more as the friend of the duchess of York in withholding the indulgence from her than if he had granted it, well knowing that the less conspicuously the ceremonials of her religion were practised, the greater would be the chance of her enjoying the affections of the people.

The duchess of Modena, who had spent six weeks with her daughter, was compelled to return to her own country, in consequence of the intrigues that had been set on foot against her during her absence. Her presence in England had not been conducive to the conjugal happiness of the newly-wedded pair; and there had been some disputes between her and the English duchesses on the subject of precedence.¹ She departed from England December 30. Forty years afterwards, Mary Beatrice spoke of this separation from her mother as the greatest trial she had ever known at that period of her life, "but," added she, "after her departure, I became very much attached to the late king my husband, who was then duke of York, and my affection for him increased with every year that we lived together, and received no interruption to the end of his life."² Her fondness for him at that time, she confessed, amounted to an engrossing passion, which interfered with her spiritual duties, for she thought more of pleasing him than serving her God, and that it was sinful for any one to love an earthly creature as she had loved her husband, but that her fault brought its own punishment in the pain she suffered at discovering that she was not the exclusive object of his regard.³

James had unhappily formed habits and connexions disgraceful to himself and inimical to the peace of his youthful consort. His conduct with several of the married ladies of the court, and even with those in her own household, afforded great cause for scandal; and, of course, there were busy tongues eager to whisper every story of the kind to his bride. If Mary Beatrice had been a few years older at the time of her marriage, she would have understood the value of her own charms, and instead of assailing her faithless

¹ Memoirs of madame d'Athemar.

² MS. Memorials of Mary of Modena, Archives au Royaume de France.

³ Ibid.

lord with tears and passionate reproaches, she would have endeavoured to win him from her rivals, by the graceful arts of captivation for which she was well qualified. James was proud of her beauty, and flattered by her jealousy ; he treated her with unbounded indulgence, as she herself acknowledged,¹ but there was so little difference, in age, between her and his eldest daughter, that he appears only to have regarded her as a full-grown child, or a plaything, till the moral dignity of her character became developed by the force of circumstances, and he learned to look up to her with that admiration and respect which her virtues were calculated to excite. This triumph was not easily or quickly won. Many a heart-ache, and many a trial had Mary Beatrice to endure before that day arrived.

Her own path, in the meantime, was beset with difficulties ; ignorant as she was of the manners and customs of England, she was compelled to submit to the guidance of those ladies whom the duke, her husband, had appointed to assist her with their advice and instruction, as he was desirous that she should conform to the usages of the English court. Basset and other gambling games were then in high vogue in the *beau monde*. Mary Beatrice disliked cards, and was terrified at the idea of high play ; but her ladies told her she must do as others did, or she would become unpopular, and excite ridicule ; and by their importunities, prevailed over her reluctance. Like most young people under similar circumstances, she lost her money at the card-table, without deriving the slightest pleasure from the game ; and as this happened very frequently, it devoured those sums which ought to have been applied to better purposes.

" I suffered," she would say, in after years, " great pain from my losses at play, and all for the want of a little more firmness in not positively refusing to comply with a custom which those who were so much older than myself told me I was not at liberty to decline. I shall always regret my weakness, since it deprived me of the means of doing the good I ought to have done at that time."²

¹ MS. Memorials of Mary d'Esté, in the Archives au Royaume.

² We are indebted for this fact to the inedited fragment of the diary of a nun of Chaillot, by whom many of the incidents in the early life of the consort of James II. were recorded as they came from the lips of that princess, very much in the way afterwards adopted by the admiring Boswell in booking the sayings and doings of that mighty colossus of literature, Dr. Johnson.

Such was the ingenuous acknowledgment, made nearly forty years afterwards by that princess, of an early error, which her *sensitive* conscience taught her to regard as a crime, to the end of her life. How generally blameless her conduct was at the tender age, when she was torn from her peaceful convent, to become the wife of a careless husband, whose years nearly trebled her own, and the stepmother of princesses old enough to be her sisters, may be perceived even from the unfriendly evidence of bishop Burnet himself: “She was,” says he, “a very graceful person, with a good measure of beauty, and so much wit and cunning, that during all this reign she behaved herself in so obliging a manner, and seemed so innocent and good, that she gained upon all that came near her, and possessed them with such impressions of her, that it was long before her behaviour after she was a queen could make them change their thoughts of her.¹ So artificially did this young Italian behave herself, that she deceived even the eldest and most jealous persons both in court and country. Only sometimes a satirical temper broke out too much, which was imputed to youth and wit not enough practised to the world. She avoided the appearance of a zealot or a meddler in business, and gave herself up to innocent cheerfulness, and was universally esteemed and beloved as long as she was duchess.”²

Upwards of twelve years ! Rather a trying period for the most practised of hypocrites to have supported the part which this candid divine attributes to an inexperienced girl, who commenced her career in public life at fifteen. If Mary Beatrice had, at that tender age, acquired not only the arts of simulation and dissimulation in such perfection, but the absolute control over every bad passion which Burnet imputes to her, so as to deceive the most watchful of her foes, and to conciliate the love and esteem of all who came near her, she might assuredly have governed the whole world. Unfortunately for herself, this princess was singularly deficient in the useful power of concealing her feelings ; it is impossible to refrain from smiling at the idea of any one attributing policy so profound to the unsophisticated child

¹ What that behaviour was Burnet, does not take the trouble to explain, having neither facts nor authorities to produce against her.

² Burnet, vol. ii. p. 49.

of nature, who, preferring the veil of a cloistered votaress to the prospect of the crown matrimonial of England, had interrupted the diplomatic courtship of a grave ambassador with passionate reproaches for his cruelty in endeavouring to marry her to his master against her inclination, and with tearful earnestness intimated how much more suitable and welcome the alliance would be to her maiden aunt than to herself, and was too little practised in deception to be able to conceal either her disinclination to her consort, in the first instance, or her too ardent affection for him after he had succeeded in winning her virgin love. If, then, so young a creature, whose greatest fault was her proneness to yield to the impulse of her feelings, conducted herself for twelve years so perfectly as not to give cause for complaint to any one, not even to her step-daughters, the natural inference is, that she acted under the influence of more conscientious motives than those which guided the pen of her calumniator.

Soon after the departure of the duchess of Modena, the duke of York made a progress with his bride, to show her several places of interest in her new country; among the rest, he conducted her to Cambridge, where she was received with signal honours by the University, and the young lord Lansdowne enjoyed the satisfaction of reciting to her royal highness a poem which he had composed on the occasion, full of compliments, both to her and the duke. When they returned to town, Burnet, who was honoured with a private interview with James, says, “that his royal highness commended his new duchess much.”¹

On the 18th of May, 1674, the Dutch ambassadors, after making their public entry and receiving audience from the king, were introduced by Sir Charles Cotterel into the presence of the duke and duchess, in their apartments in Whitehall. Two days later the king and queen, accompanied by their royal highnesses, left town for Windsor, with

¹ Burnet was in a great deal of trouble at that time, having disobliged his old patron, Lauderdale, and incurred the displeasure of the king. His sole reliance was then on the good offices of the duke of York, who, he confesses, treated him with the greatest kindness, and interceded many times for him, both with Lauderdale and his majesty, but in vain. Charles warned his brother that the person for whom he was interesting himself was treacherous and undeserving of his favour, and was uneasy at his countenancing him.

the intention of passing some time there.¹ Mary Beatrice applied herself to the study of the English language to such good purpose, that she soon became a perfect mistress of all its intricacies, and not only spoke, read, and wrote it with fluency, but was able to appreciate the literature of that Augustan age. She had both the good taste and the good policy to pay distinguishing attention to persons of literary talent. She took great pleasure in the conversation of the aged Waller, and playfully commanded him to write.² That he had not lost the talent for making poetry the vehicle for graceful compliments, which distinguished his early productions, may be seen by the elegant lines addressed to her royal highness, which he presented to her, with a copy of his poems. After telling her that the verses in that volume celebrated the beauties of a former age, he says:—

“ Thus we writ then ; your brighter eyes inspire
 A nobler flame, and raise our genius higher ;
 While we your wit and early knowledge fear,
 To our productions we become severe.
 Your matchless beauty gives our fancy wing,—
 Your judgment makes us careful how we sing :
 Lines not composed, as heretofore, in haste,
 Polished like marble, shall like marble last ;
 And make you through as many ages shine,
 As Tasso has the heroes of your line.
 Though other names our wary writers use,
 You are the subject of the British muse ;
 Dilating mischief to yourself unknown,
 Men write, and die of wounds they dare not own.”

It was highly to the credit of so young a creature as Mary Beatrice, that her mind was too well regulated to be alloyed with the vanity which the flattering incense offered up at the shrine of her beauty by the greatest wits of the age, was calculated to excite in a female heart. The purity of her manners and conduct entitled her to universal respect. It was observed in that wanton licentious court, where voluptuousness stalked unmasked, and gloried in its shame, that the youthful duchess of York afforded a bright example of feminine propriety and conjugal virtue. She appeared like a wedded Dian, walking through Paphian bowers, in her calm purity.

Dryden dedicated his “ State of Innocence” to her; a

¹ London Gazette.

² Aubrey.

dramatic poem, founded on Milton's "Paradise Lost." After complimenting her on her descent from the illustrious family of Esté, "princes who were immortalized, even more by their patronage of Tasso and Ariosto than by their heroic deeds," he goes on to pay many personal compliments to herself, assuring her "that she is never seen without being blessed, and that she blesses all who see her," adding, "that, although every one feels the power of her charms, she is adored with the deepest veneration, that of silence; for she is placed, both by her virtues and her exalted station, above all mortal wishes."

The first year of her wedded life was spent by Mary Beatrice, in a gay succession of fêtes and entertainments. While the court was at Windsor, in August, 1674, the duke of York and his rival, Monmouth, amused their majesties, her royal highness, and the ladies with a representation of the siege of Maestricht—a model of that city, with all its fortifications, having been erected in one of the meadows, at the foot of the long terrace. James and Monmouth, at the head of a little army of courtiers, conducted the attack, to show their skill in tactics.¹ On Saturday night, the 21st, they made their approaches, opened trenches, and imitated the whole business of a siege. The city was defended with great spirit, prisoners were taken, mines sprung, cannonading took place, grenades were thrown, and the warlike pantomime lasted till three o'clock in the morning, affording a splendid and animating spectacle, which might be seen and heard to a considerable distance. It was the last pageant of a chivalric character, performed in the presence of royalty, or in which a British prince took a leading part. A prospect was then entertained of the duchess of York bringing an heir to England; but her first child proved a daughter, who was born at St. James's palace on Sunday, January 10th, 1675, five-and-twenty minutes after four o'clock in the afternoon. Some little disappointment, on account of the sex of the infant, is betrayed by the duke of York in announcing the event to his nephew, the prince of Orange.² He says, "I believe you will not be sorry to hear of the duchess being safely de-

¹ Evelyn's Journal.

² January 12th, 1675. Dalrymple's Appendix.

livered ; it is but a daughter, but, God be praised, they are both very well."

Mary Beatrice was, of course, desirous that her first-born should be brought up in the religion which she had been taught to venerate above all others. Her husband, though he desired it no less, knew that it was impossible, and explained to her, "that their children were the property of the nation, and that soon after their marriage, it had been moved in parliament, that they should be brought up in the established religion of the realm, like his two elder daughters the princesses Mary and Anne, or they would be taken from them and placed under the care of others. It was besides, the pleasure of the king, to which they must submit."¹ The youthful mother, like a rash, inconsiderate girl as she was, determined to have her own way in spite of king, bishops, and parliament. A few hours after the birth of her babe, she took an opportunity of sending for her confessor, father Gallis, and persuaded him to baptize it privately on her own bed according to the rites of the church of Rome.

When her royal brother-in-law, king Charles, came to discuss with her and his brother the arrangements for the christening of the new-born princess, Mary Beatrice told him exultingly that "her daughter was already baptiz'd," King Charles treated the communication with absolute indifference, and without paying the slightest regard to the tears and expostulations of the young mother, who was terrified at the thought of having been the means of incurring a sacrilege through the reiteration of the baptismal sacrament, he ordered the little princess to be borne with all due solemnity to the chapel royal, and had her christened there by a protestant bishop according to the rites of the church of England.² She was given the names of Catharina Laura, out of compliment to the queen and the duchess of Modena. Her sponsors were her elder sisters the princesses Mary and Anne, and the duke of Monmouth. Her previous admission into the church of Rome by father Gallis, was kept a profound secret ; if it had been known, it would probably have cost that ecclesiastic dear, and might have been very injurious to both the duke and duchess of

¹ MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

² Ibid.

York. This fact was divulged by Mary Beatrice herself to the abbess and nuns of Chaillot. She said, "that she was very much terrified afterwards at what she had done, but that father Gallis had consoled her by the assurance that she had not incurred, as she feared, a deadly sin."¹

Charles II. who was still greatly annoyed at the irreparable manner in which his brother had injured his prospects, and deprived both himself and his country of his services, by forsaking the communion of the church of England for that of Rome, must have regarded the catholic baptism of the new-born princess, as an especial piece of perversity on the part of his sister-in-law. He was too good-natured, however, to agitate her by any serious manifestation of displeasure. Having had a catholic mother, he was able to make allowances for the imprudent but natural zeal of a young romantic girl of sixteen, who having been educated in a convent could scarcely form an idea of the adverse feeling with which the rites of her religion were regarded by the majority of the people of England at that period.

Scarcely a fortnight after this occurrence, a council was held at Lambeth for the purpose of putting in force the statutes against recusancy, and six very severe orders against Roman catholics and dissenters were published by proclamation, one of which prohibited any British subject from officiating as a Romish priest either in the queen's chapel or elsewhere; and another forbade any papist or reputed papist from entering Whitehall or St. James's palace, under the penalty, if a peer, of imprisonment in the Tower, if of lower rank, in one of the common gaols. The latter decree placed Mary Beatrice almost in a state of isolation, and must have been regarded as a great hardship by her and the Roman-catholic ladies of her household. The duke of York remonstrated, but as this was intended for his especial annoyance, his complaints availed nothing.²

The duchess took everything quietly, happy in a mother's first sweet cares; and, loving her husband with the most passionate affection, she lived on terms of perfect amity with his daughters. Neither of these princesses ever accused Mary Beatrice of the slightest instance of unkind-

¹ MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice, by a nun of Chaillot.

² Wilkins' Concilia. Burnet.

ness to them, no not even in justification of their subsequent ill-treatment of her. Her conduct as a step-mother must, of course, have been irreproachable.

The first serious annoyance that befel the duchess of York, was the attempt of a French felon pretending to be a protestant convert, and calling himself Luzancy, to bring her name malignantly before the public, by deposing that St. Germain, a Roman-catholic priest, whom he termed "the confessor of her royal highness, had come to his lodgings one morning, and holding a poniard to his breast threatened to stab him, unless he signed a recantation."

This story was brought before the house of commons by lord William Russell, and was made the pretext of additional severities against papists. Luzancy was examined before a committee of the house, where he stated, in addition to his marvellous tale, "that he had learned from some French merchants that, in a short time, protestant blood would flow through the streets of London, that the king was at heart a catholic," and many other particulars calculated to alarm the timid and inflame the ignorant. This man was the precursor of Titus Oates, only not possessed of sufficient effrontery to stand his ground, after du Maresque, a conscientious French protestant minister, who was acquainted with the impostor's parentage and career of infamy in his own country, had the courage and honesty to expose him, which put an end to his credit with parliament. Yet such was the blindness of party prejudice, that Compton, bishop of London, sent the disgraced adventurer to Oxford, and although he involved himself in a swindling transaction while there, he ordained him as a priest of the church of England, and made him a vicar of Dover Court, in Essex.¹

In the midst of the agitation and alarm caused by the false witness of the French impostor, Mary Beatrice was suddenly bereaved of her first-born child, the little princess Catharine, who died of a convulsion fit, on the 3rd of October, 1675, having nearly attained the attractive age of ten months. She was interred on the 5th of the same month, in the vault of Mary, queen of Scots, in Westminster Abbey.²

¹ Anth. A Wood, Oxon, IV. Lingard, Parliamentary History. Journal of James II. &c. &c.

² Sandford's Genealogical History of the Kings and Queens of England.

Whatever might be the grief of the youthful mother for the loss of her infant, she was compelled to dry her tears, and appear in public very soon after this afflicting event. She was present with her husband and his two daughters, the princesses Mary and Anne, at the lord mayor's feast that year, which was also honoured by the presence of the king and queen.¹ There is also mention in Evelyn of a very grand ball given by her royal highness on the 4th of December at St. James's Palace.

The arrival of the duchess of Mazarin in England this year was an inauspicious event for Mary Beatrice, of whom “that errant lady and famous beauty,” as she is styled by Evelyn, was a disreputable family connexion on the maternal side. On account of her near relationship to the duchess of Modena, and some friendly reminiscences, perchance, connected with the beautiful Hortense Mancini and his early days, James had the false complaisance to permit his consort to visit this dangerous intrigante, even when she became one of the avowed mistresses of the king, his brother, and openly defied all restraints, both of religion and morality. The first great mortification that resulted to the duke and duchess of York, from this ill-judged proceeding, was an impudent remonstrance from the duchess of Portsmouth to James, “that his consort paid *her* no attention; to which she considered herself as much entitled as madame Mazarin.”² There was certainly no other ground on which this bold bad woman could have presumed, even to intrude her name on a princess like Mary Beatrice. The result was, that, to avoid the inference of Charles’s favourite sultana, that the duke and duchess of York patronised a rival mistress, because she was the cousin of her royal highness, and all the other coarse observations to which they had exposed themselves by their folly, James took his young innocent wife to pay Portsmouth a visit. They met the king at her apartments, who rewarded his sister-in-law for the reluctant concession she had made, by saying a thousand obliging things to her. The queen gave a grand ball that night, and the king thought proper to dress in the apartments of the duchess of Portsmouth, where the duke and duchess of York left him.

¹ Toone’s Chronology. Evelyn.

² Life of James II.

Some busy spy in the court hastened to whisper to her majesty the almost incredible tale, that the duchess of York had visited my lady of Portsmouth. "The same evening," said Mary Beatrice, from whose lips this incident was chronicled, "when I met her majesty in the dance, and made a profound courtesy to her, which is the custom on such occasions, instead of acknowledging it, she scornfully turned her back on me before the whole court;"¹ a very natural manifestation of her sense of the impropriety of which the young duchess had been guilty; yet her royal highness had no choice in the matter, being wholly under the guidance of a husband, five-and-twenty years older than herself. The error committed by James, in permitting his consort to have the slightest intercourse with madame Mazarin, was one of those apparently trivial causes which produced an evil influence on his destiny and that of his family. He stood at that period on broken ground, every false step he made rendered his footing more difficult to maintain, and he had now incurred for himself and his duchess the enmity of the duchess of Portsmouth and the displeasure of the queen. To have been the means of bringing his consort into collision with either of those ladies was very ill-judged. The queen was the natural protectress of her young sister-in-law; they were members of the same church, and ought to have been firmly united in friendship. The duchess of York would have been more respected by the virtuous matronage of England if she had steadily refused to countenance any of the titled courtesans, whom Charles II., to his eternal disgrace, had forced into the presence of his queen; her only safe and dignified course would have been to have appeared unconscious of their existence, and never to have permitted their names to be mentioned to her; but, by countenancing one, and that one her relation, she deprived herself of the power of saying, "that it was against her principles to receive or visit any woman of infamous life," and afforded grounds for the accusation of partiality and pride.

The duchess of Portsmouth was one of the most subtle and mischievous of all the tools employed by Shaftesbury

¹ MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice in the Secret Archives au Royaume de France.

and his coadjutors to effect the ruin of the duke of York. If it had not been for her pernicious influence with the king, James might have defied their utmost malice ; but she was the treacherous Dalilah, who constantly wept before Samson, till he had confided to her the secret wherein his strength lay, and thus enabled his foes to bind and make sport of him—in other words, to paralyse the power of the crown, by possessing themselves, through this woman, of the political defences of the king and the duke, and thus to frustrate all their measures.¹ So great was her effrontery, that at the very time she was labouring to assist Shaftesbury and Russell in effecting the duke of York's exclusion from the royal succession, she impudently demanded of his royal highness attentions and marks of respect from his consort, and it was found impossible to satisfy her presumptuous ideas of her own consequence with common conventional civilities. Nothing, in fact, is ever gained, even in a worldly point of view, by condescending to the really base ; it is impossible ever to stoop low enough to please them ; for persons who are conscious of deserving contempt will always despise those from whom they exact a reluctant civility, and in this they are right, since they must be aware of its insincerity.

On the 18th of August, 1676, the duchess of York gave birth to a second daughter at St. James's palace, five minutes before eight in the morning, who was baptized by Dr. John North, master of Trinity college, Cambridge, and prebendary of Westminster, by the name of Isabella, after Isabella of Savoy, duchess of Modena, the great-grandmother of Mary Beatrice, a lady greatly distinguished for her virtues and piety. The godmothers of the royal infant were the duchess of Monmouth and the countess of Peterborough ; her godfather was the earl of Denbigh. She lived to be five years old.²

The duchess of York was in hourly expectation of her third confinement, when the marriage of her step-daughter, the princess Mary, with the prince of Orange, took place, November 4th, 1677 ; she was present in the bed-chamber of the princess in St. James's palace, when those nuptials, so fatal to the fortunes of herself, her husband, and her

¹ Journal of James II.

² Sandford.

descendants, were solemnized. King Charles, who was very facetious on this occasion, bade the bishop of London "make haste with the ceremony, lest his sister should be delivered of a son in the meantime, and so spoil the marriage."¹

Three days afterwards, the boy, whom his majesty had thus merrily anticipated, was born. Dr. Lake makes the following notice of this event in his MS. diary : " On Wednesday, 7th, at nine in the evening, the duchess was safely delivered of a prince, to the great joy of the whole court, except the Clarendon party. The child is but little, but sprightly, and likely to live."

The new-born prince was christened, the next evening, with great pomp, by Dr. Crew, bishop of Durham ; king Charles acted as sponsor for his infant nephew on this occasion, assisted by his nephew the prince of Orange. The little princess Isabella was the godmother ; being only fifteen months old herself, she was represented by her governess, the lady Frances Villiers.² King Charles bestowed his own name on his nephew, and created him duke of Cambridge, an ominous title, which had successively been borne by three of the duke of York's sons, by his first duchess, who had all died in infancy.

The small-pox broke out in St. James's palace, three days after the christening of the prince ; the princess Anne fell sick of it, and a great mortality took place among the members of their royal highness's household. Among the rest, the lady governess of the royal children, lady Frances Villiers, died on the 23rd of November.³ The young duchess of York, however, showed so little fear of the infection, either for herself or her infant son, that, on the 3rd of December, she received a visit from her step-daughter, Anne, in her lying-in-chamber, the first time that princess was permitted to leave her room. That visit, in all probability, brought the infection to the little prince, for an irruption, which

¹ MS. Diary of Dr. Edward Lake, archdeacon of Exeter, and preceptor to the princesses Mary and Anne. This valuable historical document is the property of W. Merrival, Esq., and is, we believe, intended for publication, enriched with the valuable notes of that gentleman, who, with his wonted courtesy and liberality, has in the meantime favoured us with the use of the MS., with liberty of taking extracts for the present and succeeding volumes of the "Lives of the Queens of England," an obligation which can scarcely be appreciated too highly.

² Dr. Lake's Diary. Sandford.

³ Dr. Lake.

was, doubtless, an indication of the same malady, appeared on his body and under his arm, and this being ignorantly repelled by his nurses, caused his death in a convulsion fit, on the 12th of December.¹ "This day," notes Dr. Lake, "between eleven and twelve o'clock, Charles duke of Cambridge died at St. James's, not without suspicion of being ill managed by Mrs. Chambers, who pretended to recover him. When he was opened, all his vital parts were found in a sound and healthy state, so that, to all appearance, he might have lived many years, had not Mrs. Chambers, and Mrs. Manning, the dry nurse, struck in the humour which appeared, instead of putting on a cole leaf to draw it out. The whole court testified great concern at this event, and the duke was never known to grieve so much at the death of any of his other children." The remains of this lamented babe were privately interred the day after his decease, in the evening, in Westminster Abbey, and like those of his sister, the princess Catharine, were deposited in the vault of Mary queen of Scots. The demise of the first-born son of the duke and duchess of York was announced with formal ceremony to all the sovereigns of Europe by the British ambassadors resident at their respective courts. Letters of condolence were sent in return, and there is some reason to believe, that a court mourning was worn for him.²

Waller's graceful little poem on the death of the infant duke of Cambridge, commences with an allusion to the immature age of the royal mother, to which he, with great probability, attributes the early deaths of her offspring, and from the same circumstance insinuates consoling expectations for the future.

"The failing blossoms which a young plant bears
Engage our hopes for the succeeding years;

* * * * *

Heaven, as a first fruit, claimed that lovely boy,
The next shall live to be the nation's joy."

How deeply the duke of York felt his bereavement, may be

¹ Sandford says, the 11th of December.

² See the earl of Manchester's correspondence with king William's ministers about the death of queen Anne's son, the duke of Gloucester, where the ceremonials used on the occasion of the death of the duke of Cambridge are mentioned as the proper precedent to be observed with regard to the Court of France, as will be fully related in the life of queen Anne, "Lives of the Queens of England," vol. x.

perceived from the unaffected expression of parental anguish with which he alludes to it, in his reply to a letter of condolence the prince of Orange had addressed to him on the event, which, inasmuch as it replaced his newly-wedded consort in her former position of perspective heiress to England, was doubtless a matter of rejoicing to himself. James, however, had the charity to give his son-in-law credit for sincerity. He says, "I will not defer letting you know I do easily believe the trouble you had for the loss of my son. I wish you may never have the like cause of trouble, nor know what it is to lose a son. I shall now say no more to you, because this bearer can inform you of all things here, as also that you shall always find me as kind as you can desire." This letter is superscribed, "For my son, the prince of Orange."

William was plotting against his unfortunate father-in-law at this very period, as the secret correspondence of the times will prove.¹

The death of the infant hope of England soon ceased to trouble any one save the sorrowing parents, by whom his loss was long and deeply mourned. While Mary Beatrice continued in a feverish, agitated state, her nerves weakened, both from recent childbirth, and the grief which preyed upon her in consequence of the loss of her boy, which had been preceded by several deaths, in St. James's palace, she was one night terrified with a frightful vision connected with the decease of the governess of the princesses, lady Frances Villiers, the particulars of which are thus related by Dr. Lake in his diary: "This day I heard an account of a dream which the duchess had, and which greatly discomposed her—viz., that whilst she lay in bed the lady Frances Villiers appeared to her, and told her that 'she was damned, and was in the flames of hell;' whereto she answered, 'How can this be? I cannot believe it.' To which the lady replied, 'Madam, to convince you, feel my hand,' which seemed so extremely hot, that it was impossible for the duchess to endure it; whereat she awoke, much affrighted, and told the dream to several of

¹ See Dalrymple's Appendix, and Sidney Papers, edited by W. Blencowe, Esq.

her visitants. The earl of Suffolk,¹ and other of the deceased lady's relations seemed much concerned at the duchess for relating it, and indeed it occasioned a deal of discourse, both in the town and the city."

At a period when the possibility of supernatural appearances was generally believed, we may imagine the sensation which the circulation of so awful a tale excited among the noble kindred of the deceased lady-governess, and the bitter feelings of indignation which would be kindled in their hearts against her royal highness, for mentioning a circumstance calculated to impress the superstitious with the notion that her ladyship's soul was in a state of perdition. The imprudence of the duchess of York in relating such a dream, was the greater, because she was of a different religion from the defunct. The only apology that can be offered for such folly, is comprised in the unfortunate propensity of this princess for telling everything that occupied her mind, and the weak state of her health and spirits at this juncture. The incident itself is curious, from its similarity to several stories of comparatively modern date, which assume to be founded on family traditions; it is scarcely possible that their authors could have had access to a strictly private document, like Dr. Lake's Journal, and it is certain that the dream of the duchess of York was never before in print. The tangible proof which, to her inexpressible horror, that princess fancied the spirit of the departed lady Frances Villiers gave her of its woful condition, is in singular coincidence with the dialogue which the sister of lord Tyrone has recorded that she held with the apparition of her brother, and the thrilling touch which branded her arm with the mark of his burning fingers. Every one is familiar with the lines of Scott, in another version of the same story, the Baron of Smallholme, where the spectre says to the lady, in reply to an anxious question as to the state of his soul—

“ ‘ This awful sign receive !
He laid his left hand on an oaken plank,
His right on the lady’s arm ;
The lady shrank and fainting sank,
For the touch was fiery warm.’ ”

¹ This lady was the youngest daughter of Theophilus earl of Suffolk ; she was married to sir Edward Villiers ; her son was the first earl of Jersey.

The most marvellous gossips of the court of the second Charles did not, however, go the length of asserting that the fair arm of her royal highness bore the slightest marks the next morning, of the scorching fingers of the ghostly visitant who had presented herself to her slumbering unrest, in the visions of the night. If lady Frances Villiers had been permitted to revisit the glimpses of the moon, it would have been more reasonable for her to have appeared to her own good-for-nothing daughter, Elizabeth, to warn her of the sinfulness of her conduct with the newly-wedded prince of Orange, than to have needlessly affrighted the innocent duchess of York in the midst of her affliction for the premature death of her son.

The following brief letter of ceremony appears, by the date, to have been written by Mary of Modena, during the ephemeral existence of the little prince, though she does not mention him; it is one of the few that have been preserved of those penned by her when duchess of York.

THE DUCHESS OF YORK TO KING LOUIS XIV.

"London, 5 December, 1677.

"Sir,

"I am infinitely obliged to your majesty for the extraordinary marks of kindness I have received on your part from Monsieur Courtin, your ambassador. I leave it to him to express to you the grateful sense I have of it, and I have also prayed him to assure your majesty of the profound respect with which I am, Sir,

"Your majesty's very affectionate sister, cousin, and servant,

"MARIE."¹

A curious contemporary portrait of Mary Beatrice, supposed to be a Lely,² represents her decorated with an orange scarf. This she probably wore, in compliment to the marriage of her royal step-daughter with the prince of Orange. Mary Beatrice always kept up a friendly correspondence with both.³

Before Mary of York had been married many months, reports that she was sick and sorrowful reaching the British court, the duchess of York determined to pay her an incognito

¹ Inedited MS. in the Archives des Affaires Etrangère, communicated by monsieur Dumont, through the favour and kind permission of monsieur Guizot.

² Now at the George Hotel, Kilmarnock.

³ See Ellis's Royal Letters, vol. iii.

visit, accompanied by the princess Anne, under the protection of the queen's lord-chamberlain, the earl of Ossory, who was the husband of a Dutch lady. When her royal highness had arranged her little plans, she confided her wish to king Charles, and obtained his permission to undertake the journey. The duke of York, who was painfully anxious about his beloved daughter, gratefully acceded to his consort's desire of visiting her, and in a familiar letter "to his sonne, the prince of Orange," he announces to him "that the duchess and the princess Anne intend coming to the Hague *very incognito*, having sent Robert White on before, to hire a house for them, as near the palace of his daughter as possible; and that they would take lord Ossory for their governor."¹

The unostentatious manner in which the duchess wished to make her visit to her stepdaughter, the princess of Orange, proves that it was simply for the satisfaction of seeing her, and giving her the comfort of her sister's society, unrestrained by any of the formal and fatiguing ceremonials which royal etiquette would have imposed upon all parties, if she had appeared in her own character. Considering the extreme youth of the three ladies, the affectionate terms on which they had always lived together, and the conjugal infelicity of the lately wedded princess of Orange at that time, her sickness and dejection, it is more than probable that Mary Beatrice undertook this expedition with the princess Anne in consequence of some private communication from the pining invalid, expressive of her anxious desire to see them, and confide to them some of the trials which weighed so heavily on her heart in that uncongenial land of strangers.²

Sir William Temple, the British resident, to whom the duke of York had written to explain the desire of the duchess to waive the public recognition of her rank in his daughter's court on this occasion, says, in reply—

" May it please your royal highness,
" I received yesterday morning, by Mr. White, the honour of a letter from
your highness, with a command which it will be very difficult to perform

¹ Dalrymple's Appendix, pp. 20, 12.

² This curious portion of the personal history of Mary II. which has been carefully concealed from the English reader, will be related in the life of that princess.

here. I mean that of helping her highness to be incognito in this place. The prince being yet absent, and the pensioner too, I spoke of it to monsieur Van Lewen, who was hard to be persuaded that the honours due to her highness by the States upon such occasion should not be performed solemnly at her landing. But having acquainted him with the absoluteness of your highness's commands, both by your letter, and particularly by Mr. White, I prevailed with him to make no mention of it to the States till the prince's return, and this, I hope, may be to-night, or to-morrow at farthest.

"For a house to receive her highness and lady Anne, with their attendants, there was no choice at all in it, and so the princess dowager's house is making ready for this purpose, and will, I doubt not, be in order by to-morrow. I could not persuade sir Gabriel Sylvius and Mr. White to allow me any other part in this care besides leaving the whole house empty, which I did early this morning, and they (White and Sylvius) with the prince's servants, in all the diligence that could be, of preparing it for her highness's reception."¹

Temple pleasantly adds that these, the worthy Dutch officials, who were thus actively exerting their national propensity to household purifications, in cleansing and trimming up the Old Court, as the dowager-palace of the Hague was called, for the accommodation of the fair and illustrious travellers from England, "would, besides the honour of such a piece of gallantry, have very great satisfaction in seeing there such a princess as in all kinds," continues his excellency, "I do believe is very hard to be seen anywhere else." He dismisses the subject with a wish that "the weather were but as fair as the wind, and then the adventure might be very soon and very happily achieved."²

This letter is dated October 11, n. s., being the first of that month according to the computation in England. Mary Beatrice and the princess Anne arrived at the Hague almost as soon as it was written. Their visit appears to have put the whole of the British embassy to the rout, for Temple writes, to Lawrence Hyde—

"Her highness's coming removed both your family and mine at a very short warning, and I got into the next house I could find. She was so resolved upon the incognito here, and in that design so afraid of an ambassador, that my part was chiefly not to trouble her, or interrupt that design."³

The visit was a flying one. Temple in the same letter, which is dated October 25th, says, "The duchess went away on Monday morning with very fair weather, and a reasonable good wind, but I doubt may have had but a loitering passage, as it has proved since."

The duchess and the princess Anne had evidently enjoyed their expedition, and gave a very favourable report of their

¹ Letters of sir William Temple, vol. iv. p. 444.

² Ibid.

³ Clarendon Correspondence.

entertainment to James, who expresses his acknowledgments to William for the hospitality they had received, in these friendly terms:—

“London, Oct. 18, 1678.

“We came hither on Wednesday from Newmarket, and the same night, presently after eleven, the duchess, my wife, arrived here, so satisfied with her journey and with you as I never saw anybody; and I must give you a thousand thanks from her and from myself for her kind usage by you. I should say more on this subject, but I am very ill at compliments, and you care not for them.”¹

The letter contains also some confidential observations on the plot which had been concocted by his enemies with the assistance of Oates, Tong, and their confederates, for the ruin of himself, the queen, and other persons of their unpopular creed.

When the duchess of York returned from her visit to the Hague, she found her lord vainly attempting to grapple with the storm, which had been mysteriously conjured up by his subtle foes. In the course of a few weeks, the public mind became so greatly irritated against James, that he was compelled to give up his seat at the council board, and the next demand of the triumphant faction was, that he should be excluded from the presence of his royal brother. His friends advised him, timid counsellors as they were, to retire to the Continent with his family, but his proud spirit revolted from a proceeding that might be construed into guilt or cowardice. The king urged him to baffle the machinations of his enemies, by returning to the communion of the church of England, and to afford him a plausible excuse for doing so, sent the archbishop of Canterbury and other prelates to argue with him, on the grounds of his secession.

James, whatever might be his defects as a theologian, was too honest to sacrifice his principles to his interest. His grandfather, Henry IV. of France, had made no scruple of giving up his protestantism to conciliate the majority of his subjects, facetiously observing, “that the kingdom of France was worth a mass.” James would rather have lost a world than dissembled an opinion, or acted in violation to his conscience. He was not like his ease-loving brother Charles II., the supple reed that bent in accordance with the changes of the wind and rose again unbroken, but the proud and stubborn oak that would not bend before the

¹ Dalrymple's Appendix.

coming storm, though it should uproot him. The king, thinking to purchase peace for himself by his brother's absence, urged him to go abroad before the meeting of parliament. James replied, "that he would only do so in obedience to his majesty's written commands, or it would be pretended that he had fled on account of some misdemeanour."

Charles conveyed the order for his absence in the form of an affectionate letter, concluding with these words :—

" You may easily believe with what trouble I write this to you, there being nothing I am more sensible of than the constant kindness you have ever had for me, and I hope you are so just to me as to be assured that no absence or anything else can ever change me from being truly and kindly yours,

" C. R."

James requested to be permitted to take his beloved daughter the princess Anne, which was at first readily granted by the king, but a day or two before that fixed for their departure, his majesty was compelled to rescind that permission, so great was the jealousy entertained by the people lest her father should attempt to shake her attachment to the church of England. The duchess, "who," to use his own touching expression, "was to bear a part in all his traverses and misfortunes," resolved to share his exile, although that determination involved a separation from her only surviving infant, for even the solace of the little princess Isabella's company was denied to her parents, and this was a severe trial to both.

Mary Beatrice was accustomed to say, "that the first five years she spent in England, were the happiest of her whole life." They embraced the halcyon period between fifteen and twenty, and were, as regarded her own position, years of festive splendour and great popularity, but they were saddened by the loss of children, and embittered by the infidelities of a husband, who was the first, last, and only object of her affection. The next five years were destined to be years of adversity to her and the duke. She always said, "that she considered their mutual misfortunes commenced with their banishment to Flanders," which she called "their first exile."¹ The troubles of the duke of York began much earlier, and may be dated from the year 1672.

¹ MS. Memorials of Mary of Modena in the Archives au Royaume de France.

² Ibid.

"The late king my husband," said Mary Beatrice, in the days of her widowhood, to the abbess and nuns of Chaillot, "was the great admiral of England when he was duke of York, and when he used to return in triumph, after his victories over the Dutch, the people adored him. He understood both naval affairs and commerce, all his study was to promote the happiness of the people, by relieving them from the burden of taxes; and at that time he was passionately beloved by all the maritime classes."¹ James himself occasionally adverts, more in sorrow than in anger, to the change in popular opinion, which took place in consequence of the change in his religious opinions. "Before that time the duke was the darling of the nation, for having so often and so freely ventured his life for the honour and interest of the king and country, and for having been always active and industrious in carrying on everything either as to trade or navigation, that might tend to their advantage, but no sooner was the alarm given of his having turned papist, than all these merits were blotted out from their memory, and he was set upon, on every side, as the common enemy."²

The letter from king Charles, enjoining his brother's absence from England, was written on the 28th of February. Their royal highnesses being compelled to make hasty preparations for their voyage, were ready to embark on the 3rd of March. King Charles came on that day to bid them farewell. They were greatly afflicted at leaving their country and their children, but the king appeared like one overwhelmed with grief. The weather was very stormy, and his majesty, who had perhaps some misgivings, seemed then as anxious to delay the moment of parting as he had been before to urge it. "The wind is contrary," said he, to James; "you cannot go on board at present," and his eyes suffused with tears.

Mary Beatrice, who considered that her husband had been sacrificed to the crooked policy of his royal brother's cabinet, and that Charles himself had acted with a selfish disregard of everything but his own ease, exclaimed, reproachfully—

¹ MS. Memorials of Mary of Modena, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

² King James, vol. i.

"What, sir, are you grieved?—you who send us into exile! Of course we must go, since you have ordained it."

She afterwards blamed herself for this resentful burst of feeling. "I was wrong," she said, "to speak to his majesty as I did: it was no fault of his. He was placed in a cruel strait, and was compelled to yield to the clamours of our enemies."¹

On the 4th of March, the duke and duchess bade a sorrowful farewell to England, and embarked for Holland. They must have had a long and stormy passage, for they did not land till the 12th. The prince of Orange came to receive them, attended by many persons of rank, and conducted them to the Hague with every demonstration of respect. When they arrived there, the prince drew out all his guard, to the number of 3000, before his father-in-law, and when the duke passed them, the prince placed himself at the head of his *guards du corps*, and saluted him with his sword in his hand; and as they filed off, he marched at their head, repeating the same courtesy, though the duke endeavoured to prevent it. The states-general, upon notice of their royal highnesses arrival, desired to have rendered them those public honours which were due to their high rank, but James excused it, desiring to remain incognito.²

After a little while their royal highnesses removed to Brussels, where they occupied the same house where Charles II. had resided before his Restoration. Scarcely were they settled in their new abode, when the reports of the dangerous illness of his daughter, the princess of Orange, induced the duke, whose affection for her was very great, to go and visit her at the Hague. On the 25th of April, he writes to his brother-in-law, Lawrence Hyde, from that place:—

"I am to go to-morrow morning to Amsterdam, and shall be back here on Friday; and next week I go to my house at Brussels, and take Buda in my way."

James rejoined his duchess at Brussels the first week in May. Soon after his departure from England, lady Shaftesbury's butler gave information to the select committee, who, like the Venetian Council of Ten, had possessed themselves of a power in the state far more oppressive than regal despotism,

¹ MS. Memorials of Mary of Modena, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

² Echard.

that the duke of York was coming back in June at the head of 60,000 men, furnished by the king of France, to assist the catholics.¹ The banished duke, meantime, was exerting his care and foresight in endeavouring to prevail on those who had the direction of the naval defences of England to guard the coasts from the threatening armaments of France.

In a letter dated May the 6th, 1679, in reply to two addressed to him by the duke of York, the faithful Pepys says—

“I do with equal shame and grief observe how much your highness’s solicitude, even at this distance, for the security of this kingdom against the power of France, does exceed all that we ourselves have yet expressed upon that subject, otherwise than by a general but inactive restlessness under our apprehension of danger ; but without any alteration made since your royal highness’s departure in the state of our ships or coasts, other than what is consequential to their having lain so long neglected.”²

After mentioning that his majesty had, among his other great changes, put the Admiralty into the hands of commissioners who were by no means acquainted with naval affairs, he continues—

“For what concerns my own particular, your highness was pleased to foretell me, at your going hence, what I was soon after to look for, and it is come to pass. For, whether I will or no, a papist I must be, because favoured by your royal highness, and found endeavouring, on all fitting occasions, to express in the best manner I can, the duty and gratitude due to your highness from me. But how injuriously soever some would make these just endeavours of mine towards your highness inconsistent with Protestantoy, neither they, nor any ill-usage I can receive from them, shall (by the grace of God) make me any more quit the one, than I suspect your royal highness will ever take offence at my perseverance in the other.”

Pepys then states the desire of the faction who had been the means of driving his royal highness into exile of depriving himself of the post of secretary to the admiralty, after his twenty years hard service, to the loss of health, and almost of eyesight. James wrote a frank and manly letter in reply, enclosing an earnest recommendation for this old and faithful servant of the nation to the king, telling him that he hoped his majesty would grant his request. “I am sure,” says he, “he ought ; and it will do more good to reward one old servant than to take off twenty mutineers.”

The duke’s letter found honest Pepys a prisoner in the

¹ *Journal of James II.*

² Pepys’ Correspondence, 5 vols. of Memoirs and Correspondence, edited by Lord Braybrooke.

Tower, upon no less charges than those of popery, felony, piracy, and treason ; his attachment to his royal friend and benefactor having drawn this persecution upon him, as he himself assures the duke. In conclusion, he says, "I pray God protect you and her royal highness."¹

Their prospects were anything but cheering. The bill of exclusion had been read twice in the house, and only prevented from passing by the king suddenly proroguing the parliament ; on which occasion, Shaftesbury, who was the president of the privy council, had declared aloud, "that whoever had advised the king to that measure should pay for their presumption with their heads."²

In July, the duchess of Modena came from Italy to Brussels to visit her daughter, and Mary Beatrice, after a separation of upwards of five years, enjoyed the happiness of embracing her beloved mother once more. Their separation from their children was so painful to the duke and duchess of York, that, on the 8th of August, James wrote an urgent letter to the king, his brother, entreating him to permit them to join him and the duchess at Brussels. Charles consented, and the two princesses, Anne and the infant Isabella, commenced their journey together on the 19th of the same month.³

Before the re-united family had been together many days, the earl of Sunderland sent an express to James, to apprise him of the alarming illness of the king, who had commanded him to request his royal highness to hasten to him, in as private a manner as he could, bringing no more persons than were absolutely necessary ; and, therefore, advised him to leave the duchess behind. Even if this caution had not been given, Mary Beatrice could not with any propriety have left the two princesses alone in a foreign country. James acquainted no one but her with his journey ; and, taking with him only lord Peterborough, colonel Legge, his favourite Churchill, and a barber, he set out from Brussels on the 8th of September. The first night he arrived at Armentiers, the next at Calais ; but the wind being contrary, he could not sail till the evening of the 10th, when, disguising himself in a black periwig, he

¹ Diary and Correspondence of Pepys, edited by lord Braybrooke, vol. v.

² Journal of the Lords. Temple. ³ Blencowe's Sydney Papers.

crossed, in a French shallop, to Dover,¹ where no one recognised him, except the post-master, who was an honest man, and held his tongue. He took post from thence, leaving my lord Peterborough behind, who was unable to travel so fast, and arrived the same night in London. There he got into a hackney coach, and went first to Mr. Frand, the post-master, to learn the news, where he found, to his great satisfaction, the king was much better. He slept at sir Allen Apsley's house in St. James's square, where he sent for his brother-in-law, Hyde, and Sidney Godolphin. They told him, "his coming was quite a secret, perfectly unsuspected by the duke of Monmouth and his gang;" and advised him to make all the haste he could to Windsor, before it got abroad.

Very little time did James devote to sleep that night, after a journey, which, without railroad facilities of volition, was performed at railroad speed; for he reached Windsor at seven o'clock the next morning, September 12th, having, as before mentioned, left Brussels only on the 8th. The king was so much recovered, that he was up, and shaving, when the royal exile entered, unannounced, and was the first to apprise him of his arrival. The suddenness of the thing surprised Charles at first. James, who had received a private message, telling him he must take the whole responsibility of his return on himself, as the king was fearful of acknowledging that he had sent for him, knelt, and begged his majesty to pardon him for coming before he was recalled.²

This scene being over, the courtiers flocked about the duke to pay their compliments, his enemies as well as his friends, for his presence always commanded respect even from those who were the worst affected to him. The loyal and virtuous among the gentlemen then at Windsor, were sincerely glad to see the lawful heir of the crown once more by the sovereign's side. Evelyn, for one, mentions with some complacency, "that when he came to Windsor to congratulate the king on his recovery, he saw the duke of York and kissed his hand."³

¹ Journal of James II.

² Ibid.

³ He speaks with disgust of the conduct of the duke of Monmouth and his faction at that time, and says—"This duke, whom for distinction they called the Protestant duke, though the son of an abandoned woman, the people made

The king is said to have exclaimed, in his first transport at seeing the face of that fraternal friend once more, "that nothing should part them again."¹ The voice of nature was, however, speedily stifled, and the only real concession James obtained, was, permission to transfer his abode from Brussels to Scotland.

James left London, September 25th, and rejoined his anxious consort at Brussels, October 1st. The duke of Villa Hermosa, in whose territories they had taken refuge, had paid Mary Beatrice and the princess Anne courteous attention in the absence of his royal highness, and given a grand ball, out of compliment to them, which they, with the duchess of Modena, honoured with their presence. The friendly relations which subsisted between the duchess of York and her step-daughters, had not been interrupted by anything like envy, jealousy, or disputes on their respective modes of faith. The leaven of party had not then infused its bitter spirit into the home circle of the unfortunate James, to rend asunder the holiest ties of nature, under the sacred name of religion. Both he and his consort had carefully abstained from interfering with the conscience of the princess Anne, as we find from the following testimony of one of her biographers, who had very good opportunities of information.

"At Brussels, the princess Anne had her own chaplain allowed her, and a place assigned for the exercise of her devotions, according to the church of England. Nor was she at all importuned to go, or ever went, to mass with her father, as I have been assured by her protestant servants who attended her there, but the family lived in perfect harmony, as if there had been no manner of religious difference between them, which seems strange, if his royal highness, the duke of York, was that zealous bigoted prince as he is represented to have been. For where could he have had greater opportunities of prevailing with his daughter to

their idol." Monmouth was at that time commander-in-chief of all the military force in England, and his design of supplanting the legitimate heir to the crown became every day more apparent. He threatened those who had, in obedience to the king's commands, sent for his royal highness, with his vengeance; and when a reconciliation between them was suggested, he peremptorily refused it.

¹ Reresby.

have come over to the church of Rome, than in a country where that religion is established."¹

The duke and duchess of York left Brussels on the 3rd of October, accompanied by the princesses Anne and Isabella and the duchess of Modena, with the intention of visiting the prince and princess of Orange on the way. They had a tedious voyage, and their yacht, with the whole of the royal party on board, grounded near Dort, and remained aground for eighteen hours, but, at seven the next morning, arrived safely at Delf Haven. There they entered the prince of Orange's barge, which was towed along by horses, and in this manner they reached the Hague at three o'clock in the afternoon of the 6th. William of Orange assigned the dowager palace, called the Old Court, for their residence, and treated them with much respect.²

On the evening of the 7th, the duke and duchess of York, the princess Anne, and the duchess of Modena, supped in public with the prince and princess of Orange.³ While they were taking this meal, Mr. Calton arrived with an express from king Charles, to his brother, the duke of York, recalling him and his family, directing them to embark for the Downs, and remain there till further orders. The duke and duchess were better pleased with this mandate than their wily son-in-law, William, as it appears by his remarks to Sidney.

Mary Beatrice and her lord commenced their joyful preparations for their homeward voyage, on the 8th. The duchess of Modena felt severely the approaching separation from her beloved daughter, with whom she had now spent two months; and when they all appeared for the last time at the court of the princess of Orange that evening, her countenance bore testimony to the sorrow that filled her heart. The duke and duchess of York, with the princesses Anne and Isabella and their retinue, commenced their journey at eight o'clock, on the morning of the 9th. The prince and princess of Orange accompanied them as far as Maesland Sluys, and there they parted on apparently affectionate terms. This was the last time James and his daughter Mary ever saw each other. He had had too much

¹ Life of her late majesty Queen Anne, in two vols. London, 1721. Vol. i. p. 12.

² Supplementary Pepys' Correspondence.

³ Ibid.

reason at different times to be aware of her husband's treacherous intrigues against him,¹ but of her nothing could induce him to believe ill till the fact was forced upon him, nine years afterwards, by her deeds.

Such was the state of party excitement in England, and to so low an ebb was the power of the crown reduced, that, though the king had promised his brother that he and his family should revisit London, it was necessary to keep this arrangement secret, and to feel the public pulse by the previous announcement of the intended change to Scotland, which appeared in the *Gazette* :—

“ Newmarket, Oct. 7.

“ His royal highness having represented to his majesty that he conceives it in many respects more proper for him to be in his majesty's dominions than in those of another prince, and made it his humble request to his majesty to have his leave to go into Scotland, his majesty hath granted it, and it is presumed that in a short time his highness will proceed thither.”

The passage from Holland proved very stormy, and the duchess suffered excessively from sea-sickness. The king had changed his mind about their coming to London, and ordered the duke of Lauderdale to make arrangements for their reception in Scotland: two frigates met them in the Downs with orders to convey their royal highnesses to Leith without delay. The duchess was not in a state to hazard a farther voyage, neither dared the duke bring her on shore without having a written permission from the king; ill as she was, she remained in the yacht tossing in the Downs, while an express was sent to acquaint his majesty with her distress, and praying that she might be allowed to finish her journey to Scotland by land. Her dangerous condition, for she was vomiting blood,² prevented any one from raising an objection, and, least of all, king Charles, who had a great regard for his sister-in-law. They landed at Deal, and, travelling post, arrived unexpectedly at St. James's palace, on Sunday night, October 12th, to the surprise of some, the joy of others, and the annoyance of many. The king gave them an affectionate welcome, but assured his brother that he had no power to protect him from an impeachment and its consequences, if he persisted in remaining in England.

¹ Sidney's *Diary* at the Hague, edited by Mr. Blencowe, contains abundant evidence of the treachery of William, against his uncle, and father-in-law, the unfortunate James.

² Life of James.

The duchess of Monmouth was one of the great ladies who came to pay her compliments to Mary Beatrice, by whom she was very affectionately received. When Monmouth heard of this, he was so angry with his wife that he would not see her.¹ He affected to be personally jealous of the duke his uncle.

About a week after their royal highnesses arrival, Sunderland and Hyde came to acquaint the duke that his majesty thought it desirable that he should go to Scotland, though not to stay longer than the middle of the January following. However irksome this mandate was to James, he replied, that "his majesty's will was ever a law to him."² Mary Beatrice, though greatly urged by king Charles to remain with the two princesses Anne and Isabella, at St. James's palace, determined as before to share the wayward fortunes of her wandering lord, though it involved the pangs of a second separation from her child. Her high sense of conjugal duty proved as before victorious over the strong impulses of maternal affection. How deeply this proof of the love and self-devotion of his beautiful young consort was appreciated by the banished prince, may be perceived by the manner in which he has recorded her conduct on this occasion in his private journal. The passage shall be given in his own words :

"The duchess, notwithstanding her late illness, and vomiting blood at sea, the short time it was designed the duke should stay in Scotland, and the king pressing her for that reason to remain at court, would nevertheless accompany him, and though she was not above twenty years old, chose rather, even with the hazard of her life, to be a constant companion of the duke her husband's misfortunes and hardships, than to enjoy her ease in any part of the world without him. But it was a sensible trouble to his royal highness to see the duchess thus obliged to undergo a sort of martyrdom for her affection to him, and he, to humour the peevish and timorous dispositions of some counsellors, to be thus sent a sort of vagabond about the world."³

¹ Bulstrode.

² Journal of James II.

³ James always speaks of himself in the third person.

MARY BEATRICE OF MODENA,

QUEEN CONSORT OF JAMES II. KING OF GREAT
BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER III.

The duke and duchess of York set out for Scotland—Princess Anne accompanies them to Hatfield—Inhospitability of the earl of Salisbury—Tedious journey to the north—Coldly received at York—Feasted at Berwick—Honourable reception on the borders of Scotland—Public entrance into Edinburgh—Residence at Holyrood abbey—Entertained by the good town—Specimens of the cheer—James's popularity in Scotland—Recalled to England—They embark at Leith—Arrive safely at Whitehall—Gratifying welcome—Complimented by the city of London—Lord mayor and aldermen kiss Mary's hand—Intrigue of the exclusionists—Their royal highnesses embark for Scotland—Stormy passage—Arrive in Kirkcaldy bay—Met and welcomed by the nobility—Magnificently entertained by the duke of Rothes at Leslie-house—Portrait of Mary Beatrice—Their pompous embarkation at Burntisland—Honourable reception at Leith—Mons Meg riven—Mary's court at Holyrood—Popular demeanour of the duke—Tea first used at the duchess's parties at Holyrood—Alarming accident to Mary Beatrice when riding—Promises to give up equestrian exercise—Death of her little daughter—Her affliction—James petitions for leave to take his consort to Bath or Tunbridge-wells for her health—The request refused—Arrival of the princess Anne—Gay doings at Holyrood—Mary Beatrice present at the meeting of the Scotch parliament—Treated again by the good town—Masks, balls, and plays at Holyrood—Occurrences of the winter—Pregnancy of the duchess of York—Delight of the Scotch—The duke summoned to his brother's court—Change of public feeling—He returns to fetch his duchess—Wreck of the Gloucester—James's fears of alarming his duchess—He determines to return by sea—She accompanies him—Terrors of her ladies—Her embarkation—Met at Erith by the king and queen—Their honourable welcome—Arrival of the duchess of Modena—Reports that a spurious prince is to be imposed on the nation—Birth of a princess—The infant dies—Sickness of Mary Beatrice—Secret cabal against the duke of York—Death of Charles II.

MARY BEATRICE having taken a sorrowful leave of her only child, set out, with her persecuted lord, for Scotland, Oct. 27, 1679, having been scarcely permitted to remain a fortnight in London. Brief as that time was, however, greater mani-

festations of a change in popular opinion towards James had been shown than was at all agreeable to the exclusionists. Their royal highnesses were attended at their departure by a cavalcade of coaches, and a great concourse of people, who brought them several miles on their journey, with every manifestation of sympathy and respect.¹ The sorrowful duke and duchess required a cordial like this to cheer them under their trials, at the commencement of their long weary pilgrimage through roads always bad, but now, in consequence of a long continuance of heavy rains, almost impassable. The princess Anne accompanied them as far as Hatfield, where they intended to sup and sleep the first night. Cold was the welcome that awaited the royal travellers there. James had signified his intention of honouring the earl of Salisbury with a visit at Hatfield-house, not imagining that the earl, though politically opposed to his cause, could be guilty of a paltry manifestation of personal ill will to him on such an occasion. The event proved how greatly James had miscalculated the nature of the man to whom he was willing to owe a courtesy, for when he, with his sick and sorrowful consort and her ladies, arrived, at the close of a cold autumnal day, weary and out of spirits, they found Hatfield-house dark and desolate, no other preparations having been made for their reception than the inhospitable ones of removing everything that might have conduced to the comfort of tired guests. The lord of the mansion had withdrawn himself to Quickshot, a place about six miles off, whence he sent his son to excuse his not coming to wait on his royal highness, "for that he had been let blood five days before." The only provisions for the entertainment of the duke and duchess that appeared were two does on the hall table, one barrel of small beer in the cellar, and a pile of faggots.²

Comparisons, not more odious than correct, were, of course, freely made between the inhospitable lord of Hatfield and Nabal, by the hungry followers of the duke, when, like Michael Scott's man,

"They sought bread and gat nane."

¹ Echard. Lingard.

² Letters of Algernon Sidney to Henry Saville, Esq. The two does were probably shot by the young lord Cecil, who became a staunch adherent of James II., followed his fortunes in adversity with two younger brothers, and died in his service at St. Germain, a ruined man.

Fortunately for the whole party, they were near a town where food was to be obtained, not only for money, but for love ; and the humblest tradesman there would have scorned to deny it to the brother of his sovereign. If it had been otherwise, the duchess and her ladies must have gone supperless to bed, and in the dark, too, for there were neither candles nor candlesticks left in the palatial halls of Hatfield, so minutely careful had the earl been to remove every means of affording the slightest comfort to his self-invited guests.

“ The duke’s servants sent into the town to buy all things necessary, even to candles and candlesticks. The gentlemen of the neighbourhood were so charitable as to take the lord Ossory and many others into their houses, where they were well entertained.”¹

Such is the account exultingly given by Algernon Sidney of the churlish treatment experienced by their royal highnesses from one of the peers of his party. The duchess and her ladies made no complaint. James indicated neither anger nor surprise, but, probably reminded by conduct so unlike the munificent hospitality of the ancient nobility of England, that his titled host came not of gentle blood, retaliated his courtesy with the lofty contempt it merited, by declaring “ his unwillingness to be burdensome to so poor a lord,” and directed his comptroller, sir John Worden, to pay for what had been consumed. “ The steward actually took money for the faggots, and received eight shillings for the small beer.”²

To such depths of littleness did the party, who had succeeded in driving the duke of York from his royal home at St. James’s, descend in their feelings of personal animosity, that even the incessant rains which rendered the northward progress peculiarly harassing and gloomy to him and his faithful consort, are mentioned with spiteful exultation by Algernon Sidney in his letters to his friend Saville. The state of the roads was, indeed, such as to compel their royal highnesses to travel at the funereal pace of only ten miles a day, in some parts of the country. They were, however, received very well in all the towns through which they passed, except York.³

They did not reach that city till the 6th of November.

¹ Algernon Sidney’s Letters to Henry Saville, ambassador at the court of France. ² Ibid. ³ Life of James II.

James, who had resided there for nearly two months with his first duchess Anne Hyde, in the year 1666, expected to be received with the same honours and demonstrations of affection that had been lavished upon him thirteen years ago, when he came fresh from his great naval victory over the Dutch, to hold his ducal court in regal splendour in the loyal town of York. The fickle tide of popular favour had strangely ebbed from the royal admiral since then. Falsehood had done its work successfully in alienating the hearts of the people from him. It was asserted that he had won his naval victories by cowardice, and though he had saved the city of London by his sagacity and personal exertions during the fire from being wholly consumed, he was accused of being the author of the conflagration. If any one asked for what purpose he was suspected of having committed so enormous an act of folly, it was replied, for the advancement of popery, although the homes and properties of the Roman-catholic citizens had been blended in the same ruin with those of their Protestant neighbours. In short, there was nothing too absurd to be asserted and believed at that moment.

Loyalty was no longer the fashion at York, and the city was in the hands of a factious mayor and corporation, who decided that no public marks of respect should be paid to the duke and duchess. The sheriffs, indeed, did their duty, by riding to Tadcaster-bridge to meet the royal travellers, and conducted them to the house of Mr. George Ainslaby,¹ in the minster yard, where they were to take up their abode for two or three days, but otherwise their entry was only like that of a private family. James was changed in person as well as in fortune since his former entrance into York, in the flower of his age and the pride of manly beauty. His countenance was now marked by the ravages of the small-pox, and prematurely furrowed by care ; his flowing ringlets were superseded by one of those disguising structures called a periwig—in fine, it was no longer the gay and gallant prince, to whom they had paid their flattering homage when he was the darling of the nation and its hope ; but a melancholy, persecuted, and calumniated man, who had been driven from his brother's court, as the preliminary step for worse usage.

¹ Drake's Antiquities of York.

The lord-mayor and aldermen, instead of giving their royal highnesses a public welcome, merely waited on the duke in private at the house of Mr. Ainslaby, where James gave them audience in his presence-chamber, and the deputy-recorder addressed a compliment to him on his arrival, in the name of the town and corporation, but without the slightest allusion to his consort.

Small proof did the republican corporation of York afford of their courtesy to royalty and beauty on this occasion ; for they offered no mark of attention, either by deed, or word, to Mary Beatrice, during her sojourn in the city, from which she and her lord derived their title. It is possible, as her style of beauty was not of that character which suits a vulgar taste, that they might consider her vastly inferior to her plump, round-faced, English predecessor, Anne Hyde, the duchess of York, to whom they had been accustomed.¹ Very different from this churlish reception was the welcome that was preparing for the duke and duchess of York, in that hospitable land of warm hearts, to which they were proceeding—the ancient realm of the royal Stuarts.

The first order that was made in the good town of Edinburgh, “*anent* the coming of their royal highnesses,” was for the cleansing of the streets ;² doubtless, a very necessary

¹ Charles II. testified his displeasure at the neglect which their royal highnesses had experienced, by causing a stern letter of reproach to be addressed to the mayor and gentlemen of York by his secretary of state, signifying that he expected that on all future occasions, when the duke passed that way, they would show him that respect which all good subjects ought to their sovereign’s brother. Bulstrode. Life of James II. Drake’s Antiquities of York.

² Record book of the council of the good town of Edinburgh for the year 1679, vol. xxix. Through the great courtesy of Adam Black, Esq., the lord-provost of Edinburgh, and Thomas Sinclair, Esq., the town council clerk, I obtained access to the valuable and well preserved civic records of that city, to which I am indebted for some highly curious particulars connected with the residence of James II. and his second consort, Mary Beatrice of Modena, in Scotland, when duke and duchess of York, and illustrative of the manners and customs of the northern metropolis at that period. These are the more valuable, as especial care appears to have been taken after the revolution to expunge almost every other record of the popularity enjoyed by James among the true men of Scotland while he and his consort kept court in Holyrood. To the honour of the nobility and gentry of Scotland,

operation at that period, and they took plenty of time to do it effectually, withal, since the order is dated as early as October 29th. Their next care, in contemplation of so important an event as the arrival of the heir of the crown, his consort, and the train of proud English nobles and gentles, who were expected to attend them, was, "for reducing the great number of beggars, who are wont to trouble all persons, who are boune there, to the great discredit of the place; therefore it was earnestly recommended, that Charles Charteris and Thomas Douglas, bailies, should take effectual means for ridding the good town of those sturdy nuisances." By the dint of indefatigable scourgings, and other severe measures, the magistrates succeeded in clearing "the good town" of the vagrant part of its population, in time to prevent any disparaging remarks being made on the poverty of the nation by the noble southern strangers; but it is to be feared that the persecuted beggars had no other resource left them than taking to the hills and moors with the insurgent Cameronians.¹

Meantime, their royal highnesses, passing through Newcastle, where they also rested, arrived at his majesty's town of Berwick-upon-Tweed on the 20th of November: similar preparations, as regarded a general purification of the town, had been made at the news of their approach, as the entries in the town records for cleansing and carrying away the dirt, when the duke of York came, indicate. The duke and duchess spent one night at Berwick; and the following

be it remembered, their hands were unsullied by the bribes of France and Holland at that period of national corruption, when the names of the political agitators, miscalled patriots, Algernon Sidney and Hampden the younger, occupy so disreputable a position in the balance sheet of Barillon.

¹ On the 19th of November, the lord provost having intimated to the council that the lord chancellor and the lords of his majesty's privy council had signified that it was their pleasure that the whole of the militia regiment of the city of Edinburgh should be drawn out, on the day when their royal highnesses should come to the abbey, and that it should be joined with the regiments of Mar and Linlithgow, and drawn up between the links of Leith and the Watergate; on which occasion the council appointed the lord provost, James Dick, colonel of the militia, and the whole of the train-bands of the city and district, to be in readiness in their arms on the day intimated, in their best apparel, in order to his highness's and his duchess's reception and welcome to the good town of Edinburgh, and proclamation was made to that effect.—Town Council Books, vol. xxix. p. 188.

items in the corporation accounts show the expenses that were incurred for their entertainment:—¹

"By mo: p ^d : at y ^e duke of York's coming to towne	£	s.	d.
for charges of his treat	27	17	9
Mr. Ald'man Jackson, for bottles & corks to repay some y ^t [he?] sent w ^a y ^e duke of York was here	0	19	0
Mr. Samuel & Joseph Ellison for banqueting w ⁿ y ^e duke of York came hith ^r	33	2	6

The charges for sack are very moderate. There is another entry, in which part of the charges for the entertainment previously given to his rival and enemy, the duke of Monmouth, when he passed through Berwick a few weeks before, are oddly enough mingled with those for the banquet of the duke of York:—

By mo: p ^d : Mr. Jos ^k Ellison, for banqueting and	£	s.	d.
bringing home when his grace the duke of Mon- mouth was here	23	19	0

This "banquet" (as well as that for the duke of York) was probably ordered from Newcastle-upon-Tyne, as a wealthy family, of the name of Ellison, were then merchants there.

The smallness of the sums expended, denote the economy of the corporation, as well as its poverty, for they not only did to their utmost, but beyond their means, as we find that Mr. John Luck, the mayor, advanced the money out of his own private purse, to assist the town on this occasion.²

The next morning, November 21st, their royal highnesses departed from the poor but hospitable town of Berwick-on-Tweed, and were received and welcomed on the borders of Scotland, with signal marks of affection and respect. Three miles from Berwick, they were met by the Scotch guards, commanded by the marquess of Montrose, and at a small distance further, by the lord-chancellor, thirty-eight lords of the king's council, accompanied by more than sixty noblemen, and the principal gentry of the southern shires, making a cavalcade of two thousand horse. The lords of the council, and the nobles, were on foot, drawn up to receive their royal highnesses.³ When the duke of York approached near enough, he was

¹ Kindly communicated by R. Weddall, Esq.

² Corporation Records of Berwick.

³ Historical Memoirs of James duke of York and Albany.

pleased to alight from his coach, and advance to meet them. Then the lord-chancellor and his noble company made their compliments to his royal highness, and welcomed him into Scotland, which he returned with princely courtesy, standing uncovered until they had all kissed his hand. The greater number of them paid the like respect to the duchess, as she sat in her coach. The said company attended their royal highnesses on their journey as far as the duke of Lauderdale's house, at Lethington, where they and their retinue, and many of the nobility and gentry, were splendidly entertained. The duke and duchess remained at Lethington till they made their public entry into Edinburgh, on the 4th of December, "which was so splendid," says a contemporary, who was probably a witness of the pageant, "that a greater triumph that city did never see; nor were the meanest of the Scotch nation wanting in expressing the joy they conceived on this occasion."¹

From an item in the accounts of Magnus Prince, the town-treasurer for that year, we find that the sum of 56*l.* Scots, was expended by the good town of Edinburgh, for a hogshead of wine to be drunk at the cross, at the duke of York's arrival, and for bonfires that night 34*l.* Scots.²

In spite of all the calumnies that had been circulated against the duke of York, and the prejudicial reports of his bigotry, and the bigotry of his Italian consort, universal satisfaction was manifested by all ranks of people, at the sight of both, and the idea of their having come to reside among them. Scotland, having suffered, for upwards of seventy years, from the evils of absenteeism, naturally looked with hope to the increase of national prosperity which the establishment of a vice-regal court was likely to cause. James came, however, in a strictly private capacity on this his first visit to the land of his fathers, and he wisely resolved to avoid exciting the jealousy of his watchful foes in his brother's privy council, by any assumption of state beyond that to which his birth entitled him. His first letter from Edinburgh is addressed to his son-in-law, the prince of Orange, to whom he says, in his usual laconic style, "I

¹ Memoirs of the Life and Actions of James duke of York and Albany, p. 118.

² Treasurer's accounts, communicated by — Robertson, Esq., chamberlain of the city of Edinburgh.

arrived here on Monday, and was received here, as well as on the borders of the kingdom, as well as I could expect, and, truly, I have great reason to be satisfied with my reception in this country."

Mary Beatrice was attended by the countess of Peterborough, the countess of Roscommon, and several other ladies of the highest rank, who had been in her service ever since her marriage. What idea she and her ladies had formed of Scotland may be supposed, when even the duchess of Monmouth, who was the territorial lady of so many fair domains in that realm, when she was preparing to visit her own country, wrote to a gentleman, that she had been told, "that the ladies sent to England for their clothes, and there were no silk stuffs fit to be worn in Scotland. Pray," continues she, "ask your lady if this be true, for if it is, we will furnish ourselves here; but if it be not, we will buy as we want when we come there, and be dressed like other good ladies and break none of your acts of parliament."¹

Unfortunately, the season of the year was not calculated to impress one, who had been born in the sunny land of Italy, and accustomed to the genial temperature of that voluptuous clime, with a favourable idea of the northern metropolis of Great Britain, surpassing all others, as it does, in the beauty and grandeur of its situation, and abounding in historical antiquities. There was a lack of the domestic luxuries to which the duchess had been accustomed in her royal home of St. James's palace; she found Holyrood abbey not only destitute of furniture, but in a state of ruinous dilapidation, not having undergone any effectual repairs since Cromwell had used that ancient abode of the monarchs of Scotland as a barrack for his troopers, who had plundered and destroyed all its furniture and decorations. The only apartments that were habitable, were in the occupation of the duke of Hamilton; and though some arrangements had been made for her reception and that of his royal highness, they were exposed to much inconvenience and discomfort. Mary Beatrice took these things patiently, for the sake of him by whose side she cheerfully encountered every trial and hardship; but, however perfect

¹ Autograph letters of the duchess of Monmouth in the register office, Edinburgh, communicated by A. Macdonald, Esq.

her conduct was as a wife, she was not without her faults as a woman ; and of these, her natural inclination to fancy herself too far above her fellow creatures was the most injurious, and, had it not subjected her to a salutary check, might have alienated the affection with which the old Scotch cavaliers were prepared to regard her.

One day James invited the famous general Dalziel to dine privately with him. The character of this devoted adherent of Charles I. is familiar to our readers, from the brilliant sketch drawn by sir Walter Scott, in "Old Mortality." The duchess of York, seeing three covers laid at table, asked her husband who was to dine with them, and when informed, she greatly objected to dine with a private gentleman. Dalziel entered at the moment, and heard the subject of the dispute before the duchess was aware of the presence of her guest ; and, with a spirit still haughtier than her own, thus addressed her : " Madame, I have dined at a table where *your* father stood behind my back!"¹ He alluded to the time when, as a general in the imperial service, he had dined in state with the emperor, for whom, the duke de Modena, as one of the vassals of the empire, performed personal service.

Instead of testifying any resentment at this well-merited reproof, Mary Beatrice turned playfully to her husband, and said, " Never offend the pride of proud men." It was not James's custom so to do. His conduct in Scotland was such, as to conciliate all ranks of men, and, as far as it was possible, all parties. In one of his letters from Edinburgh, dated December 14th, he says :

" I live here as cautiously as I can, and am very careful to give offence to none, and to have no partialities, and preach to them, laying aside all private animosities, and serving the king his own way. None shall have reason to complain of me, and though some of either party here might have hoped I should have showed my partiality for them, and some of my friends have been of opinion it had been best for me to have done so, and by it to have secured one side to me, yet I am convinced it was not fit for me to do it, it being no way good for his majesty's service, which I can make out by many reasons which would be too long for a letter."²

The loyal corporation of Edinburgh, being anxious at once to do honour to the illustrious visitants, and to exercise the prevailing virtue of the nation—hospitality, convened

¹ Dalrymple's Memoirs.

² Dalrymple's Appendix.

an especial conclave on the 19th of December, the object of which appears in the following entry in the minute-book of the town council :

" The said day the council did unanimously accord that his royal highness and his duchess be complimented with a handsome treat, and therefore grants were sent to the town treasurer to provide the said treat, according as the magistrates shall direct."

The 29th of the same month was the day appointed for this banquet. Some junketting with the duke's cooks, and treating them and other of the officials in the culinary department of his royal highness's establishment, at Holyrood palace, took place previously, it appears, probably for the purpose of obtaining a few hints from them tending to enlighten the Scottish operatives as to the modes of cookery and sauces in vogue at St. James's and Whitehall. Charges there are in the corporation accounts for wine and "cannell" (cinnamon) water, drunk with those worthies in the back shop of Robert Mein, "mutchkins of cannell water, wafers, and wine, and rough almonds;" and there is "to *ane* coach with the duke's cooks, 2*l.*, and spirits with them in Patrick Steel's, 1*l.* 12*s.*;" for all which the corporation pays without grudge or grumble, also for twelve pounds of confectiōns, which sir John Worden, his highness's comptroller, condescends to be treated with at Mrs. Cadell's, and four pints of wine and *ain* coach, for which 3*l.* 16*s.* is disbursed by the corporation; a startling sum to southern eyes, were it not for the remembrance that the pounds are only "*punds*" Scots, which the gentle reader will be pleased to reckon at the rate of twenty pence instead of twenty shillings.¹

A few items in the bill of maister R. Pollock, pastryman, *baxter*, and burgess of Edinburgh, for articles furnished by him "for *ane treitt* to his *hayness* the duke of Albaniē,"² affords satisfactory proof that the science of good eating was pretty well understood "in the good town" in the seventeenth century. No lack was there of dainties, although the barbaric grandeur of gilded salmon pasties, and dishes garnished with gold fringe, savoured rather of oriental than

¹ From the accounts of Magnus Prince, treasurer in the year 1679. Town Council Records.

² The duke of York was chiefly distinguished by his Scotch title of Albany, when in Scotland.

northern taste, and may astonish the refined gastronomes of the present day. There was “a large *turkie py*, all over gilded *rubby* (ruby), with boned *veyl* and boned *turkie* furnished,” for which twelve pounds (Scots) are charged, just one pound sterling, a very reasonable charge for such a dish, emblazoned, as it certainly was, with the royal arms of Scotland, and all correctly done by a professional, withal —witness the item in another bill of twenty pounds paid “to George Porteous, the herald, for gold, gilding, and painting.” Then there is “a large ham pie, with a batton of gold, 16*l.*; a large *salmond* pie, gilded; and a *potalzie* pie.” Of what this dainty was composed we confess our ignorance, but it was decorated with a gold fringe. “A lambe’s py, *alamode*.” We should suspect the duke’s cooks had a finger in this dish, and perhaps in the next, which, from its Italian name, was doubtless provided for her royal highness’s especial eating—viz., “a Florentin with a gilded cover,” for which the charge is twelve pounds Scots. “A shrimp py, with vermiliane colour,” also figures at this feast. “A venison pasty of your *awn* venison;” that is to say, venison furnished by the good town; but first, it should seem, presented to them by his royal highness, by the token that, in another bill, 26*l.* Scots, is allowed for drink-money to those who brought three venisons. Three large venison pasties are charged by Richard Pollock in his bill, by which we understand the paste and other ingredients, 16*l.* Scots, and 12*l.* ditto. There are also “three trotter pies, gilt,” a dish that appears to have found favour in the sight of the royal guests, for they had trotter pies at their coronation banquet in Westminster hall. Then there are diet pies, furnished with all sorts of confections, and *alamode teirts*, and dishes of large *minched* pies, and *panterits*; no less than thirty dozen of French bread for the table, and other things, amounting to 44*l.* 13*s.*; after which appears the supplicatory appeal—

“Remember the drink money.”¹

This is only a specimen of the pastryman’s labours for

¹ From the accounts of Magnus Prince, treasurer to the good town of Edinbro’. Corporation Records.

the good town's treat. Some idea of the meats furnished forth on this occasion may be gathered from Mrs. Caddell's bill, whereof the first article is "*cockelike*," meaning no other than the favourite dish of bonnie king Jamie, immortalized by sir Walter Scott in "The Fortunes of Nigel," under the scarcely more intelligible orthography of *cockieliekie*, a compound of which a full-grown fowl forms the basis.

The next item is plumb *potag*—porridge, we presume—then a first-course dish, it should seem. No lack was there, however, of the substantial fare—roast beef and roast mutton, geese, ducks, hens, rabbits, tongue, and lard and other good things.¹ As for the dessert, there were oranges in plenty, and even orange-trees, pippins, rennets, almonds, raisins, dates, and musk-plumbs, barberries, olives, no less than 60 pounds of comfits, and 567 pounds of confections;² the tables were decorated with large gilded crowns, the castle, the king's arms, and the arms of "the good town." In short, it was a feast to convince the southron strangers that there were other things to be got in Edinburgh besides sheep's heads. The spices, fruit, confections, and condiments of all sorts, for this feast, are furnished by a merchant of the name of Mien, who appears to have dealt in everything, from amber-grease and cochineal to glass and pewter. A list of breakage, which is included in his bill, is rather awful on this occasion: 39 glass trenchers at one fell swoop, 12 jelly glasses, and 16 stalked glass plates, and 8 fine crystal glasses. A great deal of glass appears to have been used at this banquet: 12*l.* is charged "for the loan of Dr. Irving's two silver salts," and 5*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* (Scots) for two knives of my lord Provost's, mounted and twisted with silver, which were lost."³

One of the most remarkable items in "the bill for confections," as it is endorsed, of that man of many callings, merchant Mien, "is thirteen and fourpence for writing three copies of an account of '*the treat*,' which were sent to London," and it is to be hoped they were printed, both for the honour of the hospitable town of Edinburgh, and to

¹ Accounts of Magnus Prince, treasurer. Corporation Records.

² Bill of William Mien, merchant, for the treat to their royal highnesses.

³ Records in the Town Council Archives, Edinburgh.

prove that the persecuted heir to the crown was not at discount in the realm of his royal ancestors. If the said documents could be found, they would probably supply a most quaint and racy narrative of the proceedings of James and his fair duchess, at the civic feast—the largess they gave, and the gracious acknowledgments they were pleased to make, for the many gratifying proofs of regard they had already received in Auld Reekie!¹

The minute books of the city chamber bear record, that on the 26th of December, 1679, they had duly admitted his royal highness the duke of Albany and York as a burgess and guild-brother of the good town, with a great many of his servants—among these, are colonel John Churchill, master of the robes to his royal highness, afterwards the great duke of Marlborough, and colonel Woorden, comptroller of his household. Of those in the household of the duchess are Lord Roscommon, her master of the horse; Hieronomo Nopho, esq., her secretary; Charles Leyburn, her carver; Thomas Vaughan, her cupbearer; two Nevilles, her pages of honour; Cornelius Donovan, page of the back-stairs; Nicholas le Point, yeoman of the mouth to her royal highness; and Claud Fourmont, her master cook. All the duke's cooks were also complimented with the freedom of the city, so also was the yeoman of his wine-cellar, the yeoman of the *bear*-cellar, as it is called, several of their coachmen and footmen, and a functionary, called the silver-scourer. A deputation of the corporation waited on his royal highness, and presented the freedom, with great solemnity, in a massive gold box.

The presence of the heir of the crown, and the prudent and conciliating conduct of himself and his consort, had a most beneficial effect in Scotland, and did more towards calming the effervescence of the conflicting parties there than if an army had been sent over the border by king Charles. The duke of York came, however, strictly in a private capacity, and, in reality, as a banished man; his right to a seat in the privy council was at first contested, not only by the adverse faction, but even by the marquess

¹ The civic authorities of Edinburgh appear to have provided one feast solely in honour of Mary Beatrice, for, in the minutes of the council book, there is an entry touching the liquidation “of the great expense the good town has incurred in the feast given to her royal highness.”

of Montrose, the lord president. James, with an equal mixture of firmness and mildness, asserted his rights, and carried his point.¹ That he bore no resentment against Montrose, is apparent, from the circumstance that he afterwards preserved his life at the imminent peril of his own, by pulling him with his own hand into the little boat, in which he was leaving the foundering ship at the time of the disastrous loss of the Gloucester. A noble action on the part of James, which no one but the faithful Pepys who witnessed it has had the honesty to record.²

The king had promised the duke and duchess of York that they should return to England early in the new year, and he was as good as his word. Moderate men and well-wishers to their country—those, for instance, who had nothing to gain by a system of anarchy and confusion—had been long disgusted with the proceedings of the party in power; and alarmed at the wild changes they were driving at. The cavaliers, the gentlemen of England, the churchmen, and the merchants, came forward with loyal addresses to the crown, and expressed their affection to the sovereign, and their abhorrence to the practices of the factious demagogues, by whom he was enthralled. The gentlemen of Norfolk even ventured to offer thanks to the king for the recall of the heir of the crown from Flanders.³ Thus encouraged, the king roused himself from the mental paralysis in which he had suffered himself to remain for the last eighteen months, and, entering his council chamber, he informed the astonished conclave there, “that he had derived little benefit from the absence of his brother; that as the rights of that prince had been assailed, and probably would again at the meeting of parliament, he thought it only agreeable to reason and justice that he should be present at the approaching session, in order to make his own defence; he had, therefore, commanded his royal highness to quit Edinburgh, and return to his former residence at St. James’s palace.”

This declaration, which was made January 28th, 1680, was followed by the proffered resignation of Shaftesbury, Russell, Cavendish, Capel, and Powle. Charles replied,

¹ Life of James.

² Memoirs and Correspondence, edited by lord Braybrooke: vol. v. p. 88.

³ North : Journal of James II. Lingard. Macpherson.

"that he accepted it with all his heart." Greatly rejoiced as the duke and duchess of York were with this auspicious change of affairs, the affectionate and respectful manner in which they had been treated by the Scotch, caused them to leave the friendly northern metropolis with regret, which James expressed with manly eloquence in his farewell speech to the lords of the council. He also told them, "that he would acquaint his majesty that he had in Scotland a brave and loyal nobility and gentry, a wise privy council, and a learned and upright judicature." The lords of the council responded with the warmest protestations of affection and respect, and wrote a dutiful letter to the king, thanking him for the honour he had done them, in sending the duke to visit Scotland, and expressing the highest commendations of the wise and prudent conduct of that prince.¹

Though the season of the year was improper for a sea-voyage, yet the duchess, who, to use James's own words, "was now inured to hardships as well as himself, counted that for nothing." So anxious was she to embrace her only child again, from whom she had now been separated for four long months, that rather than submit to the delay of an overland journey, she determined to return by sea.

"If you were a seaman," wrote James to his brother-in-law, "I could soon make you understand that it is better going from Scotland to London by sea, in winter, than back thither at this time of the year. There will be a light moon at the time I name, and both the duchess and I have a great mind to go back by sea, having been extremely tired by our land journey to Edinburgh."²

Mary Beatrice cheerfully embarked with her beloved consort in the yacht, commanded by captain Gunman, which the king had kindly sent for their transit, and arrived at Deptford, February 24th. There they left the yacht, and went up the river, to Whitehall, in a barge. They were saluted by the guns from the ships, and from the Tower; and at their landing at the privy stairs, they were received by king Charles in the most affectionate manner. His majesty led the duchess to the queen's apartment, and from thence to her own, whither many of the nobility and persons of quality immediately repaired to compliment their

¹ Journal of James II.

² Letter to Laurence Hyde. Clarendon Correspondence, vol. i. p. 82.

royal highnesses on their safe return, and to kiss their hands. That night the city was illuminated, and blazed with bonfires.

Two days after, the lord mayor, aldermen, and common council, came to pay their respects to the duke and duchess; the recorder delivered a congratulatory address to the duke, on his safe arrival, and expressed the prayers of the city for his health and prosperity. The civic powers, having kissed his royal highness's hand, were conducted into the apartment of the duchess, to whom the recorder also made a complimentary speech, assuring her of the affection of the city of London, and their joy at her return. They then kissed her hand, and withdrew, highly satisfied with their reception.¹

The next day, Sir Robert Clayton, the lord-mayor, feasted the royal brothers with a magnificent supper. The lady mayoress sat next the king, all over scarlet and ermine, and half over diamonds. The aldermen drank the king's health, over and over, on their knees; and, in their uproarious state of loyal excitement "wished every one hanged, and consigned to a state of perdition, that would not serve him with their lives and fortunes." They would not trust the royal brothers with no better escort than his majesty's guards, who were all visibly the worse for their powerful potations, but insisted on escorting them back to Whitehall themselves, at two o'clock in the morning, where they reduced themselves to, at least, as improper a state as the guards, by a carouse in the king's cellar. The next day, they all came in a body to return thanks to the king and the duke, for the honour they had done them.² The duke of York accompanied the king to the Spring races, at Newmarket, but Mary Beatrice remained at St. James's, with the princess Anne and her own little Isabella. The duke made a journey from Newmarket to London, on purpose to visit her, and returned the next day, which, considering there were no such locomotive facilities for travelling as in these times, may be regarded as almost a lover-like mark of attention. The virtues and conjugal devotion of this princess were gradually winning a greater empire over the

¹ Complete History of England, vol. iii. p. 378. Echard, vol. iii. Life and Actions of James, duke of York and Albany.

² Letter of Dorothy, countess of Sunderland, in Blencowe's diary.

heart of James than had been gained by her beauty in its early bloom, when she came to England as his bride. It was not till she had been his wife six years, that James appears to have been fully sensible of the value of the prize he had drawn in the matrimonial lottery, and that she was possessed of qualifications more worthy of admiration than those external graces which had been celebrated by the most distinguished poets of the age.

Mary Beatrice endeavoured to keep up an interest for her husband with the gay world, by giving brilliant balls and entertainments, and appearing often in public. The irreproachable purity of her life, and her amiable conduct as a step-mother, entitled her to universal respect; and, notwithstanding her religion, she stood too high in public opinion, for any one to mix her name up with the popish plot accusations, although Colman, one of its earliest victims, had been her secretary. The duke of York himself began to recover his proper position in the court, and his levees at St. James's palace were well attended again; but, when the king was suddenly attacked with a fever, towards the latter end of May, they were thronged with the time-serving courtiers. The king recovered, and the exclusionists, considering that they had gone too far in their proceedings against James ever to be forgiven, determined, by a bold stroke, to rid him of the company of his fair-weather followers, to intimidate even his true-hearted friends, and, if possible, to drive him out of England again. Accordingly, Shaftesbury, with Russell, Cavendish, Titus Oates, and some others of the party, proceeded to Westminster hall, on the 26th of June, and represented to the grand jury, the benefit that would accrue to the nation, if the duke of York were presented for recusancy, which would involve the forfeiture of two-thirds of his estates, as the laws against Popery then stood,¹ but the judges discharged the jury as soon as they understood that Shaftesbury and his coadjutors were practising with them. Shaftesbury had also recommended the grand jury of Middlesex, to indict the duchess of Portsmouth as a common nuisance; such, indeed, she certainly was, and no mistake; but it was no part of Shaftesbury's design to effect a reformation in her conduct, but to terrify

¹ Journal of James II. Lingard. Macpherson.

her into becoming his absolute tool with the king, for effecting the ruin of the duke of York.¹ If Burnet may be credited, Montague offered her 600,000*l.*, in the name of the exclusionists, if she would induce Charles to pass the bill. Gladly would she have earned the bribe, but the king was inflexible on that point; yet it was her influence which prevailed on his majesty to send his brother back to Scotland; the cause assigned by her for her hostility to his royal highness, was the old story, "that the duchess of York paid *her* no attention, and was not so kind to her as to the duchess of Mazarin; and that, during the king's late illness, James had made no professions of service to her." Mary Beatrice was at this momentous period an object of watchful observation to the enemies of her lord. On the 8th of July, lady Sunderland writes to lord Halifax, "The duchess of York is not with child; she prays all day almost; she is very melancholy, her women will have it on account of Mrs. Sedley; she looks farther than that, if she has as much wit as is thought by some."²

Her royal highness visited Cambridge the latter end of September, and, while there, gave a grand ball to propitiate the university. From Cambridge she came to Newmarket, to join the duke, who was there with their majesties for the October races. In the midst of those gay festive sports, Mary Beatrice and her lord bore anxious aching hearts; for it was at that time, the question of his royal highness's banishment from the court was daily debated in council. James was desirous of being permitted to defend himself from the attack which he knew would be made upon him at the approaching meeting of the parliament, and the ministers were for driving him beyond seas again. Charles temporized as usual, by taking a middle course, which was, to send his brother back to Scotland, but with all possible marks of respect, as his representative in the government of that realm; where, indeed, the presence of the duke had been recently attended with beneficial results, in tranquillizing the conflicting parties there. The day after their return to London, his majesty caused his pleasure to be notified to his royal highness; and on the same day, October

¹ Journal of James II.

² Blencowe's Diary, and Correspondence of the Times of Charles II.

18th, 1680, addressed letters to his privy council and lords of the treasury of Scotland, wherein he says :

" Whereas now, upon considerations of great importance to our service, we have thought fit to send our most dear brother, the duke of Albany and York, into that our ancient kingdom, we have signified our command to the duke of Hamilton, keeper of our palace of Holyrood, for voiding all the lodgings and removing all the goods and furniture now therein, to the end that our palace, with all the offices and conveniences thereunto belonging, may be left entirely for the use and accommodation of our said most dear brother, and of our dearest sister the duchesse, with their retinues, allowing, nevertheless, our chancellor to continue in his lodgings as formerly. It is therefore our will and pleasure, and we doe hereby require you to take particular care that our said order be punctually and speedily obeyed ; and to cause the rooms to be put in as good a condition as is possible for that purpose."¹

This document is dated October 18th, 1680 ; the same day the king's pleasure was communicated to the duke of York, with directions for him to embark for Scotland on the 20th. His fair and faithful consort was, as usual, ready to share his adverse fortunes ; she gave her farewell levee at St. James's palace, on the 19th, and received the adieux of all the friends who came to take leave of her in bed.² Mary Beatrice had once more to sustain the painful trial of parting with her child, whom she was not permitted to take to Scotland with her, and she never saw her again. James, perceiving that those who had succeeded in driving him a third time into banishment did not intend to stop there, requested the king to give him a pardon under the great seal, including, as is usual in that sort of protective document, every offence of which it is possible for any person to be accused.

Charles considered it derogatory to his brother's high rank, and injurious to his honour, to have such an instrument drawn up in connexion with his name, and James, in the bitterness of his spirit, regarded the refusal as an intimation that he was to be sacrificed to the malice of his foes. For one half hour of his life, he appeared ready to fall into the snares of the Machiavellian ambassador of France, for he exclaimed, in the climax of his indignation, " that if he were pushed to extremity, and saw himself likely to be entirely ruined by his enemies, he would find means to make them repent it ; nay, that he would throw himself into the arms of Louis XIV. for protection." Barillon, who

¹ The original of this document is preserved in the Register Office, Edinburgh. I have been favoured with a copy by A. Macdonald, Esq.

² Blencowe's Diary of the Times of Charles II.

was in hopes that the sense of intolerable wrong which was burning in the bosom of the unfortunate prince, might be fanned into an open flame, so as to induce him to take up arms against the king his brother ; or, at least, to excite seditions in Scotland, made him unlimited offers of money and every other facility for raising an insurrection.

James's disaffection evaporated in that burst of passion, which Fox and many other writers have endeavoured to torture into the blackest treason, although the sole evidence that he felt his injuries, is confined to that one unguarded sally, which, after all, only implied that he did not mean to fall without a struggle. If James had suffered himself to be drawn into the plots of Barillon, he would have been startled at finding himself mixed up in a strange and most degrading fellowship with Buckingham, Sunderland, Montague, Hampden, Harbord, Algernon Sidney, and the duchess of Portsmouth, his deadliest enemies, who were, at that period, the bribed tools of France.

Keenly, however, as the duke of York felt the ingratitude with which his services to his king and country had been requited, he complied with his majesty's commands by embarking with his duchess on the appointed day. Charles, who knew how severe a struggle it had cost his brother to yield obedience to his mandate, and that both he and Mary Beatrice were overwhelmed with grief, at being separated from their children, endeavoured to soothe their wounded feelings by paying them the affectionate attention of accompanying them, with some of his nobles, as far down the river as Woolwich, or, according to Barillon, to Leigh, where they parted. "The king gave them fair words," observes the sarcastic diplomatist, "but the duke of York betrayed the greatest signs of misery, believing himself abandoned by all the world, and that he would not be permitted to remain, even in Scotland long."

The following elegant lines on the subject of the embarkation of the duke and his beautiful consort, appeared soon after, in the second part of Dryden's "*Absalom and Achitophel* :

" Go, injured hero ! while propitious gales,
Soft as thy consort's breath, inspire thy sails ;
Well may she trust her beauties on a flood
Where thy triumphant fleets so oft have rode.

Safe on thy breast reclined, her rest be deep,
 Rocked like a Nereid by the waves asleep ;
 While happiest dreams her fancy entertain,
 And to Elysian fields convert the main.
 Go, injured hero ! while the shores of Tyre¹ !
 At thy approach, so silent shall admire ;
 Who on thy thunder shall their thoughts employ,
 And greet thy landing with a trembling joy."

A cordial it assuredly must have been to the sad hearts of the royal exiles, could they have understood half the pleasure with which their arrival was anticipated on the friendly shores of Scotland. They had, as usual, a long and dangerous passage, for they encountered a terrible storm at sea, and were beating about for nearly five days and nights in the rough October gales, before they could make Kirkaldy bay.² One of their suite writes to a friend, in London :

" We have been in great difficulties at sea, insomuch that though we serve the best of masters, we begin to wish that there were no such thing as Popery in the world, or that all mankind would come into it ; for we, you know, have no such zeal for anything as our own ease, and do complain more than ever to be thus tossed about ; and it is with admiration that we behold the great spirit of our master stooping to this coarse usage."

It was on Monday, October 25th, that the duke and duchess arrived with the evening's tide in Kirkaldy roads, about ten o'clock at night. The duke of Rothes, lord chancellor of Scotland, who had kept a vigilant look out for their long expected sails, instantly despatched his nephew, Mr. Francis Montgomery, to compliment their royal highnesses on their arrival ; but, sick as Mary Beatrice was of her stormy voyage, it was not judged prudent for her to come on shore that night. The next morning, his grace sent the lord-justice clerk to inquire his royal highness's pleasure concerning his disembarkation.³ The duke and duchess landed that morning at eleven o'clock, and were received by the duke of Rothes, some of the lords of the council, and most of the nobility and gentry of the adjacent shires, who kissed their royal highness's hands on the shore, which was crowded with a mixed multitude who came to congratulate them on their safe arrival in Scotland.⁴

¹ Scotland is figured under that name in Dryden's 'Absalom and Achitophel.'

² Fountainhall's Historic Observes.

³ A True Narrative of their Royal Highnesses' proceedings at their arrival in Scotland.

⁴ Ibid.

The duke of Rothes having offered their royal highnesses the hospitality of his house at Leslie, about nine miles distant; they proceeded thither, escorted by a troop of his majesty's Scotch guards, attended by a noble train of coaches, and many of the nobility and gentry on horseback. So gallant a company had perhaps never swept through the long straggling street of Kirkaldy since the days when an independent sovereign of Scotland kept court in the kingdom of Fife. Leslie house is seated in a richly wooded park, on a picturesque eminence, between the river Leven and the water of Lotrie, which unite their sparkling streams in a romantic glen in the pleasure. The present mansion occupies only the frontage of the site of the palace, where the duke of Rothes feasted the duke and duchess of York with their retinue, and all the aristocracy of the district. The former edifice was built on the model of Holyrood House, and in rival splendour to that ancient seat of royalty, having a gallery three feet longer than that at Holyrood, hung with fine historical portraits on either side, and richly furnished. The ducal palace at Leslie was destroyed by fire in the year 1763;¹ but the stately garden terraces leading down by successive flights of broad stone steps, with carved balustrades, to the shrubberies and the "vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet," are the same which Mary of Modena and her ladies paced in jewelled pride, and listened to the music of the mountain stream rushing to his bride, in the depth of the wooded ravine below. Those woods were then tinted with bright autumnal hues: and even to eyes accustomed to Italian scenery, the spot was calculated to convey a favourable impression of the natural beauties of Scotland. Of these, Mary Beatrice had, as yet, only seen the bold and rugged features of a wintry landscape, with snow-clad hills and swollen torrents, her first visit to Scotland having been made at an ungenial season of the year. At Leslie, every-

¹ It is to be feared that the correspondence of the duke of Rothes, illustrative of that period of the annals of Scotland, and many interesting documents connected with the visits of the duke and duchess of York to Leslie-house, perished in that disastrous conflagration, together with many precious heirlooms of the noble historical family of Leslie.

The author of this biography gratefully acknowledges the courteous attention, information, and hospitality, that were kindly afforded her, on the occasion of her visit to Leslie-house for the purpose of historical investigation, by the accomplished countess of Rothes, the mother of the youthful representative of the honours of that ancient line.

thing wore a festive and smiling aspect, and proffered comfort and repose to the royal exiles, after their stormy voyage, and a yet more harassing contention with evil days in England. Nor was Leslie devoid of classic interest, for the village fane occupies the site of one of more ancient date, celebrated by the poet-king of Scotland, James I., as "Christ's kirk on the green." There is a tree on that green, called "king Jemmy's tree," which village tradition boldly affirms to have been planted by the royal bard; a fond conceit, since the tree, a stunted oak, has not assuredly seen two centuries, and is scarcely old enough to favour the more probable notion that it is a memorial of the last and most unfortunate of all the Scottish monarchs, who bore the fated name of James Stuart, planted by him during his visit with his consort, Mary d'Esté, at Leslie house, in the autumn of 1680. Tradition has also made some blunders in confusing relics and memorials of the consort of James II., with those of Scotland's fair and fatally celebrated sovereign Mary Stuart, whose name hallows many gloves, fans, watches, *etuis*, and cabinets, with other toys not older than the close of the seventeenth century. The long white glove, embroidered with black silk, for instance, now exhibited in the museum of the Antiquarian Society of Edinburgh, as the veritable glove of Mary queen of Scots,¹ if it ever did belong to a royal Mary Stuart, pertained to her who was entitled to that name, only in virtue of her marriage with James Stuart, duke of York, and was possibly worn by her when in mourning for her little daughter the princess Isabella. The mistake has naturally arisen from the fact, that when James succeeded to the crown of the Britannic empire, his consort bore the title of queen Mary, in Scotland as well as England; and in Scotland her name was dear to a generation who had known her when she dwelt among them; but when that generation passed away, and the descendants of old cavalier and Jacobite families found among the hoards of grand-dame or ancient aunt, trifles that had been treasured as memorials of queen Mary, they forgot the intermediate queen consort, so called, and invested all such heir-looms with the distinction of relics of her whose name, in spite of Knox or Buchanan, will be superior in interest to any other, while a spark of chivalry lingers in a Scottish bosom.

¹ Mary queen of Scots always wore long sleeves down to the wrist.

The duke and duchess of York were splendidly entertained for three days and nights at Leslie house by their magnificent host and his kind-hearted duchess ;¹ days of unbounded hospitality, which was extended to all the loyal aristocracy of the district who came to pay their compliments to the heir of the crown and his young and lovely consort.

There is an exquisite portrait of Mary Beatrice, by Lely, in the collection of the earl of Rothes, at Leslie house, representing her such as she was at that period of her life, and in the costume which she then wore. Her hair is arranged in its natural beauty, clustering in full curls round the brow, and descending in flowing ringlets on the bosom, a style far more in unison with the classic outline of her features and the expressive softness of her melting eyes, than the lofty coiffure represented in the frontispiece. Her dress is scarlet, embroidered and fringed with gold ; her tucker and loose sleeves of delicate cambric. A rich and ample scarf of royal blue, fringed with gold and edged with pearls, crosses one shoulder and falls over the lap in magnificent drapery to the ground. She is sitting in a garden by a pillar ; her left hand clasps the neck of a beautiful white Italian greyhound ; a tree that overshadows her is wreathed with honeysuckles and roses. Her age was under twenty-two when this portrait was painted ; it was one of Lely's last and finest works of art. He died that same year, so Mary Beatrice must have sat for the portrait, before she quitted London, for the express purpose of presenting it to the duke of Rothes ; but, like many other pictures of royal and noble personages, it is wrongly dated.

On Friday, 29th October, their royal highnesses departed

¹ The duke of Rothes, who was always distinguished for his affection to Charles II., is accused of being a cruel persecutor of the Covenanters. His duchess, on the contrary, favoured their doctrines, and, as far as she could, protected the preachers of that sect, who were frequently concealed in the neighbourhood of Leslie-house. The duke, who was a facetious man, and not quite so hard-hearted as his enemies represent, never sent out his officers to apprehend any of those persons without previously endeavouring to provide for their escape by giving a significant hint to his compassionate duchess in these words—" My hawks will be out to-night, my lady, so you had better take care of your blackbirds."

The local traditions of Leslie add, that the signal by which her grace warned her spiritual protégés of their danger was a white sheet suspended from one of the trees on the brow of the hill behind the house, which could be seen for a considerable distance. Other telegraphic signs the good lady had, no doubt, to intimate the absence of her spouse, when they might safely come forth and preach to their hill-side congregation.

from Leslie-house, and were attended by their courteous host the lord-chancellor of Scotland, and many of the greatest nobles, to Burntisland, their train still increasing as they advanced. At Burntisland they were received with shooting of great guns, ringing of bells, acclamations of the people, and all the expressions of joy imaginable, which continued till their royal highnesses went on board the Charlotte yacht. With them went his grace of Rothes, and the persons of the highest rank. The other yachts, with several other boats, and all the boats about Burntisland, were filled with the nobility and gentry of the train, forming a grand aquatic pageant, with their pennons and gala dresses. In their passage to Leith, they were saluted by the great guns from his majesty's castle of Edinburgh, from the bastions at Leith, and the men-of-war, and other ships, both in the road and harbour of Leith.

"The shore was so *strong*," says our authority, "with persons of all ranks, that the noise of the cannon, trumpets, kettle-drums, and drums, were almost drowned with the loud and reiterated acclamations of the people, for the safe arrival of their royal highnesses, which was about five in the afternoon.¹ One of the gentlemen of the duke's household complains, that they arrived in the dusk of the evening, "By which," pursues he, "the glory of our entry was much eclipsed." This person insinuates, that sufficient attention was not paid to their royal highnesses on this occasion, but from the following account by an eye-witness of the animating scene,² we should imagine that their reception must have been most gratifying and complete:—

"At their landing at Leith, their royal highnesses were met by the lords of his majesty's privy council, ushered by their maces. Several ladies were also attending on the shore, to offer their service to the duchess. Their royal highnesses were received by the earl of Linlithgow, colonel of his majesty's regiment of guards, at the head of several companies of the regiment, and were attended by the sheriffs and most of the gentlemen of the three Lothians, and next adjacent shires, who made a lane on both sides of the street through the whole town of Leith. After the king's troop of guards, marched the nobility and gentry

¹ True Narrative of the reception of their Royal Highnesses.

² Ibid.

that were on horseback, and after them a great train of coaches, filled with the council and nobility; their royal highnesses had made choice of the lord justice clerk's coach to proceed in from Leith, to the water gate at the abbey of Holyrood House. Their royal highnesses were guarded by the train bands and militia regiment of this city, consisting of forty-four companies, who made a lane for their royal highnesses and their train to pass betwixt Leith and Edinburgh. All the while they were upon the way, the great guns from the castle and other places, prepared on purpose, saluted them, the whole body of the people universally shouting with great joy and cheerfulness, "Lord preserve his majesty and their royal highnesses the duke and duchess of Albany!" Being come to the water-gate, near the palace royal, they were met by the lord provost, magistrates, and town council of Edinburgh, in their best formalities, where the lord-provost, kneeling, and having kissed his royal highness's hand, delivered to him the silver keys of the city, and heartily welcomed him, in the name of the whole of the citizens, to his majesty's good town of Edinburgh. From this to the palace, their royal highnesses were guarded by two or three hundred of the best citizens with gilded partizans, and in the outer court were received by several other companies of his majesty's guards; in the guard-hall, they were received by their graces the lords archbishops of St. Andrew's and Glasgow, and several other lords of the clergy, where his grace the lord primate complimented their royal highnesses in name of the orthodox clergy; there the lieutenant-governor of the castle of Edinburgh delivered to his royal highness the keys of the castle. All the bells of the city continued ringing most of the night, and all the streets of the city were filled with great bonfires, whither many of the citizens repaired to drink their majesties and royal highnesses' health, nor was anything to be seen but an universal joy in the countenances of all here."¹

An evil omen occurred amidst the rejoicings for the arrival of the royal pair; for the celebrated great gun, called "Mons Meg," being fired, in honour of this event,

¹ "True Narrative," *Historical Observes*, pp. 1, 2.

by an English cannonier, was in the firing riven. "This the Scots resented extremely," says sir John Lauder, of Fountain-hall, "thinking the English might of malice have done it purposely, they having no cannon as big as she."

"Saturday, the 1st of November, the lord bishop of Edinburgh, with all the clergy in and about this city, in their canonical habits, kissed his royal highness's hand, the bishop of Edinburgh expressed the general satisfaction of the orthodox clergy, for his royal highness's safe arrival, and assured him of their fervent prayers for his sacred majesty and the royal line. Tuesday, the 2nd of November, being the first day of sessions, the senators of the college of justice, with all the other members thereof in a great body, in their gowns, ushered by their macers, went to the palace, where, having kissed his royal highness's hand, the lord president of the session, in the name of the lawyers of this kingdom, complimented him upon his arrival; as did the lord justice clerk, in name of the lords commissioners of his majesty's justiciary, who, in their scarlet gowns, attended by the members of their court, and ushered by their macers, waited likewise upon his royal highness, and kissed his hand. Nor, indeed, was there anything wanting to express the general joy of all here for the happy arrival of so excellent a prince, and so dear to this kingdom."¹

Holyrood palace had been repaired, and a royal suite of apartments fitted up and furnished for the accommodation of the duke and duchess of York, and their retinue. There can be little doubt, that the state beds, at present pointed out by guide books and guides, as the beds of Mary queen of Scots and Charles I., were a part of this arrangement; all the ancient royal furniture at that palace having been plundered or destroyed by Cromwell's troopers. The crimson damask state bed, which was preserved from the conflagration at Leslie house, is very similar to the bed now shown at Holyrood, as that of Mary Stuart; and, certainly, both are a hundred years too modern, for beds of the sixteenth century. If the duchess of York occupied the crimson bed at Holyrood, it would, of course, be styled "Queen Mary's bed," after her consort succeeded to the regal office, and retaining her name after she was forgotten by

¹ A True Narrative of their Royal Highnesses, at their arrival in Scotland.

the vulgar, has probably been thus added to the numerous posthumous goods and chattels with which tradition has fondly endowed Mary of Scotland. It is a curious fact, that James II., and Mary d'Esté, had in their French palace of St. Germain, a room furnished with a bed, carved ebony chairs, and other moveables, that once pertained to James's royal grandmother, Mary queen of Scots, which the marquise de Crequy declares they brought from England with them;¹ they were much more readily obtained in France, from Fontainebleau or Amboise, as a gift from Louis XIV.

James and his consort appear to have been better contented with their Scottish palace, than some of their followers. One of the gentlemen in their household writes to his friend in London :

" We are not so well accommodated as at St. James's, and yet, whatever the matter is, we do rather dread than desire to return to you ; so that sometimes I fear things are worse than we are persuaded to believe, and that we shall not see you whilst the parliament sits. I was willing to tell you thus much, because I believe you will not be told it in your gazette. Let me know what the terrible men at Westminster are acting, and what you think of our case; and pray believe, that wherever I am, I will be, dear sir,

" YOUR BRAHMAN."

" Edinburgh, Oct. 30, 1680."

The English parliament, or rather the prevailing faction, that had succeeded in driving the duke of York from court, was following up the success already achieved, by pushing on the bill for excluding him from the crown. The popish plot was the two-edged sword with which the leaders of the faction fought, since it furnished both the pretext against him and deprived him of effectual assistance from every one of his own religion, by the terror of the executions that had been perpetrated on innocent persons accused of being engaged in it. The commons passed the bill for excluding the duke of York from the succession ; and, when lord Russell brought it up to the lords, he said, " If his own father were to vote against it, he would accuse him of high treason." Words which implied the most unconstitutional threat against every senator who should presume to exercise the parliamentary privilege of voting according to his own conscience. The bill was, however, rejected by a majority of sixty-three.

¹ Memoirs of the marquise de Crequy.

The bishops stood in the gap, and saved the crown for the rightful heir,¹ although they were opposed to his creed ; they, at any rate, acted like honest and courageous men ; and, by their votes that day, ought to have won everlasting confidence and gratitude from James, for, with the exception of Compton, they were his best friends. Well did his foes, and the agitators who made zeal for the protestant religion the pretence for faction and persecution, know it. An attempt was immediately made by that party to excite popular fury against the whole bench. A lampoon song was compounded, and sung about the streets for this purpose, called “The Bishops and the Bill,” of which every verse ends with this line—

“ The bishops, the bishops have thrown out the bill.”

In conclusion, it daringly exhorts the mob,

“ To throw out the bishops who threw out the bill.”

It was in this parliament that the project, so bitter to a parent’s heart, was first started, of making James’s own children supplant him in the succession, or rather to invest the prince and princess of Orange with the power of the crown, under the name of regents for him, whom it was proposed to banish five hundred miles from his own dominions ; and if his consort, who was then only two and twenty years of age, should bear a son, the prince was to be taken from his parents, and placed under the guardianship of the princesses, his sisters.²

James bore these aggravating proceedings with less irritation than could have been supposed, nor did they cause the slightest change in his affection for his daughters, whom he did not, at that period, imagine capable of entering into the confederacy against him. Meantime, he and his fair and faithful consort endeavoured, not unsuccessfully, to conciliate the regard of those with whom their present lot was cast. A brilliant court was kept at Holyrood, to which resorted the principal nobility and gentry of the land ; and Mary Beatrice soon succeeded, by her gracious and prudent deportment, in winning the hearts of the generous aristocracy of Scotland. If her religion were unpopular, the purity of her mind and manners was unimpeachable.

¹ Journals of Parliament.

² See Parliamentary Journals. Life of James. Lingard, &c. &c.

Young, beautiful, innocent, and desirous of pleasing, cold, indeed, must have been the hearts that could have hardened themselves against her gentle influence; and it is certain, that the interest she excited at that period in Scotland, operated long in favour both of her husband and her son, and was even felt to the third generation.

The Scotch ladies were at first greatly astonished at the novel refreshment of tea, which her royal highness dispensed at her evening parties,¹ that beverage having never before been tasted in Scotland; but the fashion was quickly imitated, and soon became general. An interesting testimony to the popular conduct of this princess, during her residence in Scotland, is rendered by a learned author of that nation, who wrote the history of the house of Esté, under her patronage; in his dedicatory epistle to her, he says—

"At your first coming among us, our loyalty to our sovereign and our duty to his only brother, disposed us to do everything in our power that might be acceptable to so great a princess, but your royal highness condescending to the simplicity in which we live, your affable deportment towards all that have the honour to come near your person, and your seeming pleased with our weak endeavours to serve you, do justly challenge that respect as due now to yourself, which we must, however, have paid to your quality. When we reflected how long we had been strangers to a court, we could not but think ourselves ill fitted to receive a princess born and bred in the paradise of the world. Only as we then knew your royal highness came prepared to bear with the plainness of our northern climate, so we since find that you are in some measure delighted with it; and we begin to flatter ourselves that the happiness of so illustrious a guest, which was procured to us at first by your obedience, is now continued to us by your choice."

The green strip at the foot of the hill, behind the abbey of Holyrood, is still called "the duke's walk," from the duke of York having delighted in walking there, it being then shaded with stately oaks, which, like the Stuart dynasty, have all been swept away.

The game of the golf, and tennis, were the favourite amusements of the gentry of those times. The duke of York was frequently seen in a golfing party on the links of Leith with some of the nobility and gentry. "I remember in my youth," says the learned Tytler of Woodhouselee, "to have often conversed with an old man, named Andrew Dickson, a golf club-maker, who said that, when a boy, he used to carry the duke's golf clubs, and to run before him and announce where the balls fell."

¹ Tytler of Woodhouselee, in *Transactions of the Scottish Antiquarian Society*.

The sailor prince, being a friend to ancient customs, encouraged the citizens and mechanics of the good town to take a share in these manly sports and pastimes, and for this end he always chose his partner at golf from those classes. His example was generally imitated, and thus the public games became a bond of good fellowship between high and low, the object for which they were originally instituted.

The oral traditions of Edinburgh record the following instance of the frank and gracious conduct of the duke of York to one of his humble allies at the golf. His royal highness and the duke of Lauderdale, who were both expert golfers, generally engaged on opposite sides, and one day they determined to play for an unusually high stake. James called a working shoemaker, named John Paterson, to second him, and, after a very hard contest, defeated his antagonist. When the duke of Lauderdale paid the stake, which is said to have been some hundreds of broad pieces, his royal highness handed the gold to Paterson, with these words, "Through your skill I have won this game, and you are, therefore, entitled to the reward of the victory;" the princely courtesy of the compliment, being a trait of more refined generosity than the princely munificence of the gift; and dear, we may be sure, were both to the heart of the bonnie Scot, who had seconded the brother of his sovereign so stoutly on the links of Leith that day.¹

Notwithstanding his popery, James was at that period one of the finest gentlemen in Europe. The following anecdote is worthy of the grandson of Henry of Navarre. When Lochiel,² a brave highland cavalier, who had formerly rendered signal services to the loyal cause, was presented to James at Holyrood, he received him with marks

¹ The antique house in the Cannongate is still in existence, built by the fortunate shoemaker, who became not only a rich man, but the founder of a wealthy family. A Latin epigram engraved on the stone entablature over the door of this domicile, signifies the fact that the house was built with a sum of money won at a game of the golf. The when, how, and where, remain untold. Gratitude might have suggested one honest word in acknowledgment of the generosity which proved the foundation of his fortunes, but John Paterson exercised due caution in the matter. He lived in ticklish times, when those who owed a kindness to a fallen prince, thought it wisest to forget it, lest it might be remembered by the world.

² This gentleman was the ancestor of the more celebrated chief who joined the standard of Charles Edward, in the memorable rising of 1746.

of great distinction, and in full court honoured him with his conversation, and put many pleasant questions to him, touching the adventures of his youth ; finally, he asked him for his sword. Lochiel, having delivered it, his royal highness attempted to draw it, but in vain ; for it was somewhat rusty, being a walking or dress sword, which the highlanders never make use of in their own country. The duke, after a second attempt, gave it back to Lochiel, with this compliment, “that his sword never used to be so uneasy to draw when the crown wanted its service.” Lochiel, who was modest, even to excess, was so confounded that he could make no return to so high a compliment ; and knowing nothing of the duke’s intention, he drew the sword, and returned it to his royal highness, who addressing himself to those about him, “ You see, my lords, said he, smiling, “Lochiel’s sword gives obedience to no hand but his own !” and thereupon was pleased to knight him.’

James has been unsparingly accused by modern historians of countenancing all the cruelties that were practised on the insurgent Cameronians and other noncomformists in Scotland, by presiding in council when the torture of the boot was applied. There is not the slightest proof that he ever was. Wodrow, indeed, asserts that James was present on one occasion, when Spreul, a wild fanatic, who was suspected of a design to blow up the palace of Holyrood, with the duke and duchess of York in it, was thus examined, and he quotes the almost inaccessible records of the Scottish privy council as his authority. Sir John Dalrymple, one of the most faithful and industrious of documentary historians, honestly avowed that he had been unable to find any such entry in the council books.² But even if Wodrow were an entirely faithful witness of things which touched the passions and prejudices of his party so

¹ “The Memoirs of sir Ewan Cameron, of Lochiel, chief of the clan of Cameron.” This book is “presented to the president and members of the Maitland club, by William Crawford and Robert Pitcairn.” Edited by James Macknight.

² During my last visit to Scotland, through the courtesy of W. Pitt Dundass, Esq., the keeper of her majesty’s records in the Register Office in Edinburgh, and W. Robertson, Esq., the deputy-keeper, I enjoyed the opportunity of examining the Privy Council Records of that period, and found no confirmation of Wodrow’s assertion.

closely, he has only mentioned, not verified, a solitary instance of the kind, which certainly does not warrant later writers in representing this unfortunate prince as having been in the constant habit of amusing himself with those revolting exhibitions. The fact is, that the dreadful scenes referred to took place under the auspices of the brutal Lauderdale, before James came, and after his departure, and as both are indiscriminately styled "the duke" in the records, the mistake was very easily made by persons who were not *very* careful in testing their authority by the simple but unerring guide of dates.

James and his duchess arrived in Edinburgh in perilous times, and in the midst of the sanguinary executions that followed an insurrection, in which great outrages had been committed on the lives and properties of the episcopalian party. The duke did his utmost to calm the jarring elements which were ready to break out into fresh tumults. The council, breathing blood, were for going to the rigour of the law. James offered pardon to the condemned on the easy terms of crying "God save the king!"¹ The council talked of death and tortures; his royal highness recommended mad-houses and hard labour or banishment; and his suggestions proved more efficacious than the barbarous proceedings of Lauderdale and his colleagues. He succeeded, in a great measure, in tranquillizing Scotland.² He gained the esteem and respect of the gentry, and he won the affections of the people by his gracious acknowledgment of the marks of respect they paid him. If he had governed England half as wisely for himself as he did Scotland for his brother, or observed the same moderation in regard to his religion, after he became king, which he did when duke of

¹ Historical Observes of Sir John Lauder, of Fountainhall. One of the persons by whom life was refused on that condition was, "Cargill, a distinguished covenanter and field preacher. Having convened his followers at the Torwood, near Stirling, after renouncing all allegiance to the king and government, he with great solemnity excommunicated and consigned to the devil king Charles, his brother the duke of York, with the dukes of Monmouth, Lauderdale, and Rothes. After denouncing this excommunication to a numerous convention of Covenanters, September, 1680, they affixed it to the cross of Dumfries and other places. Cargill, some time after, was apprehended, brought to trial, and condemned, with a few of his followers, to be hanged. Bishop Burnet says 'that they suffered with an obstinacy so particular, that though the duke sent the offer of pardon to them on the scaffold, if they would only say, 'God bless the king,' it was refused with great neglect.'"

² Burnet. Macpherson. Lingard. Dalrymple.

York, history would have told a different tale of the close of his career.

"Letters from Scotland," says Bulstrode, "tell us, that affairs go there according to wish ; that the parliament there has written a letter of thanks to the king for sending the duke of York, which we hope will break the measures of those who flattered themselves with support from that kingdom, which has not been in many ages more united than it is at present under the prudent conduct of his royal highness." The letters add, "that the duke is highly esteemed and beloved of all sorts of people ; and that there is a constant and great court of lords and ladies."

James showed, on some occasions, a tenderness for human life, that goes far to disprove the cruelty with which he is generally charged. In February, 1681, we are told by Fountainhall, "that a sentinel at the gates of the abbey of Holyrood being found asleep on his post, when the duke of York passed, was brought to a court-martial, and sentenced by general Dalziel to die, for that breach of military discipline. In pursuance of this sentence, he was carried to Leith links for execution ; but when all was ready the duke of York interceded for his life, and obtained it."¹

The duke and duchess of York, though generally popular, were exposed to some mortifications on account of their religion. On Christmas-day, the scholars of King's College thought proper to entertain them with the obnoxious pageant of burning the pope in effigy, in the court of Holyrood under their windows. "This," says sir John Lauder, "was highly resented as an inhospitable affront to the duke of York, though it was only to his religion." Their royal highnesses were wise enough to pass it over in silence, as the wild frolic of young people. It was, besides, intended as a reprisal for the Westminster scholars, having dressed up a Jack Presbyter, and treated the said Jack with sundry indignities. Such was the turbulent state of the times, that children took a warm part in the political and polemical disputes which convulsed both kingdoms.

While in Scotland, Mary Beatrice met with a frightful accident, which had nearly cost her her life, in consequence of being thrown from her horse with great violence, but

¹ *Historic Observes.*

fortunately for her, on a sandy plain; if it had been on a rocky ground, she must have been killed, for her long riding-dress got entangled in some part of her saddle, and she was dragged a considerable distance with her face on the sand, and received several kicks from the infuriated horse before she could be extricated from her perilous situation. When she was taken up she was covered with dust and blood, blackened with bruises, and perfectly insensible; every one thought she was dead. Surgical aid being procured, she was bled, and put into bed; she only suffered from the bruises, and recovered without any injury to her person.¹

It does not appear that the duke was with her on this occasion. He had a very great objection to ladies riding on horseback; and when Mary Beatrice was first married to him, he was accustomed to tell her that it was for many reasons a dangerous and improper position for women. She was, however, passionately fond of equestrian exercise, and her importunities had prevailed over his extreme reluctance to allowing her to ride. She always said, his indulgence to her was so great, that it was the only constraint he had ever attempted to place on her inclination; and she regarded it as a proof of his complaisance that he had withdrawn his prohibition against her taking this dangerous pleasure. So devoted was she to her favourite exercise, that as soon as she was recovered from the effects of her accident she had sufficient courage to mount her horse again.²

James, who was too courteous a husband to interpose his marital authority to prevent his youthful consort from exercising her wilful inclinations, on finding his persuasions unavailing, had, in the meantime, given so terrible an account of the narrow escape she had had to the duchess of Modena, that that princess wrote, in an agony of maternal alarm, to her daughter, telling her that "she should die of grief if she thought she would ever be rash enough to put herself into such peril again; and that she should never receive a letter from England without expecting it to contain the news of her death." She also reminded Mary Beatrice, that she was frequently in a situation that rendered such ex-

¹ MS. Memorials of Mary d'Esté, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

² Ibid.

ercises highly inexpedient as well as dangerous. In consequence of these urgent letters from her mother, Mary Beatrice gave a solemn promise never to mount a horse again.¹ A privation, which, in consequence of the bad roads in Scotland, at that time, almost impracticable for coaches, was, of course, very great. Her only resource after this, was the then usual conveyance of a horse litter, if she wished to accompany the duke in any of his highland expeditions; but she appears to have been generally stationary with her court at Holyrood abbey.

The duke of York, her husband, was at that time, to use the expression of a contemporary writer, “caressed not only by the grandees of the nation, but likewise gracious in the eyes of the vulgar, even to admiration; no people ever demonstrating more lively expressions of joy as well as love for his royal person.”² Yet their royal highnesses were impatient of their exile; their servants, whom the earl of Arlington always emphatically designated “a senseless pack,” were ever importuning James to solicit the king for his recall, and representing to him how materially his interests were suffering from the proceedings of Monmouth, who drove on his ambitious schemes openly, with a headlong violence, that was only less dangerous than the masked treachery of the prince of Orange, whose mining operations, like those of the unseen mole in the dark, might be detected by the occasional traces of his works appearing on the surface. Another plot was devised, as a pretext, for prolonging the duke’s banishment from the court, of which the leading instrument was, an Irish papist named Fitzharris, and in this there was a covert attempt to involve the duchess, by the absurd pretence “that Montecuculi, the late Modenese envoy, had offered him ten thousand pounds to kill the king, which he, Fitzharris, had refused, though Montecuculi had assured him that it might easily be done at madame de Mazarin’s, by poison, adding, that the duke of York was privy to the design, that a great army was to come from Flanders and France, to place him on the throne; and the duchess of Modena had raised large sums of money to support the enterprise, and that a great many parliament-men were to be

¹ MS. Memorials: Archives au Royaume de France.

² Historical Memoirs of James duke of York and Albany.

boiled alive to make a *sainte ampoule* or oil" (not very holy, one would think, if composed of such ingredients) "to anoint him and all succeeding kings of England, at their coronations."¹

Such a tale being seriously deposed on oath, before two secretaries of state, and eagerly taken up by the whig-leaders of the prevailing party in parliament, is at once a picture of the excited state of the public mind, and of the want of common principles on the part of those by whom it was supported. Charles defeated the designs of this party by proceeding against Fitzharris for high treason, in the court of King's Bench. After his condemnation, Fitzharris confessed that he had been suborned by Shaftesbury, and others, to accuse the queen and the duke of York, and that the libel was compounded by the lord Howard, of Escrick, at that time the unprincipled ally of the exclusionists, and one of their tools.² The long winter passed wearily over the banished duke; the coldness of the season was severely felt in the northern metropolis, by his Italian duchess, from the sweet south, but she bore everything, with uncomplaining patience, for his sake. The spring brought them heavy tidings; their little daughter, the princess Isabella, a very lovely and promising child, in her fifth year, died at St. James's palace, on the 4th of March, and king Charles sent Mr. Griffin express to break this distressing news to the bereaved parents.³ "It was the more afflicting to both," as James pathetically observes, "because they had not the satisfaction of seeing and assisting her in her sickness; but those hardships were the unavoidable sequels of their uneasy banishment and cruel persecution."

There is a scarce mezzotinto engraving of this royal infant, from a painting which was, perhaps, burnt either at Whitehall or St. James's palace. She is represented with a chaplet of flowers on her head, and her left hand on the forehead of a lamb.⁴ She was the last surviving of the three living children which had been born of the marriage of Mary of Modena with the duke of York, and was buried in Westminster abbey, as her brother and sister had been in the vault of Mary queen of Scots.

¹ Journal of James II. Macpherson. Lingard.

² Memoirs of the duke of York and Albany. Life of James II. Sandford.

³ Grainger.

⁴ Ibid.

James, flattering himself that some little sympathy would be felt for him and his consort by his brother's council, under so great a sorrow, sent his favourite, colonel Churchill, to the king, with letters from both, beseeching him to accord permission for the duchess to come either to Tunbridge Wells, or Bath, for the benefit of her health, which had been much impaired by her residence in a climate so different from that of which she was a native, as well as by her affliction for the loss of her only child. For himself, the duke added, he should be well content to reside at Audley End, or anywhere his majesty might think fit, so that it was but in England.¹ Churchill, however, informed his master in reply, that there were little hopes of success, for the impression was generally expressed by the king and his cabinet, that his return would be the signal for a rebellion. Charles wrote to his brother, "that the present time was not favourable for their return, and advised him to exercise the very necessary virtue of patience, of which he confessed that he was himself in great need at that juncture."² One favour was, however, accorded to James, after three or four months of deliberation and suspense—namely, the company of his daughter, the princess Anne, who came in one of the royal yachts to Leith, where she landed, July 17th, and was received with all the honours due to her rank. On the 28th, the parliament of Scotland met with great pomp, the duke of York as lord high commissioner from his brother, king Charles, rode in state from Holyrood palace to the parliament house, and opened it in person; the duchess, the princess Anne, and all their ladies being present.³

The appearance of this unwonted galaxy of royal and noble beauties, in jewelled pomp, added grace and glory to the scene, and was calculated to soften the combative spirit in which the Scottish peers and chieftains had, from time immemorial, been accustomed to meet. Many a deadly debate, between feudal foes and their retainers, had been fought out, on such occasions, with dirk and dagge, while the rival cries of "clear the causeway," announced the collision of hostile magnates and their followers, in streets too narrow to admit of anything like a courteous passage, even between persons who were not eagerly seeking a pretext for

¹ Journal and Life of James II.

² Ibid.

³ Fountainhall's Historic Observes and Diary.

deciding old grudges with blows. The duke of York, who had taken infinite pains to effect a general reconciliation among the highland chiefs, and other great families, who were all at open war with each other, when he first arrived in Scotland, had shown good judgment, in bringing the ladies to assist him, by the influence of their bright eyes, in keeping the peace at the first public assembly of those lately discordant elements, after the suppression of a recent civil war. The presence of these fair and gentle spectators was, however, censured by the sour fanatics of the day, “as uncommon and indecorous”¹—a proof that civilization had not advanced a single step in the northern metropolis, since the days when John Knox quenched the star of chivalry in gall and wormwood. The duke of York did his best to keep every one in good humour, by giving a grand banquet to the whole parliament,—the lords by themselves, and the commons by themselves, at separate tables, where everything was so discreetly arranged, as to give general satisfaction.² Then, the good town of Edinburgh, being emulous of such princely hospitality, voted another “*Trait*” to their royal highnesses. The duke and duchess of York, the lady Anne, afterwards queen of Great Britain, and the whole court of Scotland, were present at this entertainment. “It was given in the parliament house; but, to accommodate the company, it was found necessary to pull down the partition which divided, and where a new wall still divides the outer parliament house from the place, where the booksellers’ stalls are kept. The expense of the entertainment exceeded £1400 sterling.”³ The auspicious tide of affairs in Scotland, as well as the arrival of the princess Anne, had a cheering effect on the spirits both of the duke and duchess of York. The lately sorrowful court of Holyrood emerged from tears and mourning into such a series of gaieties as enchanted the lively, astonished the sober-minded, and offended the puritanical portion of society. Such doings in Scotland had never been witnessed within the walls of the royal abbey, since the ill-omened night when the beautiful and unfortunate Mary Stuart honoured the bridal fête of Bastian with her presence. Balls, plays, and masquerades were introduced; these last, however, were soon laid aside,

¹ Fountainhall.

² Echard.

³ Arnot’s History of Edinburgh, p. 177.

the taste of the times being opposed to such ungodly innovations. The masquerade was styled “promiscuous dancing, in which all sorts of people meet together in disguise.” The vulgar gave it a ribald name; and this profane entertainment was, therefore, soon given up; and the more elegant pastimes of poetic and dramatic masks and pastorals were substituted, in which the princess Anne, with other young ladies of quality, represented some of the ancient heathen mythological characters. These were called masks—a sort of musical drama, such as the *Comus* of Milton—and similar pieces by Ben Jonson, Shirley, Davenant, and other dramatic poets of the last century. These interludes were accompanied by music, and set off with splendid dresses and decorations. “Our fathers of the last age,” observes the first learned antiquarian, Tytler of Woodhouselee, “used to talk with delight of the gaiety and brilliancy of the court of Holyrood house. The princesses were easy and affable, and the duke then studied to make himself popular among all classes of men.”¹

“On the 14th of October was the duke of York’s birth-day keeped at Edinburgh,” notes Sir John Lauder, “with more solemnities, and more bonfires, than the king’s. That of the duchess, in the beginning of October, was also observed with great pomp at the abbey, in the same month. The birth-day of queen Catherine, on the 15th of November, was keeped by our court of Holyrood house, with great solemnity,” pursues our diarist, “such as bonfires, shooting off cannon, and acting a comedy, called *Mithridates king of Pontus*, before their royal highnesses, wherein the lady Anne, the duke’s daughter, and the ladies of honour, were the only actors.” He adds a bitter philippic against all such amusements: a lively detail of the proceedings of the illustrious performers would have been more agreeable.

If the private theatricals of the court of the elegant and pure-minded duchess of York were subjected to stern censures from a man like sir John Lauder, who was far from going to the extremes of fanaticism, it can scarcely be supposed that the coarse and oftentimes profane representations of the public performers of the stage were tolerated. The duke of York’s company had dutifully followed their

¹ *Transactions of the Scottish Antiquarian Society.*

royal highnesses to Edinburgh, but found it an uncongenial atmosphere. Playhouses and players were constantly anathematized by the clergy, and regarded by their congregations with scarcely less abhorrence, than if they had been monks and nuns. The duchess of York was passionately fond of music, but had strong moral objections to the coarse comedies of the era: she even entertained doubts of the propriety of appearing at operas, though Italian singers were patronised by her. She was wont to say, “that there was no sin, she believed, in going to theatres, provided the pieces that were represented were not of an objectionable character; but that the stage might and ought to be rendered a medium of conveying moral instructions to the public, instead of flattering and inculcating vice.”¹

Among the traces of the residence of the duke and duchess of York at Holyrood, may be reckoned the decoration of the gallery of that palace, with the portraits of all the kings of Scotland; for although they were not completed till the year 1685, the order was given by the duke, who engaged James de Wit, a Dutch artist, to paint the whole, 120 in number, according to the best style of his art, in two years, receiving for his reward 150*l.* per annum.² It must be confessed, that more than one of those beau ideals of the primitive sovereigns of Caledonian fame, bears a brotherly likeness to the Saracen’s head, on Snow-hill.

While in Scotland, James applied himself zealously to business; and with his usual regard for economy, detected and put a stop to many of the peculations and abuses of the duke of Lauderdale’s creatures, whereby he incurred the ill-will of that corrupt statesman, and his duchess, and many of their connexions.³ He bestowed his attention on the maritime and commercial interests of Scotland, all of which were materially improved during his residence in that nation. He made several progresses to visit the principal towns and all the ancient palaces of Scotland. The greatest marks of respect were paid to him at Glasgow, Linlithgow, and Stirling, and whatever county he entered he was met

¹ MS. Memorials of Mary d’Esté in Archives au Royaume.

² The original agreement for these royal portraits was recently discovered among the Exchequer Records of Scotland, by that learned and courteous antiquary, Alexander Macdonald, Esq.

³ Life of James II. Macpherson. Lingard. Echard.

on the boundary by the principal nobility and gentry of the shire, and was attended by them as if he had been the sovereign;¹ but the irrefragable proof of the affection with which James was then regarded in Scotland, is the act of parliament which declared his rights, as the heir of the crown nearest in blood, to be immutable; and that neither difference in religion nor any future act of parliament could alter or divert the said right of succession and lineal descent, of the crown from the nearest heir.

Such were the feelings which the residence and popular government of the duke of York had excited in the kindred land of his forefathers, that there can be little doubt if he had been rejected by England, but that he would have been instantly proclaimed and crowned in Scotland; and for this contingency the parliament had assuredly provided.

It is not to be supposed, however, that a country so divided in politics and religion, as Scotland was at that time, was unanimous in affection to the persecuted heir of the Britannic empire; far from it. A considerable faction, not only cherished but professed republican principles. The same party that had driven him from England was busily intriguing against him in the sister realm; but so predominant was the balance in his favour, that the power of Argyle, who, by his territorial possessions, his heritable offices in the state, his natural rights, and extensive usurpations of the rights of others, might be regarded as sovereign of two-thirds of the highlands, broke like a reed before him. The arrest of that nobleman, and the proceedings against him, are foreign to the subject of this volume, and are only mentioned because Mary Beatrice wrote a letter to king Charles in favour of his son, lord Lorn,² a letter that is probably still in existence, though hitherto inaccessible.

The earl of Argyle escaped from prison by changing clothes with his daughter lady Sophia Lindsay's footman, when she came to visit him, and went out in that disguise, bearing up her train. Some of the members of the council were unmanly enough to propose that this filial heroine should be publicly whipped through Edinburgh. The duke of York prevented it, observing "that they were not accustomed to deal so cruelly with ladies in his country."³

¹ Local Histories.

² Life of James II., from Stuart Papers.

³ Journal of James II. Macpherson.

Mary Beatrice bore her voluntary absence from the splendid circle of Whitehall with infinitely more patience than her lord did his enforced banishment. His anxiety to leave the generous friends in the north who had done so much for him, and were willing to serve him with their lives and fortunes, to return to the stormy vortex of his brother's court seems strange; but the game was closely played there, and the crown of a mighty empire was the stake. James finally owed his recall to the avarice of the duchess of Portsmouth, who, designing to appropriate 5000*l.* a year out of his revenue from the post office, caused her modest wish to be made known to him by the king, who had the weakness to propose it to his brother, promising to give him an equivalent in some other way, if he would oblige him. The transfer could not be effected without James's presence in London. Hard, as it appeared to him, to be recalled for such a purpose, when he had vainly made the most earnest representations of the perilous state of his wife's health, and the necessity of removing her into a milder temperature, he agreed to come, though unaccompanied by his duchess, for he had no leave to bring her.¹

Mary Beatrice was, after a lapse of nearly five years, once more about to become a mother, to the extreme joy of the Scotch, who were desirous that the royal babe should be born among them, fondly anticipating that it would be a boy and their future sovereign. King Charles, however, determined that his sister-in-law should lie in, in London; and this resolution, after all, seems to have been the true and natural cause of his recalling both her and his brother to court. The weather being stormy, the duke was contented to leave his consort and his daughter Anne with their ladies at Holyrood.

On the 6th of March, his royal highness embarked at Leith, in his own yacht, attended by the earl of Peterborough, Churchill, and many persons of rank of both nations. After a stormy passage, he landed at Yarmouth on the 10th of March, and was received with what lord Peterborough calls, "the applause and duties of that town and the adjacent counties," and entertained with as noble a dinner as could be provided on so short a notice. A reaction of popular feeling having taken place in James's favour, he was greeted with acclamations wherever he

¹ Journal of James II. Macpherson. Lingard, &c.

came. Charles detained him eight weeks, and then sent him back, with a little fleet, to convoy his duchess and the princess Anne to London.

Mary Beatrice had borne the absence of her husband heavily, according to her own account of her feelings on that occasion, in her confidential conversations with the nuns of Chaillot. Some additional particulars connected with the loss of the Gloucester, were at the same time recorded from her own lips. Speaking of James, she says: "The seamen loved him passionately, and we had a great proof of their attachment, as well as that of the nobility, while we were at Edinburgh. The duke of York having been sent for on business, by king Charles, I was left in an advanced stage of pregnancy at Edinburgh. I felt myself so greatly depressed in his absence, that, unable to struggle against the melancholy that oppressed me, I wrote at last to tell him so; on which he determined to come by sea to fetch me."¹ It is necessary to leave the simple narrative of James's consort to collate it with the particulars of the voyage from the letters of the survivors.²

At nine o'clock in the morning of May 4th, the duke embarked in Margate roads, on board the Gloucester frigate, which had been got ready hastily, too hastily, perhaps, for sea: a little after eleven the whole squadron got under weigh. The weather was wet and foggy, and the passage slow; it was not till half-past one at noon the following day that they came in sight of Dunwich steeples, on the Suffolk coast. Well did the royal admiral know that coast, where he had twice defeated the fleets of Holland. His nautical skill and experience of the track led him to warn the pilot that the course he was taking was attended with danger, and to order him to stand further out to sea. If James had guided the helm himself, the vessel would have been saved; but no sooner had he retired to rest than the obstinate and self-conceited pilot tacked again; and at half-past five on the morning of Sunday, May 6th, grounded the ship on the dangerous sand, called the Lemon and Ore, about twelve leagues past Yarmouth.

The duke awoke with the knocks of the foundering

¹ MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice, in the Archives au Royaume de France. Chaillot Collection.

² Sir John Berry, captain of the Gloucester. Sir James Dick. Lord Dartmouth. Pepys.

vessel, and, as soon as he could get his clothes on, hurried on deck to inquire how matters were. A terrible blow had just struck off the rudder; eight feet water were in the hold. Sir John Berry, the captain, urged the duke to have his barge hoisted, to preserve his royal person. "His highness," continues Sir John, "being unwilling to have any boat hoisted, hoping, as I did, that the ship might be saved; but the water increasing, and no manner of hope left but the ship must be lost, I did again request his royal highness to go away in *his* boat to the yacht. The boat was hoisted out, and his highness took as many persons of quality in the boat with him as she would carry."¹

The conduct of the royal admiral, on this occasion, has, it is now well known, been strangely misrepresented by Burnet, and many other writers, who have copied his statement, "that the duke got into a boat, and took care of his dogs, and some unknown persons, who were taken, from that earnest care of his, to be his priests. The long-boat went off with few, though she might have carried above eighty more than she did." Though Burnet is the text-book of a party, by whom any attempt to contradict his erroneous assertions is considered a strong symptom of popery, it is only proper to correct the unauthenticated story of one who was not present, by the evidence of several efficient witnesses who were. It is worthy of attention how closely the simple verbal narrative of the wife of James agrees with the statements of Sir John Berry, lord Dartmouth, and the earl of Peterborough, but not surprising, since she had it from the lips of her husband and those very persons. "In the passage," said Mary Beatrice,² "the ship struck upon a sand-bank, foundered, and began to fill with water. The duke of York was instantly called upon, from all sides, to save himself in his shallop, which would take him to one of the yachts. He refused, not wishing to forsake the perishing bark; but more than six feet of water being in the hold, they compelled him to leave her to preserve himself. The respect and attachment that they had for him was such, that not one of those who were in the vessel thought of taking care of his own life till that of the duke

¹ See the letter in the Clarendon Correspondence, edited by Singer. Also that of Sir James Dick.

² Inedited Memorials of Mary of Modena, Archives au Royaume de France. Chaillot collection.

was in security. The first that began to leave the ship were those he called to him."¹ These were not priests, as we have good evidence. The only priest, whose name has yet been discovered among the passengers of the fatal Gloucester, who escaped a watery grave, was père Ronché, the almoner of the duchess of York, who saved himself by embracing a plank, as his royal mistress told the nuns of Chaillot; and as she, of course, formed a very different estimate of the value of the lives of the ecclesiastics of her own church, from what Dr. Burnet did, she would, in all probability, have recorded it as a great merit in her dear lord, if he had manifested any particular solicitude for their preservation. The duke's boat held but six persons, besides the rowers, including himself. The first person he called was his favourite Churchill—no priest certainly; and if Burnet meant to class him among the dogs, he forgot that gratitude and fidelity are inherent virtues of the canine race. James called for the earl of Roxburgh and lord O'Brian, but neither obeyed the friendly summons. The earl of Winton and two bed-chamber-men were in the boat. "The earl of Aberdeen," (then lord Haddo,) says Fountainhall, "shared the danger and escape of James upon the Lemon and Ore, 5th May, 1682. The duke of York was so anxious for his safety, that he called out, 'Save my lord chancellor!' which was the first public annunciation of his appointment to that high office." "The government of the ship being lost," proceeds Sir John Berry, "and every one crying for help, yet amidst all this disorder and confusion, I could not but observe the great duty the poor seamen had for the preservation of his royal highness's person; when the barge was hoisting out and lowered down into the water, not one man so much as proffered to run into her, but in the midst of all their affliction and dying condition, did rejoice and thank God his royal highness was preserved." There were as many in the shallop as she could, without danger, contain, and colonel Churchill took upon himself the task of guarding her from the intrusion of supernumeraries—a caution not in vain; for

¹ MS. Memorials of Mary d'Esté, Archives au Royaume de France.—This statement is confirmed by the earl of Peterborough, who says, "The duke himself was preserved with a few in his own pinnace, by the care and loyalty of the seamen, who would neither intrude themselves, nor suffer others, for their safety, to expose a prince so considerable."—Mordaunt Genealogies. Sir James Dick affirms that the duke went out of the cabin window into his own little boat.

an overloaded boat was upset close by that in which the duke and his little company were. When his royal highness saw the marquess of Montrose struggling with the waves, he insisted that he should be received into the shallop. It was objected against, as attended with peril of life to all; but, regardless of selfish considerations, he pulled him in with his own hand. Nor was this the only instance of humanity by which James distinguished himself on that occasion. A violin player swam so close to the boat as to grasp the side, imploring them, for God's sake, to save his life. The duke ordered that he should be taken into the boat. His companions protested that it was already overloaded, and would have had the wretched suppliant beaten off with the oars, "Fie," exclaimed the duke, who knew him; "he is but a poor fiddler; let us try to save him."¹

The savage instincts of self-preservation, which had prompted the crew of that frail bark to reject the agonizing prayer of a perishing fellow-creature, yielded to the manly appeal of the duke in his behalf. The dripping musician was admitted at once to share, and by his presence to diminish, the chances of the escape of the heir of the crown, the future victor of Blenheim, and their companions in peril. They reached the Mary yacht in safety, when the duke, commanding her to anchor, sent out all her boats, and those of the Happy Return, to save the men in the foundering ship; but, before any service could be done, his royal highness and the rest, to their inexpressible grief, saw her sink.² As for the person whom James, at the imminent risk of his own life, and the lives of the gentlemen who were with him, had preserved from a watery grave—he who, while he clung to the boat's side, had heard the momentous parley between the duke of York and those who were bent on excluding him—had taken umbrage, forsooth, at the terms in which his royal preserver had succeeded in moving their compassion. "Only a poor fiddler!" The service was not sufficient to excuse the use of an epithet which vulgar pride construed into a contempt. James, feeling a regard for one whose life he had preserved, continued to patronise him; but the insect bore him deadly malice—repaid his benefits with the basest ingratitude; he leagued himself with his political libellers, became a spy

¹ Oldmixon.

² Echard.

and a calumniator, and, on the landing of the prince of Orange, was one of the first who offered his services, such as they were, to that potentate. As to Burnet's assertion touching the dogs, which has been repeated by so many subsequent writers, lord Dartmouth says : "I believe his reflection upon the duke, for the care of his dogs, to be as ill-grounded ; for I remember a story which was in everyone's mouth at that time, of a struggle that happened for a plank, between sir Charles Scarborough¹ and the duke's dog Mumper, which convinces me that the dogs were left to take care of themselves, (as he did,) if there were any more on board, which I never heard, till the bishop's story-book was published."²

The duke of York performed the rest of his voyage in the Happy Return, and landed at Leith the next day, Sunday, May 7th, at eight o'clock in the evening ; "and came once again," says lord Peterborough, "into the arms of his incomparable duchess, who was half dead, though she saw him alive, at the fears of that, which, though it was now past, she had heard was once so near." It appears, however, from the following interesting particulars, which were recorded from her own lips, that Mary Beatrice was not aware of the peril in which her husband had been involved, till informed of it by himself. "The duke," she said, "though almost beside himself with grief, at the calamity

¹ Sir Charles Scarborough was one of the royal physicians ; he succeeded in reaching the yacht, but he was almost dead with cold and fatigue when he was taken on board. The captain, sir John Berry, escaped with difficulty by means of a rope into captain Wyborne's boat.

² Letter to Erasmus Lewis, Esq. Notes of the new edition of Burnet, vol. ii. p. 316.—Burnet's third assertion, "that the long boat went off with few, though she might have carried off above eighty more than she did," is equally erroneous. Sir James Dick, the lord provost of Edinburgh, who, with the earls of Middleton, the laird of Touch, and many others were in her, declares that she was so overloaded, that the laird of Hopetoun, the earl of Roxburgh, and many more considered it safer to remain in the sinking ship than to expose themselves to the same hazard. "If the rest," pursues he, "had not thought us dead men, I am sure many more would have jumped in upon us. We were so thronged we had not room to stand." No other author but Burnet could have contrived to make three such sweeping misstatements in as many lines. The only blame that can with justice be imputed to James on this occasion was, his excessive anxiety for the preservation of a box of papers which, in spite of colonel Legge's remonstrances, he insisted on having deposited in the boat before he could be induced to enter it himself. If Burnet had been aware of his obstinacy in this respect he might have censured him with reason for giving them a thought at such a moment. That box, in all probability, contained his autograph Memoirs, a valuable legacy to historians.

which had been attended with the loss of so many lives, had, nevertheless, sufficient presence of mind to prevent any of his followers from preceding him to Holyrood abbey, lest the news of the fatal catastrophe of the Gloucester should be told too suddenly to her, so as to alarm and agitate her, which might have been attended with dangerous results in her present situation. The approach of the little fleet had, of course, been observed from the heights above Edinburgh, and she was in momentary expectation of his arrival. He hastened to her instantly, on landing ; but, for fear of surprising her, made his equerry, Mr. Griffin, enter first, to prepare her for his appearance. The duchess, seeing that gentleman alone, exclaimed in great consternation, ‘Where is the duke?’ ‘He is in the antechamber, madam,’ replied Griffin. The next moment James entered, and announced his own arrival. Mary Beatrice was so overpowered at the thoughts of the dreadful peril from which her lord had narrowly escaped, that she could not restrain her tears, and for years afterwards she wept, and shuddered whenever she thought of it.”¹ The greatest rejoicings, accompanied by bonfires and illuminations, took place in Edinburgh, on account of his royal highness’s escape ; and several spirited popular songs and congratulatory poems were published on the occasion. In some of those, there were allusions to the hopes which the situation of the duchess was calculated to excite among the numerous party who were anxious to see the royal line and name of Stuart continued by a male heir. The following verse from a song by Mat. Taubman, called “York and Albany,” contains a graceful compliment to the duchess :—

“ The wandering dove that was sent forth
To find some landing near,
When England’s ark was toss’d on floods
Of jealousy and fear,—
Returns with olive branch of joy,
To set the nation free
From Whiggish rage, that would destroy
Great York and Albany.”

Great persuasions were used to deter Mary Beatrice from undertaking a journey to England at all, under these circumstances, and, more especially, to dissuade her from a sea voyage; but, notwithstanding the terror which the calami-

¹ M.S. Memorials of Mary d’Esté, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

tous loss of nearly two hundred lives in the fatal Gloucester had excited among her ladies, she declared her determination of accompanying her lord,¹ who wished to adhere to the original plan, of returning to England by sea. She would neither consent to remain in Scotland for her accouchement, without him, nor listen to any arrangement for a long overland journey by herself. "Whatever dangers he might be exposed to," she said, "it was her wish to share them, and that she should esteem herself happier in danger or trouble with him, than in ease and security without him."

The duke of York took a solemn leave of the lords of his majesty's council, and also of the authorities of the good town of Edinburgh; on the 12th of May, a few days after, he, with his faithful duchess and the princess Anne, proceeded in state to Leith, and embarked in the Happy Return. They were attended to the water's edge by a great concourse of people of all degrees, and no little wonder was expressed at the courage of their royal highnesses in venturing to go by sea, after the duke's recent peril and narrow escape from a watery grave. It was to facilitate the embarkation of the duchess of York, whose situation rendered James very solicitous for her safety, that the plan of the accommodation chair and pulley, now so general for ladies, was first devised.² In this simple machine, which she described minutely to her cloistered friends at Chaillot, Mary Beatrice was drawn up the side of the vessel and carried into her cabin. Her principal lady in waiting, Penelope, countess of Peterborough, whose nephew, lord O'Brian, had perished in the Gloucester, was so greatly terrified at the idea of the voyage, that she begged to go in another ship, lest she should infect her royal highness with her fears, and agitate her with her tears and cries.³

"For my part," said Mary Beatrice, when relating these particulars in the days of her widowhood and exile, "I feared nothing; I saw the king, and I seemed to have power to confront every peril. Alas!" added she, sighing, "I often stand self-condemned before God, for my want of love and confidence in Him, when I think of my feelings towards the king, my husband. He was," pursued she,

¹ MS. Memorials of Mary d'Esté. Journal of James II.

² Ibid.

³ Ibid.

"the most intrepid of men, and looked on danger with perfect coolness, as was said of him by monsieur le prince (de Condé), and M. de Turenne."¹

The voyage was safely performed. On the 26th, they arrived at the buoy in the gun-fleet, of which their majesties, who were at Windsor, being informed by express, they came with all the loyal part of their court to Putney, where they took barge, and went down the river to meet and welcome their royal highnesses. At Erith, the joyful encounter took place, where his majesty's barge being laid alongside the auspiciously-named vessel in which the royal exiles had returned from Scotland, they were received on board amidst the thunders of the artillery, and the joyful gratulations with which the duke was greeted by his royal brother and all present, in consequence of his almost miraculous escape in his recent peril at sea. The king also expressed his love and esteem for the duchess, for whom he always had a great regard, and on the present occasion considered her worthy of more sympathy than her lord. He knew how much she had suffered by her residence in a northern climate, and honoured her for her conjugal devotion, as well as for her conjugal patience under some grievances, which were too well known to the whole court. The royal brothers, with their consorts, proceeded, in a sort of triumph, on their pleasant homeward progress up the Thames to Whitehall, where they landed amidst the acclamations of the crowded shores, having been saluted all the way up the river by the ships in the roads, and the guns from the Tower. They proceeded next to Arlington-house, in the park, where they were entertained by the earl and countess with a magnificent banquet. The lord mayor and aldermen, with many worthy citizens, came the same day to offer their congratulations to their royal highnesses on their happy return. In the evening, the city blazed with illuminations and bonfires, the bells rang, and all the tokens of popular rejoicing were expressed.²

These rejoicings were echoed in Edinburgh, as soon as the news of the safe arrival of the duke and duchess were received in "the good town," of which the following traces

¹ MS. Memorials of Mary d'Esté, Archives au Royaume de France.

² Historical Memoirs of James duke of York and Albany. Journal of James. Echard.

have recently been discovered among the Exchequer Records, by Alexander Macdonald, Esq.

"Paid to Robert Kennedy, 10*l.* sterling, for two bonfires, 29th of May and 1st of June, upon the newes of their royal highness' saif arrjvell at London. More 44*l.* scots for wine and glasses as within."

Then follow the vouchers for this outlay, from which we find that the glasses were broken by the loyal topers, and that the bonfires were kindled in the Abbey-close, and on Arthur's-seat, the grandest station for such a beacon of joy that the three realms could boast.

The first thing that occupied James's attention after his return to England was the condition of the widows of the officers and seamen who had perished in the wreck of the Gloucester. To those of the common seamen, he ordered eleven months' pay to be disbursed, and that those of the officers should be pensioned as if their husbands had died in battle, besides presenting each with a donation from his private property, which was received, says a contemporary biographer, "by the poor women with many thanks and reiterated prayers for his royal highness's long life, health and prosperity."¹

James and Mary Beatrice were now established in their own royal home at St. James's palace, once more, and their prospects wore a flattering brightness for a time. Mary Beatrice had always been a favourite with the people, to which her beauty and purity of conduct contributed not a little. She was now only four and twenty, and the charms of early youth had ripened into matron dignity and grace. Her first appearance at the theatre with the duke drew forth the most rapturous applause, and was celebrated by the poetry of Otway and Dryden in the prologue and epilogue of the play that was performed on that occasion. A few days afterwards, the laureate addressed the following elegant lines to her royal highness on her return :

"When factious rage to cruel exile drove
The queen of beauty, and the court of love,
The muses drooped with their forsaken arts,
And the sad Cupids broke their useless darts :
Love could no longer after beauty stay,
But wandered northward, to the verge of day.
But now the illustrious nymph, returned again,
Brings every grace triumphant in her train ;

¹ Memoirs of James duke of York and Albany.

The wondering neraids, though they raised no storm,
 Followed her passage to behold her form :
 Far from her side flew faction, strife, and pride,
 And Envy did but look on her, and died.
 Three gloomy years against this day were set,
 But this one mighty sun hath cleared the debt ;
 For her the weeping heavens became serene,
 For her the ground is clad in cheerful green ;
 For her the nightingales are taught to sing,
 And Nature has, for her, delayed the spring.
 The muse resumes her long-forgotten lays,
 And Love, restored, his ancient realm surveys,—
 Recalls our beauties, and revives our plays :
 His waste dominions peoples once again,
 And from her presence dates his second reign ;
 But awful charms on her fair forehead sit,
 Dispensing what she never will admit ;
 Pleasing, yet cold, like Cynthia's silver beam,—
 The people's wonder, and the poet's theme.
 Distempered zeal, sedition, canker'd hate,
 No more shall vex the church, or tear the state ;
 No more shall faction civil discords move,
 Or only discords of too tender love :
 Discords that only this dispute shall bring,—
 Who best shall love the duke or serve the king."

The manifestation of popular favour with which the royal exiles were greeted on their return to England, was only like a burst of sunshine through dark clouds when the thunder growls ominously in the distance. The exclusionists were defeated but not conquered. They were out-numbered, but they continued to wage their war with the base weapons of libels and political squibs. Hitherto the duchess had been spared from open attacks, though more than one oblique shaft had been aimed in her direction ; but now her situation was to furnish the grounds of a false accusation. As her last child had been a boy, it was confidently hoped by the Yorkists, that she would bring the duke a son. The Orange party, exasperated at the idea of these sanguine anticipations being realized, circulated malicious reports that a plot was in preparation to deprive the protestant heiress of the crown, of her place in the succession, by the imposition of a spurious child. In Scotland, these injurious rumours were indignantly noticed by a now forgotten lyrist of that period, in the following elegant stanzas, with which he concludes a series of mythological compliments to "York's lovely duchess :"

" See, led by her great admiral, she is come,
 Laden with such a blessing home

As doth surmount our joy ;
 And with a happy omen speaks the princely boy.
 Heaven grant him live,
 Our wonted peace and glory to retrieve ;
 And, by a just renown,
 Within its lawful centre fix the crown.
 Then smile, Great Britain's genius, once again,
 And music's daughter's lofty numbers sing ;
 And every beauteous nymph and loyal swain
 Their grateful tribute bring :
 And only impious men
 That happy birth contemn."

Mary Beatrice felt, however, more than usual apprehension as her hour drew nigh, and entreated king Charles to permit her to have the comfort and support of her mother's presence. The king, ever indulgent to his fair sister-in-law, not only acceded to her wish, but wrote with his own hand to the duchess of Modena, acquainting her with her daughter's desire for her company, and inviting her to his court. The duchess of Modena being then in Flanders, came in great haste, to avoid all troublesome ceremonies which might create delay. No sooner was it known that she was in London, than the party that had formed a base confederacy to stigmatize the birth of the infant, in case it proved to be a son, endeavoured to poison the minds of the people, by circulating a report that the duchess of Modena only came to facilitate the popish design of introducing a boy to supplant the female heirs of the crown, in the event of the duchess of York giving birth to a daughter;¹ thus imputing to the duchess of Modena, the absurd intention of depriving her own grandchild of the dignity of a princess of Great Britain, and the next place, in the regal succession after her two elder sisters, for the sake of substituting a boy, whom they pretended she had brought from Holland, for that purpose.² So early was the determination betrayed of impugning any male issue that might be born of the marriage of James II. and Mary of Modena, by the faction which, six years afterwards, succeeded, in some degree, in stigmatizing the birth of their second son. It is also remarkable that circumstances favoured the projected calumny, for Mary Beatrice, who did not expect her

¹ Leti Teatro Britannica, tom. ii. p. 666, published in 1604.

² Ibid.

accouchement till the end of August, was unexpectedly brought to bed on the 15th of that month, only three days after the arrival of the duchess of Modena. She had so quick a time, that very few of the witnesses, whose presence was deemed necessary, to verify the birth of the infant, could be summoned; but as it proved a girl, nothing more was said about the Dutch boy, or the fictitious pregnancy of the royal mother. Great rejoicings were made in Edinburgh, for the safety of the duchess,¹ of which the following amusing document, lately discovered among the Exchequer Records of Scotland, is one of the vestiges:²

“ Att Edinburgh, 22 August, 1682

“ Receaued from sir William Sharp, his majestie's cash keeper, the sum of five pound starlin, and that for the bonfires sett up in the Abbie closs and on Arthur Seat, on the account of her royll hignes being saifly brought to bed. I say receaeued by me,

“ ROBERT KENNEDY.”

“ Alsoe receaeued for wyne and glasses spent at the said bonfyre, the sum of three pound starlin. I say sayceaeued by me,

“ ROBERT KENNEDY.”

The appearance of a comet, the day of the infant's birth, was supposed to prognosticate a great and glorious destiny for the little princess, who was baptized by Henry Compton, bishop of London, by the names of Charlotte Maria. Her sponsors were the duke of Ormond, and the countesses of Clarendon and Arundel. The maternal joy of Mary Beatrice was as usual doomed to be succeeded by maternal grief. The babe, whose birth had been so eagerly anticipated, after an ephemeral existence of about eight weeks,

¹ The Town Council Record Book has the following entry connected with this event:—

“ 21st day of August, 1682.

“ The council have appointed a solemnity this day, in testimony of the great joy and satisfaction that the neighbours and inhabitants within this city, and others, his majesty's lieges therein residing, ought to have for the great blessing all his majesty's good subjects have through God Almighty, his gift of an addition of ain daughter of his royal higness to the royal family. Therefore the council appoints a proclamation to go through the city by beat of drum, ordaining all the inhabitants therein to put on bonfires this day in the afternoon at the ringing of the bells, in testification of their joy and great satisfaction for the great blessing God Almighty has bestowed on the royal family, and the happiness the whole subjects in his majesty's dominions enjoy by the foresaid addition to the royal family. Ilk person that fails to put on bonfires shall pay a penalty of 20. scots.”

The accounts of Magnus Prince, the city treasurer, show that the bonfires cost the good town 33*l.* 2*s.* Scots.

² By Alexander Macdonald, esq., to whose courtesy I am indebted for the transcript.

died suddenly in a convulsion fit; she was interred in the vault of Mary queen of Scots. The prince of Orange wrote a letter to his uncle, the duke of York, expressive of his sympathy, which, however deceitful, appears to have been very gratifying to the bereaved parent, unless James uses the following expressions in bitter sarcasm, well aware, as he was, of William's treacherous practices against him. He says :

"I had yours of the 23rd, at Newmarket, before I came thence, but could not answer it sooner than now. I see by it you were sensibly touched with the loss I had of my little daughter, which is but what I had reason to expect from you that are so concerned at all that happens to me."¹

No important event in the personal history of Mary Beatrice occurred between the death of the princess Charlotte and the accession of her lord to the throne of England. It is certain that she never interfered in political intrigues when duchess of York, and for that reason her name is a blank in public history, during the first twelve years of her residence in England. Her court at St. James's palace was always magnificent, and far more orderly than that at Whitehall. Gregorio Leti, the historiographer to Charles II, gives the following list of the English ladies of whom her household was composed, in the year 1683.² "Penelope Obrien, countess of Peterborough, speaks French well, salary 1600 crowns." This lady had been with her ever since her marriage. "Susanna Armine, lady Bellasys;" the reader will remember that this lady had been honourably wooed by the duke of York for his wife, soon after the death of his first duchess, and, as he could not obtain his brother's consent to the marriage, he had vindicated her character from all aspersion, by making her lady of the bed-chamber to his young consort, Mary Beatrice d'Esté, who never expressed the slightest jealousy of her. The countess of Roscommon was another of the ladies of her bed-chamber. Her six maids of honour were Frances Walsingham, Catharine Fraser, Anne Killigrew, Anne Kingsmill, Catharine Walters, and Catharine Sedley; the last, with a salary of 800

¹ Dalrymple's Appendix. The date of James's letter is Oct. 24, 1682.

² Mary Beatrice had four Italian ladies : Madame de Montecuculi and her daughter, Madame Molza and Pelegrina Turinie, in her household.

crowns ; she was an object of great uneasiness to her royal highness, on account of her illicit tie with the duke. Lady Harrison held the office of mother of the maids. Lady Jones was chamber-keeper. Her bed-chamber women were Mrs. Margaret Dawson, who had been in the service of Anne Hyde, duchess of York, with a salary of 600 crowns; lady Bromley, ditto; lady Wentworth; lady Boucher; and lady Turner. The household of Mary Beatrice had much higher salaries than those of her royal sister-in-law queen Catharine; but the duke's economy enabled his consort to be generous; and it is doubtful if her ladies had any perquisites.

Early in the year 1689, the duke of York was reinstated in his post of lord admiral, on which occasion the first Jacobite song was written and set to music; it was entitled :

THE ROYAL ADMIRAL.

Let Titus¹ and Patience² stir up a commotion,
Their plotting and swearing shall prosper no more;
Now gallant old Jamie commands on the ocean,
And mighty Charles keeps them in awe on the shore.

Jamie the valiant, the champion royal!
His own and the monarchy's rival, withstands;
The bane and the terror of those, the disloyal,
Who slew his loved father, and thirst for his blood.

York the great admiral—ocean's defender,
The joy of our navy, the dread of its foes;
The lawful successor—what upstart pretender
Shall dare, in our iale, the true heir to oppose?

Jamie, who quelled the proud foe on the ocean,
And rode the sole conqueror over the main;
To this gallant hero let all pay devotion,
For England her admiral sees him again.

Mary Beatrice was attacked with a sudden alarming illness, in the latter end of May, the same year, in the absence of her lord, who had been summoned by the king to attend a council at Windsor. As soon as the duke heard of her illness, he hastened to her, but the danger was over by the time he arrived. In a letter, dated May 30th, James relates the symptoms of her malady to the prince of Orange, adding,

¹ Titus Oates, the inventor of the Popish plot.

² Patience Ward, the fanatic alderman.

"But now, God be thanked, she is quite well of that, and free from a feverish distemper which came with it, and I hope will be well enough to go to Windsor by the end of next week."¹

It was during this sojourn at Windsor that the duke of York wrote the following letter to his daughter Henrietta lady Waldgrave :²

"Windsor, June 9, 1684.

"Till the duchess came to this place I did not know that sir Charles Waldgrave was dead, or else I had written sooner to you, to have told you I was sorry to hear of it, and now that sir Henry is come to the estate, I must recommend to you both to be good managers, and to be sure to live within what you have, and be sure to have a care not to run out at first.

"Now that the duchess is here, I shall seldom go to London. When I do, I shall be sure to let you know it, that you may meet me there.

"To-morrow I go a hunting, and on Friday to Hampton-court; and at any time when you do come hither, take care that it be not when I am abroad, that you may not miss me.

"Let me hear from you, and be assured I shall be always very kind to you.
"JAMES."

From the preceding letters of James to this young lady, there is reason to think that his duchess would not, at that time, allow any public countenance to be given to his illegitimate offspring (though she evinced no jealousy of the two princesses), she afterwards took lady Waldgrave into her household. After spending about three weeks with the court at Windsor, the duke and duchess of York returned for a few days to their own palace at St. James's. Up to that period, the friendly relations between Mary Beatrice and her step-daughter the princess Anne, who had now been married several months to prince George of Denmark, had not been interrupted. Evidence of the regard which subsisted between them at this time, appears in the following casual communication in a letter from James to the prince of Orange, dated June 26th, 1684; "The duchess intends for Tunbridge on Monday. My daughter, the princess of

¹ Dalrymple's Appendix.

² Original letters, edited by Sir Henry Ellis, vol. iii. p. 330. First series. Lady Waldgrave was daughter to James II. by Arabella Churchill. She was sister to the duke of Berwick, who is often mentioned in these letters. Henrietta Fitzjames, for so she was called by her father, was brought up a Roman-catholic, and married into a family of the same religion. Her husband was Henry, son and heir of sir Charles Waldgrave. She accompanied her father and his queen in their exile, and lived some years at St. Germains, where we shall often have occasion to mention her.

Denmark, designs to go there, also, to keep her company, but not to take the waters.”¹

A season of peace and national prosperity had succeeded the crisis of the Rye-house plot. The duke of York appeared firmly planted beside the throne, and his influence guided the helm of state; but his knowledge of business and love of economy suited not the views of the corrupt and selfish statesmen of whom his brother’s cabinet was composed. In the beginning of the year 1685, a secret cabal was formed against him, of which the leading members were the earls of Sunderland and Halifax, lord Godolphin and the duchess of Portsmouth, for the purpose of recalling the duke of Monmouth, and driving him and his consort into exile;² but before their plans were matured, the unexpected death of the sovereign placed the rightful heir of the crown in a position to make them tremble.

“They were trying to send us into banishment again,” says Mary Beatrice, “just before we became king and queen of England.”³ This event occurred on February the 6th, 1685.

¹ Dalrymple’s Appendix, vol. ii. p. 50.

² Life of James II. Lingard. Mackintosh.

³ MS. Memorials of Mary of Modena, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

MARY BEATRICE OF MODENA,

QUEEN CONSORT OF JAMES II. KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER IV.

Mary Beatrice queen of England—Her grief for the death of Charles II.—Receives her first homage in bed—Popularity of king James—Reforms at court—Queen's interference about her brother's marriage—Her angry correspondence with him—Friendly letters to the prince of Orange—Ill health and unhappiness of the queen—Her dislike to rouge—Catharine Sedley—Queen's jealousy and reproaches to the king—James dismisses Sedley—Her majesty's splendid regalia—She liberates the poor debtors—Anecdotes of the coronation—King and queen go in state to mass—Queen at the opening of parliament—Monmouth's rebellion—False aspersion on the queen—Monmouth writes to implore her intercession—James creates Sedley countess of Dorchester—Anger of the queen—Party against her—Her unhappiness—She takes to her chamber—Passionate scene with the king—James orders lady Dorchester from court—Queen's maids of honour—Embassy to Rome—Queen obtains a cardinal's hat for her uncle—Queen's visit to the camp at Hounslow—Her state bed—Her displeasure against lord Rochester—Visits his sick wife—Her dislike of father Petre—Public reception of pope's nuncio—Death of the duchess of Modena—Grief of the queen—Her letter to the prince of Orange—She goes to Bath with the king—His attentions to her—Leaves her at Bath—His pilgrimage to St. Winifred's well—Visits the queen at Bath—Warned of the treachery of the prince of Orange by Bonrepaux—He returns to London—Queen joins him at Windsor—They return to Whitehall—Queen's pregnancy—Public thanksgivings—Injurious reports—Declaration of liberty of conscience—The king and William Penn—Father Petre and the queen—Her gracious behaviour to Clarendon—Princess Anne's hatred to the queen—Her secret machinations against her—Outward civility—Queen's sudden illness—Sends for the king—Gives up her intention of lying-in at Windsor—Reasons why not at Whitehall.

MARY BEATRICE was an attendant on the death-bed of her royal brother-in-law, Charles II., and the only person in that room to whom queen Catharine ventured to speak

a word in confidence on his spiritual affairs.¹ No one lamented more sincerely for the fatal termination of the illness of that monarch, although it was an event that elevated her consort and herself to a throne. "The queen that now is," writes an eye-witness of the last moments of Charles II., "was a most passionate mourner, and so tender-hearted, as to think a crown dearly bought with the loss of such a brother."² Mary Beatrice herself, when alluding to her feelings on this occasion, long years afterwards, said, "I confess that I took no pleasure in the envied name of a queen. I was so greatly afflicted for the death of king Charles, that I dared not give free vent to my grief, lest I should be suspected of hypocrisy or grimace. I had loved him very dearly, and with reason, for he was very amiable, and had shown me much kindness."³

The same moment that certified the fact that Charles II. had ceased to breathe, saw every knee bent in homage to the calumniated duke of York, while every voice united in crying, "God save king James II." The crown had taken away all defects, and he was instantaneously beset on every side with compliments and congratulations. Exhausted with grief and watching, beholding in the lifeless form before him a solemn lesson on the frailty of earthly grandeur, and sickening, perhaps, at the shameless adulation of the time-serving courtiers, the new sovereign withdrew to his closet, to commune with his own heart in silence. After a brief pause, James met his council, and was recognised as the lawful monarch of the realm without a dissentient voice. He expressed his passionate sorrow for his brother's death, and signified his intention of governing by the established laws, and supporting the church of England, concluding his address with those words, "I have often ventured my life in defence of this nation, and will go as far as any man in preserving its just privileges."⁴ This declaration was received with unanimous applause. He was immediately proclaimed at the gates of Whitehall, and

¹ See Life of Catharine of Braganza, in the Lives of the Queens of England, vol. viii.

² Letter to the Rev. Francis Roper, in sir Henry Ellis's Letters. First Series. Vol. iii., p. 337.

³ MS. Memorials of Mary d'Esté, in the Archives au Royaume de France. Chaillot collection.

⁴ Journaal of James II. Echard. Lingard, &c.

afterwards in the city, amidst the acclamations of the populace.¹ Evelyn, who assisted at this ceremony, returned with the state officers and the heralds to Whitehall, and was introduced into the presence of the new king and queen, tells us, that “the king, tired out as he was with grief and fatigue, had been compelled, meantime, to take a little repose on his bed, but was now risen, and in his undress.” The queen was still in bed; but the deputation being introduced into her apartment—queens had neither rest nor privacy allowed them in those days of royal slavery—“she put forth her hand, seeming to be much afflicted,” as I believe she was, pursues Evelyn, “having deported herself so decently upon all occasions since she came into England, which made her universally beloved.”² The following Sunday, their majesties went publicly to mass in the queen’s chapel, in St. James’s palace, leaving the chapel royal at Whitehall for the use of the princess Anne of Denmark and the protestant portion of their household. That Sunday almost every pulpit in the metropolis echoed with the praises of the new sovereign, and with prayers that he and his consort might enjoy a long and happy reign. The first few days after their accession to the throne, the new king and queen were chiefly occupied in receiving the compliments and condolences of the ambassadors of all the sovereigns in Europe. Mary Beatrice received and entertained her court, seated under a mourning canopy of state, with a black foot-cloth.³ She performed her part with the grace and dignity that were natural to her; but she took no pleasure in her new honours; she was a childless mother; and, though she was only seven-and-twenty, her enemies began to insinuate the improbability of her bringing heirs to the throne. James had four illegitimate children by Arabella Churchill, and two by his present mistress, Catharine Sedley. His majesty, however, being bent on effecting a moral reform in his court, persuaded Mrs. Sedley to absent herself, to the great satisfaction of those who had feared that she would act the same part in the reign of James as the duchess of Cleveland had done in

¹ All the former animosities seemed to be forgotten, amidst the loud acclamations of his people, on his accession to the throne.—Wellwood’s *Memoirs*, p. 154.

² Evelyn’s *Diary*, vol. ii.

³ *Ibid.*

that of Charles. James was a person of better intentions than his brother. He expressed publicly his abhorrence of drinking and swearing. "On Sunday last," writes a contemporary, "the king, going to mass, told his attendants he had been informed that since his declaring against the disorder of the household, some had the impudence to appear drunk in the queen's presence. 'Tis thought he reflected on the duke of A.;¹ but he advised them at their peril to observe his orders, which he would see obeyed."² James also discouraged the practice of duelling, which was one of the prevailing sins of the age, and had caused several frightful tragedies in his brother's court; among other things, he said, "I know a man who has fought nine duels, and yet is a very coward, having manifestly shown himself so during an engagement at sea."³ The king attended closely to business, and a great change for the better appeared in the manners of the courtiers: profane and licentious speeches were no longer tolerated.

The first use Mary Beatrice made of her new power and dignity as queen of England, was an attempt to compel her brother, the duke of Modena, who had perversely remained a bachelor till he was five-and-twenty, to enter the holy pale of wedlock with a consort of her providing. The young lady whom she was desirous of making duchess of Modena was mademoiselle de Bouillon, one of the greatest heiresses in France, nearly related to themselves also, for her mother was one of the fair Mancini sisters. Perhaps the duke of Modena disliked the connexion, or preferred choosing a wife for himself, for he coldly declined the alliance. Mary Beatrice, who appears to have taken an infinity of pains in gaining the consent of the lady and of the king of France, under the idea that she was rendering her brother a great service, was exceedingly offended at this contumacy, which she attributed to the evil counsels of his prime minister and favourite, prince Cesar, a kinsman of their family. The records in the *Archives des Affaires Etrangere de France* connected with this business, prove that she behaved with petulance towards her brother and his minister. "In her letter of

¹ This must have been the duke of St. Albans, son of Charles II. by Nell Gwynne.

² Letters of the Herbert family.

³ Ibid.

the 26th of February there are marks of great anger on the part of the queen of England against prince Cesar," observes our authority,¹ "and she seems disposed to carry matters with a high hand, as she says he is the cause of preventing the marriage she has proposed, for which marriage she testifies the most ardent wish." In another letter, written by her on the 5th of March, she manifests the same disposition. The king, her husband, has told the abbé Rizzini, that of all the matches that had been proposed for the duke, that with mademoiselle de Bouillon was the most advantageous for him, and that he thought he ought not to hesitate any longer about accepting it, since the king of France had expressed a wish for it, and it was the only means by which he could reinstate himself in the good graces of that prince; and that, for the future, he must not reckon on the good offices either of the queen or himself, unless he resolved to follow their advice."

Mary Beatrice went so far as to express her opinion that prince Cesar had suppressed her former letters to the duke, her brother, saying, that "she had some thoughts of sending the abbé Rizzini to Modena, that he might communicate all she felt on the subject; and it was her wish that the abbé should pass through Paris, that he might see mademoiselle de Bouillon, in order to give the duke a description of her shape and person, and to afford that lady any information she might desire."² This, it appears, she did, and at the same time wrote a passionate letter to her brother, complaining of his conduct, which, she said, "she entirely attributed to the evil influence of prince Cesar; and that, if he did not alter his determination, and consent to this advantageous match which she had proposed for him, she should be compelled to add her resentment to that of the king of France." She even threatened the minister with her vengeance. In a letter to the king of France, she positively declared "that she never would desist from this design till she had brought it to pass, the king of England and she having set their hearts upon it; and that it could not fail of being accomplished, provided the king of France continued in the same mind. " Nevertheless," added she, "I see plainly that prince Cesar will not allow the duke of Modena to marry, that he may retain his influence over

¹ Inedited MS. in the Archives des Affaires Etrangere de France.

² Communicated by monsieur Dumont.

him, and continue to govern him as he has hitherto done." She begged that Louis would communicate with her privately on this matter, as she did not wish to discuss it with his ambassador Barillon. The duke of Modena wrote to his sister, "that he had some thoughts of coming to England, to explain to her in person the reasons that prevented him from accepting her proposition." When she had read this letter, she exclaimed with great vehemence, "Unless he has vowed himself a monk, I see no good reason why he should not marry; and if he does marry, why should he not accept the proposition that I have made to him?" On the 12th of March, Mary Beatrice wrote to the king of France, "If the last letters I have written to my brother, together with the change in my condition, do not incline him to allow me to conclude the marriage I have proposed for him, we must suppose there is nothing more to be done, unless the resolutions that the king may take against prince Cesar may lead him to accommodate the matter, by inducing the duke of Modena to bestow his hand in this marriage." In a letter of the 15th, her majesty wrote, "that she thought of requesting the king, her husband, to write a letter to the duke of Modena, representing to him how wrong he was to demur giving his hand where she had advised, as the most advantageous marriage he could make, since it would wholly reinstate him in the good graces of the king of France, with whom he was at variance; therefore he ought to consider it as the greatest good she could procure for him;" she added, "that she considered prince Cesar had been the cause of all the false steps the duke, her brother, had taken; and that if she could only get the duke to come to England, she had every hope that she should be able to induce him to enter into this alliance; only she much doubted that prince Cesar would never permit him to come, for fear such a journey should be prejudicial to his design of continuing to govern the duke and country of Modena as tyrannically as he had hitherto done, so that she foresees he will prevent it, and she is quite sure that he has suppressed most of the letters that she has written to her brother."¹ The dangerous position of the duke of

¹ Documents in the Archives des Affaires Etrangere, by favour of Mons. Guizot. The duke of Modena resisted the dictation of his royal sister, and took a consort of his own selection, Margaretta Farnese, daughter of Ranucci II., duke of Parma. L'Art de verifier les Dates.

Modena's affairs, in consequence of his rash quarrel with Louis XIV., and the pains Mary Beatrice had taken to effect a reconciliation, by means of the proposed marriage between him and mademoiselle de Bouillon, cannot excuse the imperious manner in which she attempted to over-rule his reluctance. Little had she learned of the combative nature of mankind during her twelve years of matrimony. It seems that James allowed her to say what she pleased in any matter of dispute, but acted according to his own pleasure. In many respects, he had acted much wiser and better if he had followed her advice. She was greatly opposed to his allowing father Petre any share in his councils; she disliked the man, and perceived that he would lead his majesty into unpopular courses.

Of a far more courteous character than her correspondence with the duke of Modena, her brother, was the letter which Mary Beatrice wrote to the prince of Orange, in reply to the congratulations which he had addressed to her by his ambassador :

“ Whitehall, March 16, 1685.

“ The lines you sent me by Mr. Overke (Overkirk), and the compliments he made me from you, were so obliging, that I know not how to thank you half enough for it; but I hope you believe that all the marks you give me of your friendship are very agreeable to me, and so must desire the continuance of it, which I am sure I shall always deserve from you; for nothing can ever alter me from being, with all sincerity, and without compliments, yours truly,

“ M. R.

“ Pray follow my example, and write to me without any ceremony, for it is not to be minded between such friends as we are.”

Though all things wore a smiling aspect¹ at the beginning of her consort's reign, the fickle multitude evincing the enthusiastic loyalty which is generally manifested towards a new sovereign, Mary Beatrice was neither well in body nor tranquil in mind. “ The health of the queen of England,” writes Barillon to Louis XIV., “ is not in a good state; those who are about her person believe that she will not live long. Her malady is a species of inflammation on the chest, with violent attacks of colic, which frequently return. She believes herself in danger.”² In another letter his excellency speaks of her majesty having become very thin and pale. Up to that period, Mary Beatrice had

¹ Dalrymple's Appendix, 116. Copied from the original in king William's box, at Kensington-palace.

² Despatches in Fox's Appendix.

never used art to heighten her complexion. She had a great objection to rouge, not only as a matter of taste, but from a religious scruple. It was, however, the fashion for the ladies of her court to paint, and the king told her he wished her to do the same, more out of complaisance, probably to the opinion of others, than because he imagined that artificial opaque tints of red could harmonize better with the classic dignity of her features, than her own pure marble-like complexion. The queen, willing to please her lord at any rate, at length complied with the fashion, by putting on the rouge. Father Seraphin, a capuchin friar of great sanctity, seemed surprised when he saw her thus; and in reply to some remark about the paleness that seemed to render it necessary, bluntly exclaimed, “Madame, I would rather see your majesty yellow, or even green, than rouged.” This being in the presence of the king, the queen was infinitely amused at the uncourtier-like sincerity of the old ecclesiastic, and could never think of his rejoinder without laughing.¹ The cause that robbed the cheek of the young and beautiful consort of James II. of bloom, preyed on her spirits, and occasionally ruffled the equanimity of her temper, was her inability to induce him to dismiss his bold, audacious paramour, Catharine Sedley, from her household.² This woman, after James’s accession to the throne, aspired to become a recognised state mistress, and to enjoy the same power that she had seen the duchess of Portsmouth exercise in the late reign. Unfortunately, those who called themselves James’s best friends, the earl of Rochester, for instance, and other gentlemen who dreaded the effects of his blind zeal for Romanism, which they attributed to the influence of his catholic consort, thought that it would be as well if that influence were counter-

¹ MS. Memorials of Mary of Modena.

² Catharine Sedley was the daughter of the witty and profligate gentleman-author, sir Charles Sedley: she had been mistress to James II. for some time previous to his marriage with the queen. She was very plain, excepting a stately figure. She had a talent for repartée, coarse enough to be called wit in those days. She insisted on the reward for her vile course of life, which was granted by James, who made her baroness of Darlington and countess of Dorchester, but only for life. The most respectable trait in her father’s character was his indignation as a gentleman at this disgraceful advancement of his only child. Hence that well known line of Dr. Johnson—

“And Sedley cursed the form that pleased a king.”

Her daughter, by the king, married Sheffield, duke of Buckingham.

balanced by the fascinations of her rival. Catharine Sedley piqued herself on being a good protestant, which goodness consisted not, of course, in the purity and holiness of life enjoined by the reformed religion, but in hostility to that of Rome ; and she was accustomed to amuse James with the most cutting raillery on the ceremonies and dogmas of his faith. It was devoutly hoped by Rochester, Clarendon, and others, that her powers of ridicule would, in time, destroy his majesty's unpopular veneration for the church of Rome, and they very improperly encouraged him in his unprincipled violation of his conjugal duties.¹

The queen, when she learned that her audacious rival was supported by the king's brothers-in-law, treated them and their ladies with the disdain which such conduct was calculated to excite in her bosom. This was in turn resented and revenged in various ways, and the result was, that Sunderland, who was politically opposed to the earl of Rochester, and affected to pay great court to the queen, worked his way into a preponderance of power in the cabinet, not through her favour, for she always distrusted him, but in consequence of her hostility to the allies of Catharine Sedley.² Sad indeed it is when the virtuous affections of a pure and sensitive heart are rendered instrumental to the selfish interests of cold, calculating politicians. Yet the jealousy of Mary, Beatrice was not the coarse feeling that belongs to vulgar-minded women. Long after the death of her lord, when she alluded to her affection for him, she once adverted to her wrongs in these words, “ I will not say that he had no other attachment or passion. The king was ready to sacrifice his crown to his faith, but had no power to banish a mistress. I said to him once, ‘ Sir, is it possible that you would, for the sake of one passion, lose the merit of all your sacrifices ? ’ ” On another occasion, her majesty confessed, that she had suffered herself to be so far transported by her indignant feelings, as to say to the king, “ Give her my dower—make her queen of England, but let me never see her more ! ” Mary Beatrice considered, however, that she had been guilty of a great fault, in speaking thus to her lord.³ The remonstrances of the priests and the catholic lords, who made common cause with her ma-

¹ Mackintosh. Lingard.

² Ibid.

³ MS. Memorials of Mary of Modena, Archives au Royaume de France.

jesty, induced James to expunge Mrs. Sedley's name from the list of the ladies of his injured consort's household; and he made a strong effort to break the disgraceful tie, by enjoining her departure from the court. Such intimacies are much easier contracted than broken, as all princes find to their cost. Catharine left town for a little while, but retained her apartments at Whitehall; the result will be shown anon. It can scarcely be imagined, that James really preferred a coarse-minded, unchaste, ugly woman to his virtuous, loving, and beautiful wife. The empire of Catharine Sedley was that of habit, maintained by violence and effrontery. She was the mother, at that time, of a grown-up daughter, whom he had married to the earl of Annesley. There are many proofs, notwithstanding his infidelities, that James regarded his consort with feelings of respect, amounting to veneration. His admiration for her personal charms, is testified by the device he chose for the reverse of her coronation medal, in which her graceful figure, clothed in flowing draperies, is seated on a rock in the attitude of a Britannia, with an inscription from Æneas's address to Venus, "O DEA CERTE."

The proclamations were issued for the coronation of the king and queen, to take place April 23rd, being St. George's day. Circulars were on this occasion issued to the peeresses to attend, in scarlet robes and coronets, on the queen at that ceremonial.

One of the Scotch judges, sir John Lauder of Fountainhall, makes a singular observation in his diary, on the intimation that Mary Beatrice was to be crowned: "What the coronation of the queen imports is doubted, if it will make her regent after his death. A massy crown of gold is making for her. Our commons," continues he, "took up a jealousy that the Scots crown was to be sent down to Windsor, that the king might be crowned with it."

No queen-consort had been crowned in England, with the single exception of Anne of Denmark, since Anne Boleyn, and great interest was excited at the expectation of Mary of Modena taking her proper place in this imposing spectacle, which her great beauty and majestic figure were eminently calculated to adorn.

So many ancient claims were revived for the performance of various services, which, in the olden times, were

required of the manorial nobility of England, by the sovereign, but which had in later years fallen into disuse, that a court was empowered to sit at Westminster for the purpose of deciding them, previous to the coronation. This court was opened on the 30th of March. Many of these claims being founded on oral tradition, were judged obsolete.¹ The lord of the manor of Bardolf, in Addington, Surrey, claimed to find a man to make a dish of grout² for their majesties' table, and, therefore, prayed that the king's master-cook might perform that service, which was granted. The lord of the manor of Fyngrith, Essex, claimed to be chamberlain to the queen for that day, and to have the queen's bed and furniture, basins, &c., belonging to the office, and to have a clerk in the exchequer to demand and receive the queen's gold.³ This claim was disallowed, because not made out as regarded the moveables; as for the ancient immunity of the queen gold, or *aurum reginæ*, it was never either claimed or received by Mary Beatrice.

King James, with his usual regard to economy, curtailed some of the expensive details connected with his inauguration, especially the cavalcade from the Tower, by which he effected a retrenchment of upwards of 60,000*l.* In consequence of the plunder of the crown jewels by the Roundheads, during the civil war, every article of the queen's regalia had to be supplied out of the fund voted for the coronation in this reign. No parsimony, however, was shown by James in regard to the circlet, crowns, and other regal ornaments, which were made expressly for the use of his consort, for they appear to have been of unparalleled magnificence. The price of the diamonds, pearls, and other gems, with which her imperial diadem was set, amounted to 100,658*l.*

¹ Among some of the curious observances connected with the customs of regality in the olden time, on such occasions, may be reckoned the claim of the lord of the manor of Lyston, in Essex, to make wafers for the king and queen, to serve them up at their table, and to have all the instruments of silver and metal, with all the linen used on this occasion, with a certain proportion of the ingredients of which these dainty little cakes were compounded, and living for himself and three men. This claim was allowed, the composition and baking of the wafers were performed by deputy chosen from among the household, and the fees compounded for 30*l.* British Chronologist.

² This dish was that far-famed regal potage, or delicate white soup, known by the name of dilligrout at the coronation banquets of the Norman and Plantagenet sovereigns.

³ British Chronologist.

sterling, according to Evelyn, who saw the bills attested by the goldsmith and jeweller who set them. When completed, however, it was valued at 111,900*l.*¹

The coronation was in the Easter week. King James, on the Maunday-Thursday previous, performed in person the ancient ceremonial observance of the sovereigns of England, by washing the feet of fifty-two poor men, according to the number of his own years, and touched several for the king's-evil. The night before the coronation, the queen slept at St. James's palace, her former abode, when duchess of York, and always preferred by her to the royal palace of Whitehall. The next morning, having performed her devotions there, she was attired by her ladies of the bedchamber, assisted by her women, in her royal robes of purple velvet, furred with ermine, and looped with ropes and tassels of pearls; her kirtle being of rich white and silver brocade, ornamented with pearls and precious stones, with a stomacher very elaborately set with jewels. On her head, was a cap of purple velvet, turned up with ermine, powdered with gems, and a circlet of gold very richly adorned with large diamonds, curiously set, a row of pearls round the upper edge. She then went privately in her chair to Whitehall, and thence through Privy-gardens into Channel-row, and across New Palace-yard to Westminster-hall, where the court of wards had been fitted up for her majesty to repose herself in with her ladies, while the ceremonial of the procession was set in order in the hall.

At the same time that the king entered Westminster-hall, her majesty, attended by her lord chamberlain, and her other officers and ladies, came out of the court of wards by a private door at the south-west corner of the hall, and went to her chair of state under her canopy at the upper end of the hall, and stood before it until the king was seated. The seats of the royal pair were under separate canopies, that of the queen being somewhat lower and smaller than that of the king, but both exceedingly rich.²

After the regalia had been delivered to the king, and placed, with ceremonies too elaborate to recapitulate here,

¹ This very elegant crown, or a *fac simile* of it, in shape and design, is shown among her majesty, queen Victoria's regalia, in the Tower, as the crown with which subsequent queens-consort have been crowned.

² Sandford's Book of the Coronation.

on the table at which their majesties were to dine that day, the said table being covered with a large fine carpet of Turkey or Persian work, the queen's crown, sceptre, and the ivory rod with the dove, were, in like manner, delivered and placed on the table before her majesty, at the king's left hand, and were distributed by the lord-great-chamberlain to the noblemen appointed to carry them.

The queen's procession, headed by her vice-chamberlain, Mr. Robert Strickland,¹ preceded that of the king in the following order :—the earl of Dorset, carrying the ivory rod ; the earl of Rutland the sceptre; and the duke of Beaufort the crown. After them, followed the queen herself, supported by the bishops of London and Winchester, under a rich canopy, supported by sixteen barons of the Cinque Ports. Her train was borne by the young duchess of Norfolk, assisted by four daughters of earls—viz., lady Jane Noel, daughter of the earl of Gainsborough; lady Anne Herbert, daughter of the earl of Pembroke; lady Anne Spencer, daughter of the earl of Sunderland; and lady Essex Roberts. The countess of Peterborough, groom of the stole, as she was called, with two ladies of the bedchamber, lady Sophia Bulkeley, and Frances, countess of Bantry, with Mrs. E. Bromley, and Mrs. Margaret Dawson, her majesty's bed-chamber women, were in close attendance on her person. The king's procession, in which the venerable sir William Dugdale walked, in his eighty-second year, as garter-king-of-arms, followed in solemn state. Their majesties walked in this order from Westminster-hall, through New Palace-yard, into King-street, and so through the great sanctuary to the west door of the abbey, the passage being railed in on both sides, from the north door of the hall to the entrance into the choir, guarded by his majesty's guards, horse and foot. Two breadths of blue cloth were spread for their majesties' to walk on, all the way from the stone steps in the hall to the foot of the steps in the abbey-choir, amounting in all to 1220 yards.

The ancient and most picturesque custom of strewing flowers before the royal procession, being revived on this occasion, was performed by Mrs. Mary Dowle, hereditary herb-woman to the king, assisted by six young ladies, all wearing hoods, as represented in the plate illustrative of

¹ See the picture in Sandford's Book of the Coronation of James II. and Mary D'Esté.

the flower-strewing in Sandford's book of the coronation of James II. and Mary Beatrice. The herb-strewers appear there in the full-dress costume of the period, deep pointed bodices, with open robes, looped back to show rich petticoats. They wear long gloves, and very deep ruffles, falling from the elbows nearly to the wrists. Baskets containing two bushels of flowers and sweet herbs each, were carried—no light burden for the fair strewers—two women to every basket, and nine basketsfull were strewn. As it was April, we may presume that violets, primroses, cowslips, pansies, blue-bells, and jonquils, with stores of sweetbrier sprigs, and other herbs of grace, formed the staple commodity, over which the gold-broidered slippers of the beautiful Italian queen and her noble attendants trod daintily on that proud day, as they proceeded from the hall to the western entrance of the abbey, the drums beating a march, the trumpets sounding *levets*, and the choir singing, all the way to the church, the well-known anthem, commencing “*O Lord, grant the king a long life,*” &c.

Both James and his consort were greeted with reiterated acclamations from the crowded spectators, who forgot, at least for one day, all differences of creeds in the delight occasioned by the royal pageant. The people were, indeed, prepared to look upon the queen with pleasure, for she had hallowed the day of her consecration with a deed of tender and munificent charity, by releasing all the prisoners who were in gaol for small debts, taking the payment upon herself of all sums not exceeding five pounds. Eighty prisoners were discharged from Newgate alone, through the gracious compassion of Mary Beatrice, which was extended to all the small debtors in confinement throughout the realm.¹ Hundreds and thousands, therefore, had reason to remember that anniversary, and to bless her name, when, of all the glories of royalty that surrounded her that day, nothing remained to her but the empty name of queen, and the sweet recollection that she had caused many to rejoice in her joy, by doing good when she had it in her power.

When the queen reached the entrance of the choir, she left her canopy and its supporters, and, preceded by her vice-chamberlain and regalia bearers, and followed by her ladies in attendance, ascended the steps of the raised plat-

¹ *Historic Observes*, by sir John Lauder of Fountainhall.

form, or theatre, between her two bishops, and so, going to the chair of state prepared for her, on the east side of the sacrarium, she stood beside it to await the king's coming.¹ It has been said that this royal ceremonial derived its greatest lustre from the presence of so beautiful a queen, whose graceful figure and majestic carriage were so well fitted to adorn the external pomp with which royalty is surrounded on such an occasion. Sandford's prints of this coronation represent Mary Beatrice with her hair dressed very low, a style that well became her classic outline, and with a profusion of long ringlets falling on either side her face, and floating on her bosom. Another contemporary quaintly observes, "The jewels she had on were reckoned worth a million, which made her shine like an angel."² While she stood by her chair of state, the Westminster scholars greeted her with shouts of "Vivat regina Maria!" a compliment never paid before to any but a sovereign. This salutation, or short prayer, as it is termed, they continued to reiterate till the arrival of the king, to whom they knelt, saluting him, in like manner, by shouting "Vivat rex!" as he ascended the steps of the choir to the theatre. Their majesties having knelt at their faldstools, remained in private devotion for a few moments, arose, and seated themselves in their chairs of state: the queen's officers, and the noble bearers of her regalia, her train-bearer, and the ladies her assistants, the two supporting bishops standing on either side her majesty, her lord-chamberlain also on her right hand, and vice-chamberlain on her left, and her ladies behind her chair. At the recognition, the people signified their willingness and joy with loud acclamations of "God save king James!" After the offering of the pall of cloth of gold had been made by the king, the queen was brought up from her seat to the altar, to perform the like ceremony, her regalia being borne before her. Mary Beatrice joined in the service of the church of England, not only without hesitation, but with edifying piety. Indeed, the devout behaviour of the queen, and the earnestness with which she made her responses, were generally noticed.³ The bishop of London had presented her with a small book of the prayers which were appointed to be used on that occasion, and she read from it with the greatest reverence and at-

¹ Sandford.

² Fountainhall's *Historic Observers*.

³ Patrick's *Diary*.

tention during the whole of the ceremony.¹ Mary Beatrice probably felt at that moment that the differences between Christian churches were not great enough to prevent those who agreed in the truths of Scripture from uniting together in an act of prayer. The sermon was preached by Turner, bishop of Ely, at half-past one. While the hymn, "Veni Creator," was singing, in preparation for the consecration, the queen knelt by the king's side near the altar.² The entire service of anointing, crowning, investing, and enthroning the king, and the homage from bishops and peers, were performed before the consecration of the queen took place, she having remained seated in her chair of state, on the south side of the area, a spectatress of the inauguration of her royal lord, till the last verse of the anthem, "His seed also will I make to endure for ever, and his throne as the days of heaven," had been sung, followed by flourish of trumpets, beat of drum, and the shouts of "God save the king!" from those who were so soon to transfer their oaths of allegiance and shouts of gratulation to another. King James had bestowed much care on his consort's regalia, but none on his own. The crown had been made for Charles II., whose phrenological organization was broadly and powerfully developed; consequently, it was too wide in the circlet, and not lofty enough in the arch, to fit James II., for the heads of the royal brothers were as unlike as their characters. When Sancroft placed this diadem on James's head it tottered. Henry Sidney put forth his hand, and kept it from falling, saying, as he did so, "This is not the first time, your majesty, that my family have supported the crown;"³ a brilliant *bon-mot*, if it had been based on facts, but a vain boast from a member of a republican family, and who, at the very time he was complimenting himself for this *small* crown service, was engaged in a treasonable correspondence with the prince of Orange, for the purpose of undermining the throne of his unsuspecting sovereign.⁴ It is well known that this trifling incident, which a little foresight on the part of James might have prevented, was regarded by the superstition of many present as an evil omen. Few are aware that the circum-

¹ MS. from the family papers of George IV.

² Sandford.

³ Burnet. Echard.

⁴ See his letters in Blencowe's Sidney Correspondence.

stance was noted with dismay by the anxious queen, who was, of course, the most deeply interested person there. She mentioned it herself, many years after the revolution, in these words, "There was a presage that struck us, and every one who observed it ; they could not make the crown keep firm on the king's head ; it appeared always on the point of falling, and it required some care to hold it steady."¹

When the ceremony of anointing the queen took place, the duchess of Norfolk took off her rich cap of state, and the archbishop pronounced the prayer as she knelt before him, and poured the oil on her head in the form of a cross. The ladies then opened her majesty's dress on the bosom, and he anointed her on the breast with the same ceremonies. The duchess of Norfolk dried the place where the oil had been poured with fine cotton wool, and placed a fine linen coif on her majesty's head. Then the archbishop put the coronation ring, set with a fair ruby and sixteen smaller ones round the hoop, on her fourth finger ; and this ring Mary Beatrice wore to her dying day, and nothing could ever induce her to part with it. When Sancroft placed the crown on her head, the cries of "Long live the queen" resounded through the abbey, and were many times redoubled and prolonged. Then all the peeresses put on their coronets, and the choir sang that appropriate anthem from the 45th Psalm :—

" My heart is inditing of a good matter, I speak of the things I have made unto the king. At his right hand shall stand the queen, &c."

While this anthem was singing, her majesty rose, and was conducted to her throne, which was placed at the king's left hand, and many steps lower than his. She made a very low reverence to his majesty, as she passed before him, to take her seat on her throne, where she reposed herself till the end of the anthem, while the peeresses, which was an unusual token of respect, came up to render her complimentary marks of homage.¹ The queen's coronation medals, bearing her effigies, were thrown about at the same time. In consequence of the unfortunate difference in the religious opinions of the sovereign and his consort, from those of the great majority of their subjects, and of that church of which James, in virtue of his regal office, was the nominal head

¹ MS. Memorials of Mary d'Esté, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

and defender, they did not receive the sacrament. “ At the coronation,” says bishop Patrick, “ I observed a vast difference between the king’s behaviour and the queen’s. At the reading of the litany, they both came to kneel before the altar ; and she answered at all the responses, but he never moved his lips. She expressed great devotion, but he little or none, often looking about as unconcerned. When she was anointed and crowned, I never saw greater devotion in any countenance : the motion of her body and hands were very becoming, and she answered “ Amen” to every prayer with much humility. There was not the least sign of pleasure or transport, but all seriousness and composure of spirit.”

The prayers being ended, the king and queen descended from their thrones, and proceeded in state to St. Edward’s chapel, where they delivered their crowns and sceptres to the archbishop of Canterbury, by whom they were placed on the altar there. Then their majesties retired each into a separate retiring room, or traverse, where the queen reposed herself in hers, till his majesty was revested in his imperial robes of purple velvet. Then coming forth, and standing before the altar there, the archbishop placed other crowns on their heads, with caps of purple velvet ; that which had been made expressly for the queen was of exceeding richness and elegance of form.

During the recess, Mary Beatrice departed from the solemn rigour of royal etiquette, by going in her state crown into the private box, where the princess Anne and prince George of Denmark sat incognito to see the ceremonial, and chatted affectionately with them for some time.¹ Her majesty returned from St. Edward’s chapel, preceding the king, holding her sceptre with the cross in her right hand, and the ivory rod, with the dove, in her left ; her train borne as before ; and, passing through the choir, she was again received under her canopy of cloth of gold by the sixteen barons of the Cinque Ports ; and thus guarded on either side by the band of gentlemen pensioners, she left

¹ King’s Library, MS. in French, presented by George IV. from his family papers—Recueil de Pièces, extracted by George Auguste Gargan, p. 91. It is entitled, “ Relation du couronnement du roi Jacques II. et de la reine.” The queen is repeatedly mentioned, and the whole is most interesting. It was evidently sent for the information of the Royal House of Hanover.

the church, followed immediately by king James in his regalia, with the swords of state borne before him.

As the royal procession passed from the abbey, to Westminster-hall, the drums and trumpets sounded, and a vast concourse of spectators rent the air with acclamations, and cries of “ Long live the king and queen !” Many fountains played with jets of wine, according to the custom of the good old times.¹ When their majesties returned to Westminster-hall, they reposed themselves in their separate retiring-rooms, in the court of wards, till all the company had taken their places at the seven tables, which were laid for the privileged or invited guests at the banquet. Then the king, preceded by his great state-officers, made his entry, with his crown on his head, his sceptre and orb in either hand, and seated himself in his chair of state, at the head of the royal table. Immediately after, the queen, wearing her crown, and bearing the sceptre and the ivory rod, with the dove, her train borne by her ladies, came forth from her retirement in the court of wards, and took her seat in her chair of state, at the king’s left hand.

Most of the ancient ceremonies observed at the coronation banquets of the Anglo-Norman and Plantagenet services, were revived by James on this occasion. The lords, who claimed the office of sewers that day, went to the dresser of the kitchen, to receive the dishes. The master of the horse officiated, as serjeant of the silver-scullery, and went in person to the kitchen-bar to take assay of the king’s meat, which was thus performed : having called for a dish of meat, he wiped the bottom of the dish, and also the cover, within and without, tasted it, covered it, and caused it to be conveyed to the royal table, and attended by a procession of all the great officers of the household, including the earl marshal, with his rod ; the lord high steward, with his white staff ; the lord high constable, with his constable’s staff, rode up the hall on horseback, preceding the first course. Thirty-two dishes of hot meat were brought up by the knights of the Bath, bareheaded, followed by a supply of other dishes by private gentlemen. Then the lord of the manor of Addington had the satisfaction of placing the mess of dillegroult before their majesties, and was afterwards knighted for his pains.²

¹ King’s Library MS. and Sandford’s Book of the Coronation.

² Ibid.

Dinner being placed on the table by the king and queen's carvers, with the help of the earl-sewers and their assistants, the lord great chamberlain, with his majesty's cup-bearers and assistants, went to the king's cup-board, and washed before they presumed to tender their services to the sovereign. Then the lord great chamberlain, preceded by the usher of the black rod, assisted by the cup-bearer, and followed by the officials before-mentioned, brought up the great basin and ewer for his majesty to wash. James, rising, delivered the sceptre, with the cross, to the nobleman appointed to hold it, and the orb to the bishop of Bath and Wells. Then the cup bearer poured water on his hands, and the lord of the manor of Heyden, in Essex, held the towel to his majesty. At the queen's washing, water was appointed to be poured on her majesty's hands by the earl of Devonshire, her cup-bearer, and the earl of Bridgewater was to offer her the towel; but she only used a wet napkin, which was presented to her by the earl of Devonshire on his knee. Grace was then said by the dean of the chapel royal, and their majesties sat down to dinner. The banquet consisted of upwards of a thousand dishes, among which many Scotch dainties, appearing for the first time, puzzled southern gastronomes, with their hard names and novel forms, and delighted the northern magnates, by testifying their majesties' remembrance of the hospitalities they had received in Scotland.

Before the second course, Sir Charles Dymoke, the king's champion, clad in one of the king's best suits of white armour, having a helmet on his head, with a great plume of feathers—white, red, and blue—mounted on a fine white charger, rode into the hall, preceded by trumpeters, and attended by his two esquires, richly dressed, one bearing his lance erect, the other his target. The earl marshal, and the lord constable, both on horseback, bringing him up to the royal table, where the herald-at-arms proclaimed his challenge, and the champion flung down his gauntlet. Not entirely a needless ceremony, as Monmouth was taking measures to contest the crown. This being thrice repeated, and no objection offered, the champion made a low obeisance to the king, who drank to him from a gilt bowl, and then sent the bowl of wine with its cover to him. The champion, with a low obeisance, pledged his majesty again,

and then, having performed his service, rode out of the hall, taking the bowl and cover as his fee. Then garter, and the two provincial kings of arms, with the other heralds and poursuivants, came, and with the accustomed ceremonials, cried, “Largess!” to the king; and, having received his majesty’s gift, proclaimed his style and titles in Latin, in French, and English, and cried, “Largess” thrice.

While the second course was carrying up, the mayor of Oxford and the lord mayor of London were brought up to the king, as assistants in the butlery, and kneeling, presented to the king wine in gilded bowls, and received them as their fees. Then the lord of the manor of Lyston, in Essex, brought up a charge of wafers to the royal table; and at the end of the dinner, while the king and queen were eating their wafers, came the lord mayor of London again, with twelve of the principal citizens, and presented wine to the king in a gold cup; and the king, having drank thereof, presented the cup to the lord mayor as his fee,¹ which service being performed, the twelve citizens retired to dine at the lower end of the second table, where room had been left for them, below the aldermen. Dinner being ended, and grace said, their majesties performed their ablutions with the same ceremonies as before dinner; and then the king, resuming his orb and sceptre, the queen her sceptre and ivory rod, with the dove, they withdrew with their officers of state, their trains borne as before, the queen, attended by her ladies, into the court of wards, about seven in the evening, and having delivered their regalia to the dean of Westminster, and the master of the jewel-house, they departed in the same manner as they came.²

In the days of her exile and sorrowful widowhood, Mary Beatrice declared, “that she had never taken any pleasure in the envied name of a queen,” yet she sometimes spoke of the glories of her coronation, and descanted with true feminine delight on the magnificence of the regalia that had been prepared for her. “My dress and royal mantle,” said she, “were covered with precious stones, and it took all the jewels, that all the goldsmiths of London could procure, to decorate my crown; of all these, nothing was lost except

¹ Sandford.

² The king’s son by Catharine Sedley died on the day of the coronation.

one small diamond, worth about forty shillings."¹ She told the nuns of Chaillot, "that no coronation of any preceding king of England had been so well conducted, and that all the arrangements had been made under the especial superintendence of king James, who ordered a book to be made of it."²

There is a splendid original portrait of Mary Beatrice, in her crown and coronation robes, in the collection of his grace the duke of Buccleugh, at Dalkeith palace. She is seated on her throne, with an orb in one hand, and the ivory rod in the other; it has been, by some mistake, lettered "A. R.," and is, in consequence, shown as the coronation portrait of queen Anne, to whose exuberant charms it bears about the same resemblance as a Provençal rose to a full-blown red peony.

"The English coronation oath," observes that shrewd Scotch lawyer, sir John Lauder of Fountainhall, "is not very special as to the protestant or popish religion, but runs somewhat in general terms." The oath, in fact, was the same that was taken in the days of Edward the Confessor, no alteration having been made in it at the time of the Reformation. A stringent clause, for the protection of the church of England, as by law established, ought, in common prudence, to have been introduced at the inauguration of James II., but it was not; and he endeavoured to take advantage of the omission by adhering to the original meaning of the pledge, not to the new interpretation of it. Almost the first use made by James II. of his royal prerogative, was to release several thousand Roman catholics and protestant dissenters, who had been imprisoned for non-conformity. Among these victims of legalized bigotry, were 1500 members of the amiable and inoffensive society, vulgarly styled Quakers. He also put a stop to the revolting trade then too much practised by base individuals, of informing against others, under pretences of religious differences, for the sake of gratifying private revenge, or sharing the fines. James had suffered too much annoyance, in his own person, from the existence of the iniquitous

¹ MS. Memorials of Mary d'Esté, Archives au Royaume de France.

² This book, a small folio, by Sandford, contains a series of highly curious and important costume illustrations, and has been used as an authority for all succeeding coronations in which a queen-consort has been associated.

statutes by which such crimes were sanctioned, not to wish to ameliorate the case of others who stood in a like predicament; but, in his zeal to exercise the paternal prerogative of mercy and justice towards an oppressed portion of his subjects, he rushed single-handed against the threefold barrier of the penal laws, the Test Act, and popular opinion. The two first were destined to fall, but not by the assault of regal power; they fell gradually, before the progressive march of reason and moral justice, but not till nearly a century and a half after the abortive attempts of James II. to do away with them, had involved him in ruin: for they were then supported by the third, that capricious giant, public opinion, against which princes can seldom contend with impunity.

The ostentatious parade with which James thought proper to practise the ceremonials of his church, gave great offence to many of his subjects. He was no longer contented with accompanying his consort to her chapel, but opened a Catholic chapel in Whitehall, to which he insisted on their both going in state to receive the sacrament, attended by the great officers of their household. His brother-in-law, the earl of Rochester, who held the office of lord treasurer, absented himself under the pretence of indisposition. The duke of Norfolk, bearing the sword of state, stopped at the door of the chapel: "My lord of Norfolk, your father would have gone farther," said James. "Your majesty's father would not have gone so far," said the duke; but he soon after made up his mind to attend the king, as far as the gallery. The duke of Somerset refused to attend. The queen's lord-chamberlain, lord Godolphin, was more compliant. It was his duty to lead her by the hand into the royal closet, and to conduct her to the steps of the altar when she thought proper to receive the sacrament, and also to lead her back to her own apartment when mass was over—privileges which no Protestant scruple could induce Godolphin to forego.¹ There were no other terms, he was aware, on which any man might hope to touch the hand of a princess to whom these lines of lord Falkland were peculiarly applicable—

" Such beauty, that from all hearts love must flow,
Such dignity, that none durst tell her so."

¹ Barillon's Despatches.

Godolphin had been an active member of the exclusion faction. James, on his accession to the throne, generously forgave him, and preferred him to the office of lord-chamberlain to the queen. The heart of the Whig statesman was not proof against the personal charms and graceful manners of his royal mistress ; his passion was hopeless, but it influenced his political conduct, and he became what, in the angry parlance of the times, was called a trimmer ; a term peculiarly applicable to this nobleman, who, being a double-minded man, was, of course, unstable in all his ways.

Mary Beatrice was present at the opening of the new parliament, May 22, 1685. She and the princess Anne of Denmark came into the house of lords together, without state, some time before the arrival of the king, and stood next above the archbishops, on the right hand of the throne. Her majesty remained standing while the prayers were read,¹ and even while several of the lords took the test and the usual oaths ; "so that," says Evelyn, "she heard the pope and the worship of the Virgin renounced very decently." Then came in the king, in his robes, wearing his crown ; and being seated, the Commons were introduced, and he delivered his speech, at every period whereof the house gave loud shouts. He finished with announcing that morning's news of Argyle's landing in the West Highlands of Scotland from Holland, and expressing his conviction of the zeal and readiness of his parliament to assist him as he required ; "at which," pursues Evelyn, "there followed another *Vive le Roi !*" and so his majesty retired. It does not appear that a special seat was provided for the accommodation of the queen, or that her presence was in any way recognised.

The commons voted the usual revenue to his majesty. The rebellion of Argyle in Scotland, and of Monmouth in England, strengthened rather than shook the throne of James II., in consequence of the celerity with which both were put down. Monmouth landed, on the 11th of June, 1685, at Lyme in Dorsetshire, set up his standard, and issued a proclamation, in which he denounced the king, "as a usurper, a murderer, a traitor, and a tyrant ; accusing him in the most intemperate language, of burning the city of London, murdering sir Edmonbury Godfrey, cutting the

¹ Evelyn's Diary, vol. ii. p. 598.

throat of the earl of Essex, and poisoning the late king, his brother." Public opinion was, at that time, in favour of James II. Both houses of parliament united in an address to his majesty, offering to assist him with their lives and fortunes in putting down the rebellion. An act of attainder passed against Monmouth three days after the news of his landing was received. In the course of a week, Monmouth's forces amounted to 10,000 men. The enthusiastic welcome he received at Taunton encouraged him, in evil hour, to proclaim himself king by the title of James II., and to set a price on the head of "the usurper, James duke of York," as he now termed the lawful sovereign.

The news of the defeat and capture of Argyle in Scotland was followed by the overthrow of Monmouth's cause at Sedgmoor, July 6th. He was taken two days after, concealed in a ditch, near Ringwood. The agonizing love of life prompted him to write a humble letter of supplication to the king, expressive of "his remorse for what he had done, and imploring his mercy, and above all, to be permitted to see him, and to speak only one word to him, as he had that to reveal to him which he dared not commit to paper." He also wrote both to the queen and the queen-dowager, begging them to intercede for him with his majesty to grant him an interview. Thus urged, James very improperly consented to see him. Monmouth threw himself at his feet, and implored for mercy in the most passionate terms. The king had forgiven him very bitter injuries and intolerable provocations, when duke of York, on a personal humiliation, scarcely twenty months before; and the unfortunate prisoner must have deluded himself with the hope that he had only to reiterate his penitentiary protestations and promises, with submissions proportioned to the aggravation of his offence, to receive the like grace. But the case was altered: James had sterner duties to perform than the forgiveness of personal wrongs. He was now a king, invested with the responsible office of maintaining the laws that provided for the peace and security of his people. Two kingdoms had been plunged into the horrors of civil war, and more than 3000 of his subjects had already perished in consequence of this attempt, and it behoved him to take

proper measures to prevent the repetition of such scenes. The full particulars of what passed at this interview are not distinctly known.

"I have been told," says Sir John Bramston, "that the king asked him how he could expect pardon that had used him so? 'to make me a murderer and poisoner of my dear brother, besides all the other villanies you charge me with in your declaration.' To which Monmouth replied, ' Ferguson drew it, and made me sign it before ever I read it.' That so angered the king, that he said, 'This is trifling; would you sign a paper of such consequence and not read it?' So he turned from him, and bade him prepare to die."¹

Lord Dartmouth affirms that James told Monmouth "that he had put it out of his power to pardon him by proclaiming himself king." Monmouth insinuated a desire of returning to the church of Rome, in which he had been educated. It was, perhaps, with a view of assailing James on his weak point—his spirit of proselyting—that Monmouth had so earnestly implored to be admitted to his presence; and this might be the mysterious "one word" that he wished to speak to him, for it is certain he made no political disclosures. If he had any such to make, he was unhappily deterred by the presence of the treacherous Sunderland, whom James, with his usual want of tact, had brought with him as one of the witnesses of this ill-judged interview—Sunderland, whom he knew had been deeply implicated in all Monmouth's former plots, and had afterwards good reason to believe was his confidant in the late rebellion.²

Kennet endeavours to throw a most odious imputation on the consort of James II., in the following passage, for which no other authority is given than the proverbially unfaithful evidence of hearsay: "The queen is said to have insulted him (Monmouth) in a very arrogant and unmerciful manner. So that when the duke saw there was nothing designed by this interview but to satisfy the queen's revenge, he rose up from his majesty's feet with a new air of bravery, and was carried to the Tower." Mary Beatrice could not

¹ Autobiography of sir John Bramston, edited by lord Braybrooke. Published by the Camden Society. This passage is greatly confirmed by sir John Reresby.

² Journal of James II. Sidney Correspondence, edited by Blencowe.

insult the unfortunate duke in his distress, for she was not present. The interview took place in Chiffinch's apartments, whither the king came accompanied only by his two secretaries of state, the earls of Middleton and Sunderland.¹ If, instead of the latter, it had been possible for the queen to have been present, the result might have been very different. But neither the etiquette of business or royalty permitted her to witness this secret conference, in the apartments of one of the menial officers of the palace. James, who, if we may trust the memoirs compiled by the historiographer of George IV.,² had some difficulty in overcoming his natural inclination to spare the unhappy culprit when he begged so hard for life, did not of course expose himself to the additional trial of bringing a tender-hearted, excitable female like Mary Beatrice, to be a witness of a scene, which it was not in woman's nature to behold without tears and intercessions in his behalf. Monmouth, who had better means of knowing the disposition of this princess than those writers with whom it became a matter of business, after the revolution, to blacken the widow of James II. and the mother of the pretender, calculated on her compassion in that dreadful crisis of his fate. He had, as soon as he was taken, written to entreat her to unite her good offices with those of the queen-dowager, to obtain for him an audience of the king, which audience would scarcely have been granted, if she had been his enemy; and after it had proved ineffectual, and he was told he must prepare for death, he again wrote to *both the queens*,³ to implore them to intercede for his life with the king. Would he have done this, if he had thought Mary Beatrice capable of hardening her husband's heart against him, much less if she had already insulted him in his agony?

Fox, whom no one can suspect of a favourable bias towards James's consort, expressly declares this story to be wholly unworthy of credit, without more certain evidence. "It must be remarked also," says that author, "that Burnet, whose general prejudices would not lead him to doubt any imputations against the queen, does not mention her majesty's being present." Burnet, in fact, never misses

¹ Journal of James. Life of ditto. Macpherson. Continuation of Macintosh. Reresby. Lingard. Fox.

² Stanier Clark.

³ Reresby. Mackintosh. Lingard.

an opportunity of reviling this princess, whom he calls “a revengeful Italian lady.” That Mary of Modena was a native of Italy cannot be denied, but it is a strong presumption of the innocence of her life, when party malignity was reduced to the imbecility of using that circumstance as an epithet of reproach—an appeal to the prejudices of the vulgar, disgraceful to a man who held the office of a Christian prelate, and called himself an historian. If such a tale had been in circulation, Burnet would have been only too happy to have quoted it, as an instance of the unamiable disposition which he imputes to her.¹

It has been assumed by some historians, that James was cognizant of all Jeffreys’ merciless proceedings, because there was a constant correspondence between the latter and Sunderland, and Sunderland’s letters contain assurances “that the king approved, and thanked Jeffreys for his zeal in his service;” but this appears only one of the links in Sunderland’s extensive chain of treachery. He and his friend Jeffreys played into each other’s hands, and amassed enormous sums by the sale of pardons to the wealthy—a species of traffic of which Rochester and father Petre are also accused. It is a notorious fact, that Jeffreys, who was always in a state of exasperation of temper from bodily torture, and the irritability caused by habitual intemperance, scrupled not to set the king’s authority at nought, by hanging old major Holmes, notwithstanding the royal grace had been extended to him. Jeffreys pretended that it was an accident; so, according to queen Elizabeth, was the execution of Mary Queen of Scots. The barbarities of Jeffreys were lamented by the king, when the whole truth was made known to him, by two courageous and noble-minded men, Sir Thomas Cutler, the commanding officer

¹ The same motives which induced Burnet, and other party writers, whose works were published after the revolution, to vilify the innocent consort of James II., operated in a far greater degree to the defamation of her unfortunate lord, whose conduct was much more open to attack. The executions in the west of England, after Monmouth’s rebellion was put down, were bloody enough of themselves, without the palpable exaggerations and incredible fictions with which they have been embellished. The butcheries of the inhuman Kirke are spoken of by James, in his private journal, in terms of unqualified indignation and disgust, and as Kirke was one of the first to join the prince of Orange, by whom he was highly favoured and constantly employed, it can scarcely be supposed that his conduct in the west of England was dictated by loyalty to the sovereign whom he deserted and betrayed.

at Wells, and the good bishop Kenn,¹ who made a personal appeal to the monarch himself, in behalf of some of the victims. James not only listened to their representations, but thanked Sir Thomas Cutler publicly, for what he had done, and expressed a wish that others had imitated his humanity.²

Among the prisoners, whose case came under the personal attention of the king, was the popular orator, Story, who had endeavoured to excite the indignation of the people against his majesty, by repeating in very inflammatory language all the libellous accusations that had been set forth in Monmouth's proclamation. The incident being recorded by a violent nonconformist, Edmund Calamy, is not liable to suspicion of *over-partiality* to the unfortunate sovereign :—“ When Story, taken and imprisoned for assisting Monmouth, was ordered before the king and privy-council, of a sudden, the keeper declared his orders were to bring him immediately, which he did in a coach, without giving him any time to prepare himself in any manner, only cautioning him to give a plain and direct answer to the questions king James might put to him. When brought before the privy-council, Story made so sad and sorrowful a figure, that all present were surprised and frightened at his haggard and squalid appearance. When king James first cast his eyes upon him, he cried out, ‘ Is that a man, or what is it ? ’ His majesty was told it was the rebel Story. ‘ Oh, Story,’ said the king, ‘ I remember him—that is a rare fellow, indeed ! Then turning towards him, ‘ Pray, Story,’ says he, ‘ you were in Monmouth’s army in the west, were you not ? ’ He, according to the advice given him, made answer presently, ‘ Yes, an’t please your majesty.’ ‘ Pray,’ said the king to him, ‘ you were a commissary there, were you not ? ’ Again, Story replied, ‘ Yes, an’t please your majesty.’ ‘ And you,’ said king James, ‘ made a speech

¹ Kenn, in accordance with the apostolic beauty of his character, had used the authority of the church in putting a stop to the military executions of lord Feversham, and afterwards visited the sick and wounded prisoners, and relieved their bodily and spiritual wants at the same time. More than a thousand of these unfortunate persons received succour in their distress from him. “ Yet,” said he, “ though all this was well known to king James, he never once blamed me for it.”—Kenn’s examinations before the Privy Council. Tempo William and Mary. Life of Kenn.

² Burnet. See also James’s own Remarks in his Journal.

before great crowds of people, did you not?" He again very readily answered, "Yes, an't please your majesty." "Pray," said king James, "if you have not forgot what you said, let us have some taste of your fine speech, let us have some specimen of some of the flowers of your rhetoric?" Whereupon," resumes Edmund Calamy, "Story told us that he readily made answer, 'I told them, an't *please* your majesty, that it was you that fired the city of London.'" "A rare rogue, upon my word," said the king; "and pray, what else did you tell them?" "I told them," said he, "an't please your majesty, that you poisoned your brother." "Impudence in the utmost height of it," said king James. "Pray, let us have something further, if your memory serves you?" "I further told them," said Mr. Story, "that your majesty appeared to be fully determined to make the nation both papists and slaves." By this time the king seemed to have heard enough of the prisoner's speech, and therefore crying out, "A rogue with a witness!" and, cutting off short, the king rejoined, "to all this I doubt not but a thousand other villainous things were added. But what would you say, Story, if, after all this, I were to grant you your life?" To which he, without any demur, made answer, "That he would pray for his majesty as long as he lived." "Why, then," said the king, "I freely pardon all that is past, and hope that you will not, for the future, represent your king as inexorable!"¹ One well-authenticated good deed ought to counterbalance a great deal of reviling, and is certainly of more weight than fifty pages of unsupported praise. Other instances of James's clemency towards those who had personally injured him are recorded. Ferguson, who had drawn up Monmouth's libellous proclamation, he freely pardoned; also Hook, who had been confederate with some others to assassinate him, by shooting him in the back, coming from Somerset-house.

The cruelties practised to the protestants in France, after the revocation of the edict of Nantes, had a prejudicial effect on the affairs of James II., by exciting a popular feeling of

¹ James and a large body of his sailors were the first that succeeded in stopping the progress of the flames; and he worked very hard personally in so doing. See Pepys' Diary.

² Calamy's Diary. Extract edited by W. A. Mackinnon, Esq., in his lately published able and elegant work, History of Civilization, vol. i., pp. 201, 202.

resentment against all members of the church of Rome whatsoever ; “ yet James greatly condemned the measure, as both unchristian and impolitic. He did more ; he was very kind to the refugees ; he was liberal to many of them. He ordered a brief for a charitable collection for them all over the nation. The king also ordered them to be denized without paying fees, and gave them great immunities, so that in all there came over, first and last, between forty and fifty thousand of them.”¹

In the latter end of June, the queen’s maternal grandmother, madame de Martinozzi, died at Rome of the personal injuries she received, by falling down stairs. Her property was inherited by her daughter, the duchess of Modena. This event, together with her own delicate state of health, might be the reason why Mary Beatrice appeared very little in public this summer. On the 18th of July, she went with the king to see the regiments that had lately returned from Holland, exercised on Blackheath. She spent the rest of the summer and autumn at Windsor. In September, the king made a progress to Winchester, Portsmouth, and Southampton, and took great pleasure in inspecting his shipping and naval fortifications. While at Winchester, the Roman-catholic sovereign and the protestant bishop had very amicable conversations on the subject of modern miracles, and the bishop bestowed a fervent benediction on the king, for enacting that all the poor negro slaves in the British colonies should receive Christian baptism, in spite of the disgraceful opposition of the planters to this pious edict, which they feared would have the effect of emancipating their unfortunate victims.² Evelyn, who attended the king on his progress, was certainly very favourably impressed by what he saw of him. He says, “ I observed in this journey that infinite industry, *sedulity*, gravity, and great understanding and experience of affairs in his majesty, that I cannot but predict much happiness to the nation as to its political government, and if he so persist there

¹ Such is the testimony of even Burnet, who, strange to say, does not attempt to attach any disqualifying motives to James’s conduct. It is pleasant to be able to record some instances of liberal feeling and genuine benevolence, in a prince who is conventionally held up to reprobation.

² Evelyn’s Diary.

could be nothing more desired to accomplish our prosperity but that he was of the national religion."

The parliament met in November, and was alarmed by the royal proposition of a standing army, with dispensation from the Test to the officers, instead of a militia. Liberal supplies of money the commons were willing to give a sovereign who had shown himself deserving of full confidence in pecuniary matters ; but as they would not encourage his project, he, with a haughty disregard to the financial benefit, which he might have obtained by a more judicious policy, prorogued the parliament in anger, after a session of only eleven days, and took the fatal resolution of acting independently of the representatives of his people. The return of Catharine Sedley about the same time, gave the queen much uneasiness ; and unable as she was to control her feelings, the pain she suffered was apparent to the whole court. The demons of party on either side watched the event with eager interest, and according to their own selfish views, or bitter prejudices, attached themselves to the cause of the popish queen, or the protestant mistress. Lord Rochester encouraged his wife to form an ostentatious alliance with Sedley, under the pretence that it was for the good of the church.¹ Sunderland and Petre as ostentatiously espoused the cause of the queen, though both were well aware that she loved them not. When James thought proper to create Sedley countess of Dorchester, the queen took it very grievously, so that when she dined in public, Evelyn, who stood near her on two successive days, says, "I observed she hardly ate one morsel, nor spoke one word to the king, or to any about her, though, at other times, she used to be extremely pleasant, full of discourse and good-humour. The Roman catholics were also very angry, because they had so long valued the sanctity of their religion and proselytes." At last, unable to bear her mortification, Mary Beatrice fell sick, and took to her chamber ; but remembering that while she had youth, beauty, a good cause, the king's conscience, and all his priests on her side, she had no reason to despair, she determined, instead of abandoning herself to tears and sullen resentment, to make a vigorous effort to rid herself of her rival. Accordingly, she summoned a special committee to her aid, and then

¹ Lingard. Mackintosh. Evelyn. Clarendon Correspondence.

sent for the king. When James entered his queen's chamber, he found assembled there her confessor and his own, with several other priests of high repute for sanctity; the members of his council who were of her party, and all the catholic peers. The queen told him, "that she was determined to witness her own degradation and his disregard of the most sacred obligations no longer; either he must give up his mistress, or she would withdraw to a convent," when sobs choked her voice, his majesty was instantly assailed, like the tyrant in a Greek tragedy, by the united remonstrances of the chorus, whom his injured consort had provided to second her appeal. They represented her youth, her beauty, her conjugal devotion, her irreproachable virtue; and, falling on their knees, conjured him to put an end to a connexion so injurious to such a consort, and so inconsistent with his own religious profession.¹

James was taken by surprise. The remonstrances of his spiritual directors, the beauty and the tears of the queen, and his fear of losing her, prevailed; he promised to dissolve the disgraceful tie. He sent his commands to the new countess to withdraw from Whitehall and go abroad; but as she owed him neither duty nor respect, she defied him—declared "that she was a freeborn Englishwoman, and would live where she pleased;" and added, "that if he wanted to remove her he must do it by force, and then she would appeal to the laws of the realm for protection." She crowned all by calling herself "a protestant victim." James was compelled to pay the penalty of his guilt and folly by submitting to her vulgar insolence, and bribing her with the present of a large estate in Ireland to withdraw herself from his court for a time. She returned after a few months' absence; but the queen, having succeeded in banishing her from Whitehall, bore her suspected wrongs, on all future occasions, in silence. Instead of giving way to tears and passionate upbraiding, she took the more dignified course of appearing unconscious of her unworthy rival's existence.²

¹ Burnet. Lingard. Mackintosh.

² Burnet. Barillon. Lingard. Mackintosh. Reresby. James II. told mademoiselle Sedley that if she would retire to France he would give her wherewithal to live magnificently. She replied, "That she would not carry her shame among strangers." Again the king pressed her to depart, because it might be said "if she remained in England, that she

The profligate young duchess of Norfolk (Lady Mary Mordaunt), was one of the women for whom king James had the ill taste to neglect his lovely and loving queen. He was extremely anxious to keep this disgraceful conduct from her knowledge ; and for this purpose employed James Craggs, a cunning lacquey of the duchess, to manage the intrigue. Craggs secured a considerable sum of money from this affair, and, moreover, obtained preferment, which raised him from his servile degree, and in time he became an agent of the party which ruined James, and held office in William III.'s cabinet.¹

It was not till the beginning of the year 1686, that the royal act of grace was published for those that had been out in Monmouth's rebellion ; there were many exceptions made, for Sunderland had reaped too rich a harvest in the sale of pardons to relinquish some further gleanings at the expense of his deluded sovereign's popularity. Twenty young ladies, out of the sixty pretty girls who had gone in procession to meet and welcome Monmouth at his entrance into Taunton, and presented him with colours, a Bible, and a naked sword, were excluded by name from this amnesty, being the daughters of the richest persons in the town. After a good deal of negotiation, in which the names of Sunderland, the proud duke of Somerset, and the philanthropic quaker, William Penn, are strangely mixed up with the queen's maids of honour, a fine, varying from five pounds to a hundred, was extorted from the parents of each of the girls who had figured in that procession. These unlucky damsels would have acted more consistently with their Christian profession, if they had read the Bible quietly at home, instead of parading it for the purposes of sedition, with a drawn sword and the ensigns of rebellion. Alas ! that woman's mission of peace and consolation should ever be so far mistaken !

had still some power over his mind." She answered, "that it was his majesty to whom the power appertained, yet she would be pulled to pieces by four horses before she would consent to be parted from him." Dangeau, vol. 127.

¹ A droll story is told, that after this man was in the Whig ministry, he once handed a court lady with great ceremony and gallantry to his carriage, and then, in a fit of absence got up behind it, and actually rode some way in his old station as footman, before he recalled to mind he had become a gentleman, and had a right to be inside. His son was the Mr. secretary Craggs eulogized by Pope and Gay. Lady Mary Wortley Montague has preserved the memory of the elder Craggs' agency in the infidelity of king James to his consort.

Bat what can be said of the disgraceful conduct of the maids of honour, if it be true, as we are gravely assured by Mackintosh, that the composition money, wherewithal the exemption of the Taunton maidens from prosecution was purchased, was received by them?¹ That the maids of honour acted as intercessors with the queen to obtain her majesty's gracious mediation in behalf of the poor frightened girls, is likely enough, but strong doubts may reasonably be entertained, whether a pecuniary reward for such special pleading found its way into the pocket of any one but Sunderland's daughter, lady Anne Spencer, for whose benefit that avaricious and corrupt minister, in all probability, made the arrangement. The sum, about twelve hundred pounds, would not have been worth all the pains he took about it if his daughter only got the sixth share. Be it as it may, however, there can be no reason to suppose, that their majesties had any idea that the intercessions, preferred to them by persons in the royal household, were prompted by other feelings than those of compassion. Two of the maids of honour, in the service of Mary Beatrice, and much beloved by her, were ladies of the most irreproachable virtue, members of the church of England, and alike distinguished for moral worth and literary attainments; one of those ladies, Anne Kingsmill, published a volume of elegant little poems, in which, easy, graceful, versification was combined with refinement and good feeling. She was celebrated by Pope under the name of Ardelia, after she became countess of Winchelsea. The other, the beautiful and accomplished Anne Killigrew, whom Dryden has immortalized in the well-known elegiac ode, beginning, "Thou youngest virgin daughter of the skies," was also a poet and an amateur artist of some reputation in that age. She painted the portraits of James and his queen soon after their accession to the throne, and both are said to have been good and expressive likenesses. She died of the small-pox, the same year, in the flower of her age, and must have been an irreparable loss to her royal mistress, for she had been long and faithfully attached to her service, and greatly excelled in music, of which Mary Beatrice was passionately fond.

¹ Sir James Mackintosh's Posthumous History of the Revolution. Sunderland's Letters in the State Paper Office. Lingard.

Dryden, after noticing how successful the fair artist had been in her delineation of king James, thus describes her picture of Mary Beatrice :—

“ Our phoenix queen was portrayed, too, so bright,
Beauty alone could beauty take so right ;
Her dress, her shape, her matchless grace,
Were all observed, as well as heavenly face.
With such a peerless majesty she stands,
As in that day she took the crown from sacred hands :
Before a train of heroines was seen,
In beauty foremost, as in rank, the queen.”

This portrait, if in existence, would be a most interesting relic both of the queen and her maid of honour, the learned, fair, and good Anne Killigrew.

A fine whole-length portrait of Mary Beatrice, is in the collection of colonel Braddyll, at Conishead Priory. From the slender proportions of the figure, the youthfulness of the features, and the classical simplicity of the dress, without any ornament, except a string of jet beads which confines the folds of her mantling draperies, we might suppose it was painted when she was duchess of York ; but the appearance of the crown on the pediment of the pillar against which she leans, marks it as one of her royal portraits. The increased shade of care and sadness which sits on the high melancholy brow, tells the oft-told tale, that increase of grandeur had not added to the happiness of this princess. The lovely dark eyes are full of pensive thought, her attitude, graceful as it is, would serve for that of a tragic muse. Her left hand is raised to hold back the drapery of an ample russet scarf, which is thrown carelessly across the royal mantle of dark blue velvet, and nearly envelops, without concealing, any of the symmetrical proportions of the figure. The name of Sir Peter Lely appears to this portrait, but the regal attributes indicate a date five years after the death of that artist.

Among the chit-chat details of a contemporary in a letter, April 6, 1686, are the following little notices connected with the court of Mary Beatrice :—“ I imagine your countess of Dorchester will speedily move hitherward, for her house is furnishing very fine for her, in St. James’s-square, and a seat taken for her in the new consecrated St. Anne’s church. * * * New equipage, in great splendour,

is everywhere to be seen, especially their majesties.' Her majesty is wonderfully glorious, in her own apparel."¹ James, at this time, while pursuing with eager infatuation the dangerous and unconstitutional designs which led to his expulsion, recreated himself with hunting, two or three times a week, and appeared to take as much interest in the chase as if it were the master-passion of his soul; according to the testimony of the above, who writes—"His majesty to-day, God bless him, underwent the fatigue of a long fox-chase! I saw him and his followers return as like drowned rats, as ever appendixes to royalty did."²

On the 3rd of May, James hunted red deer, near Chelmsford, with the duke of Albemarle, prince George of Denmark, and some of the lords of his court. After a long and obstinate chase, which lasted till evening, his majesty was in at the death, between Rumford and Brentwood. He got a coach to carry him on to Brentwood where his own coach was, well pleased that he was in, and the lords thrown out. He went the same night to sup at Newhall. A table was prepared for his majesty, and others for the lords and gentlemen; but the king, acting in better taste, would have his fellow hunters sup with him, and they sat down in good fellowship.³ The next day he hunted another stag, which lay in Newhall-park, and a famous run they had. The gallant creature leapt the paling, swam the river, ran through Bramfield, Pleshie, and the Roothings, and was at last killed in Hatfield. No cockney hunter was James; the ditches were broad and deep, the hedges high, and the ways miry, but, like his ancestors, in ballad, legend, and tale, he kept close to the dogs, outrode servants, guards, and courtiers, and was in at the death, most of the lords and his noble host the duke of Albemarle, being thrown out, to his majesty's infinite delight. However, as his horse was spent, and his equipage and guards quite another way, and royalty in some need of a dinner, a special council was held as soon as some of the foremost riders came up, to know what was best to be done. Lord Dartmouth advised to make for

¹ Ellis Correspondence, edited by the Hon. George Agar Ellis, Esq.

² Ibid.

³ Autobiography of sir John Bramston, edited by lord Braybrooke.

Copthall, the seat of the earl of Dorset, and sent a groom to apprise his lordship that his majesty would take family fare with him that day, it being on his direct road to London.

Never did the announcement of a royal visit arrive at a more unseasonable juncture. The earl was dining out at Rockholts, with a large company of gentlemen. The countess and her mother were going to pay some visits in the neighbourhood, when the messenger met them by the way, stopped the coach, and delivered the royal message. Her ladyship being painfully cognizant of the fact, that her cook and butler were gone to Waltham fair, would have excused herself from the inconvenient honour that was designed her in this climax of domestic distress, by saying, that her lord and servants were out; but a second messenger following close on the heels of the first, she turned her coach and drove home, sending back the carriage to meet his majesty. Then like a woman of spirit and good sense, instead of fretting after absent keys and servants, she, by the help of her maids, broke open locks and doors, and exerted her energies to such excellent purpose, that by the time the king arrived, had washed, and viewed the gardens and house, a very handsome collation was prepared for him. Extremely well pleased with the treat, his majesty set forth for London, and on the road met the earl of Dorset returning home from Rockholts. The earl alighted, and coming to the coach door, bemoaned his ill fortune that he should not be in the way to receive that great honour, adding many apologies, that things were not answerable to his desire. "Make no excuse my lord," replied the king, "it was exceedingly well, and very handsome."¹

It is to be lamented, that a prince, who had so much of the manly spirit of a true-born English king about him, should have forfeited the affections of his subjects, by resigning his own better judgment into the hands of an incongruous junta of rash zealots, and unprincipled double-minded traitors. The embassy to Rome gave offence, being contrary to the law of the land; the queen's name was associated with the unpopularity of the measure in a peculiar

¹ Autobiography of sir John Bramston, edited by lord Braybrooke. Published by the Camden Society.

manner, as one of the objects was to solicit a cardinal's hat for her uncle Rinaldo d'Esté, which was not obtained without very great difficulty, and most ungracious demurs on the part of the pope. James II. had little reason to show extra marks of respect to the head of his own church, for he had not a greater political foe than Innocent XI., who, as the creature of the emperor, had infinitely more regard for the prince of Orange, than for him. To judge of the feelings of that pontiff, from his secret correspondence with William, and the contempt with which he treated James's envoys and requests, one would suppose that monarch's darling scheme of liberty of conscience and universal toleration, was to the full as displeasing to him, as to the English hierarchy, and the presbytery of Scotland. The arrival of the papal nuncio, Ferdinand count d'Adda, and the genuflections with which he was received by their majesties, gave infinite offence to Protestant England. The pulpits resounded with louder notes of alarm than before. The king took umbrage at certain personalities, and enjoined preachers to confine their exhortations to themes of Christian holiness, or denunciations against sin. The church vindicated its independence, and James rashly involved himself in an open quarrel with Compton, bishop of London, his old adversary.¹

The king and queen came to Windsor earlier than they at first intended, in consequence of the unexpected accouchement of the princess Anne, who had left London on the 12th of May, in preparation for that event, which was not anticipated so early, but she was brought to bed two hours after her arrival, of a fine girl. Six weeks afterwards, James invited the queen, the queen-dowager, and his daughter Anne, to see a grand review of his troops, horse, foot, and artillery, on Hounslow-heath, and to dine in his pavilion. A gallery was made for the accommodation of the two queens, and their ladies, to behold the spectacle. All the cannon, twenty-eight in number, were fired, and then the whole army, horse and foot, fired twice. The king led the army till he passed the queens, then dismounted, and the lord Feversham marched before them. After this display, which was the grandest of the kind ever known, his majesty entertained the royal ladies and their

¹ Echard. Mackintosh. Lingard. *Journal of King James.*

noble attendants with a sumptuous banquet in his pavilion, and there was great feasting in every tent. James, calculating on the affection of the English for pageants, thought of putting all sorts of people in good humour by these sort of spectacles, but assurances had been successfully disseminated among them, that this mighty army of fifteen thousand men, with their twenty-eight pieces of artillery, was intended for the subversion of the protestant religion. Every military display was therefore beheld with jealousy and alarm. The queen came from Windsor to the camp on Hounslow-heath on the 27th of July, when his majesty, as a piece of gallantry, made his 4000 horse march, at two in the morning, into Staine's meadow, and attend the queen from thence to the heath, where she dined with lord Arran.¹ The celebration of the mass in lord Dunbarton's tent, gave great offence to the public.

Mary Beatrice spent the summer at Windsor, with the king, whom she also accompanied on a little progress towards the west of England. They returned to Whitehall in October, which, in that reign, was the grand court season, both their majesties' birthdays occurring in that month. Dr. Cartwright was presented to the queen in her bed-chamber, on his preferment to the bishopric of Chester. When chaplain to Charles II., he had performed some good offices for her and her lord, it should seem, of which she retained a grateful recollection, for when she gave him her hand to kiss, she told him "that neither she nor the king could ever forget the services he had rendered them before they came to the throne, nor should he ever want a friend as long as she lived." On another occasion this prelate says, "I was at the king's levee, and as his majesty brought the queen in to dinner, she was graciously pleased to offer me her hand to kiss."² James and his queen dined early in the day, and the king went to council in the afternoon. Great improvements were made in the royal apartments at Whitehall: the queen's state chamber was rebuilt, and sumptuously furnished and decorated; the embroidery of her bed cost 3000*l.*; ³ the prudent economy of the king in the management of his private income, enabled his consort

¹ Ellis's Correspondence.

² Bishop Cartwright's Diary, published by the Camden Society.

³ Evelyn.

to indulge her taste without culpability in matters which afforded employment to her own sex, and encouraged ornamental artificers. The finances of the kingdom were in a flourishing state, so much so, that it was feared that the king would become independent of the nation, from having no need to apply to a parliament for supplies. This prosperity was, however, unsubstantial, for the king was at variance with the church, and there was no sympathy between him and his people. On Christmas eve, the new Roman-catholic chapel, which James had built for himself and his queen, was opened for the solemnization of the midnight mass. The royal closet was splendidly adorned with painting and gilding, and the thrones on which their majesties sat, were, according to Evelyn, "very glorious;" but all this pomp was regarded as contrary to the simplicity of the primitive Christian worship, and gave great offence. The queen does not appear to have made any personal attempts at proselytism in her own household. She was beloved by her protestant ladies, several of whom followed her into exile. Sunderland was one of the few persons who adopted the creed of royalty, but it was the cloak of his treachery; the serpent-like wile whereby he crept into the bosom of his unfortunate master, and obtained the power of effecting his ruin.

On the new year's day, 1687, that noble work of art, Gibbon's statue of James II. in a Roman habit, was placed in the great court of Whitehall, before the new-built chapel. It was a tribute of grateful and loyal affection from an old and faithful domestic, Tobias Rustat,¹ who had served the royal brothers, Charles and James, as page of the back-stairs, and devoted a portion of the money he had acquired in their service to this purpose. Honest Toby Rustat was a man of a differently constituted mind from some of the more celebrated characters on whom James showered his favours.

Many persons attributed the disgrace of Rochester to the displeasure the queen had conceived at his having brought lady Dorchester again on the scene, for the purpose of coun-

¹ Tobias Rustat had previously had a statue of Charles II. executed by the same artist at his expense. His private and public charities were most munificent, witness the scholarships which he founded at Jesus College, for the orphan sons of the clergy.

termining her conjugal influence. Yet, when lady Rochester, whom her majesty had once honoured with her friendship, wrote to her in her dying illness expressing an earnest desire to see her, Mary Beatrice overlooked all the provocations she had given her by her offensive parade of intimacy with the woman who was injuring her, and came to visit her in her sick chamber, and remained two hours with her.¹ Lady Rochester, according to Burnet, took the opportunity of insinuating the possibility of her lord becoming a convert to the court religion, and that this was the origin of the memorable controversy for his conversion, which ended in confirming his adherence to the church of England. When Rochester reluctantly resigned the treasurer's staff, Sunderland eagerly coveted that lucrative office, but the king was too careful in the management of his revenue, to trust a man with the nation's purse, who never could keep a penny in his own ; it would have been well for James if he had been as wary in other matters. He considered the office of lord-treasurer too responsible for any one person to hold, and put it into commission. Sunderland flattered himself that he could render the queen instrumental in procuring for him the object of his ambition ; he told her "that father Petre advised him to think of being treasurer, and that her majesty could easily persuade the king to it." Mary Beatrice understood her duty, as a queen-consort of Great Britain, too well to give any sign of encouragement in reply ; Sunderland then assured her, " that it was not a plan of his suggestion, for he was very well contented as he was." Her majesty prudently freed herself from further importunity, by affecting to believe this deceitful protestation ; and said, "she was glad he was of that mind, for after the king's declaration in council, she could not presume to make any attempts to shake his majesty's resolution."² Sunderland never forgave his disappointment. Great pains have been taken to impute the impolitic councils which embroiled James with the church to his consort ; nothing can be more unjust. James himself testifies, that these things were done contrary to the advice of the queen. When Sunderland had obtained the ascendancy in the cabinet, he persuaded the king to the unpopular

¹ Clarendon Correspondence.

² Memoirs of James II. Lingard. Lonsdale.

act of making father Petre a privy-councillor ; but as soon as the queen heard what was designed, she earnestly begged the king not to do it, telling him "that it would give great scandal, not only to protestants, but to thinking catholics, as contrary to their rule."¹ Sunderland's influence prevailed, and her majesty was wont to use a homely Italian proverb, signifying, that the minister overbore her, and carried the measure in her despite.² In her conversations with the nuns of Chaillot, Mary Beatrice said, "she never liked Petre, that his violent councils did the king much harm, and she believed he was a bad man."

The king paid more than usual personal attention to the queen, in the spring of 1687. When he went to visit his camp at Hounslow, he generally brought her from Windsor, or Whitehall, to Richmond palace, where he left her, and returned to her in the evening. She was fond of that palace and neighbourhood, and found the soft air beneficial to a consumptive cough that sometimes harassed her. When she felt disposed to spend a few days quietly at Richmond, the king arranged his hunting parties in that neighbourhood, and made that palace his head quarters.³

He was playing a desperate game in ecclesiastical affairs, and had engaged himself in a dispute with both the universities, by his ill-judged interference in their elections. The particulars of those transactions belong to the public history of James's reign ; the name of his queen has happily never been mixed up with them.

Her majesty's physicians had unanimously recommended their royal mistress to take a course of the Bath waters this year ; it was settled that she should go there early in the season, but her journey was delayed for the pompous public reception of the nuncio D'Adda, after his consecration in the king's chapel at Whitehall palace, as archbishop of Amasia. In the evening, he appeared in full pontificalibus in the queen's apartment. Both king and queen arose from their thrones, and knelt at his feet to receive his pastoral benediction—a display that was in bad taste. James observing tokens of disapprobation in the

¹ King James's Loose Sheets, edited by Clarke. Ditto Journal, in Macpherson.

² Impartial View of Burnet's History.

³ Ellis Correspondence.

circle, reminded his court "that he and her majesty knelt not to the pope's nuncio, but to the archbishop." When the public reception of D'Adda took place at Windsor, the duke of Somerset, who was first lord of the bedchamber, refused to introduce him, telling the king it was against the law. "Do you not know that I am above the law?" said the king; "But I am not!" rejoined the duke.¹ The ceremony was performed by the duke of Grafton; Somerset lost his place, and the command of his regiment.

James had little reason to violate public prejudices, and create personal enemies, by showing impolitic marks of respect to the papal envoy, whose real business in England was to detach him from the league with Louis XIV.; or, in case he remained obstinately fixed in that alliance, to assist the confederacy that was plotting to deprive him of his throne.²

This summer, the queen was plunged into the deepest affliction by the loss of her mother, the duchess of Modena, who died at Rome, July 19th. No common affection had united these princesses. The duchess was the only parent whom Mary of Modena had ever known, and the early ties of natural love had been strengthened by renewed intercourse in riper years. They had passed some time together in Brussels, and afterwards in England. A close and endearing correspondence had always been kept up between them; and the now childless queen felt the bereavement of her mother as one of the greatest sorrows that had befallen her. A solemn court mourning for the duchess of Modena commenced on the 31st of July, and it was ordered to be for the same duration as that which had been worn in the last reign for the queen of Portugal, the mother of Catherine of Braganza. The political intrigues of Dyckvelt, the Dutch ambassador, had led to an ominous coolness between king James and his son-in-law of Orange; but the queen had wisely kept up a friendly correspondence with both William and Mary, and instead of sending a ceremonial announcement of her mother's death, she endeavoured to bespeak William's sympathy by the natural expression of her grief and confidence in his affection, that

¹ Mackintosh. Lonsdale. Burnet, &c. &c.

² Smith's History of England, vol. ii. p. 342. James himself admits that he had great cause of complaint against D'Adda's political conduct.

might be expected between persons so dearly connected by relative ties as they were.

QUEEN MARY BEATRICE TO THE PRINCE OF ORANGE.¹

"The friendship you have showed me on all occasions, and the part that I have always flattered myself you took in my concerns, make me hope I may have a share of your compassion in the great grief I now lie under for the death of the duchess of Modena, my mother; in which nothing can comfort me but the hopes I have of her happiness in the other world. Next to this, I find it ease in my affliction to have the pity of one's friends, which makes me hope for yours at this time, assuring you that in what condition soever I am, I shall always be, with all sincerity,

"Truly yours,

"M. R."

This frank letter had the effect, which doubtless the royal writer intended, of renewing the suspended intercourse between the courts of Whitehall and the Hague; but it was in an evil hour for the house of Stuart,² since an open enemy is at all times less dangerous than a pretended friend. On the 16th of August, Mary Beatrice set out for Bath, escorted by the king, who left her there on the 21st, while he proceeded on his western progress. While at Bath, her majesty received letters and messages of condolence from the prince of Orange on her late loss, which appear to have given her great satisfaction, if we may judge by the affectionate tone of her reply:

"Bath, August 21, 1687.

"I have so many thanks to return to you for the part which M. Zulestein has assured me you take in my just grief for the loss of my mother, and for sending him to assure me of it, that I know not where to begin, nor how to express to you the sense I have of it. I hope you are so just to me as to believe it much greater than I can make it appear on this paper. I have

¹ Dalrymple's Appendix.

² The prince of Orange sent his messages of condolence by a person who proved one of the most active instruments in the long projected revolution. This was count Zulestein, an illegitimate brother of his father, a gay and elegant soldier, who combined, with a person and manners universally popular with the ladies, a degree of long-sighted sagacity and political acumen scarcely inferior to his celebrated ancestors, those men of mighty intellect, William the Liberator, William the Silent, or Maurice the Subtle. The letters of that period show that the clever but perfidious Zulestein plunged daringly into all the plots for the deposition of the royal family with whom he had come to condole. Strange it was that William of Orange left evidences of all the cruel and disgusting treachery he and his agents used in this case; but in his box of letters, found after his death at Kensington, the irrefragable proofs of the kindly intercourse of his betrayed relatives with him and his wife, and at the same time of the intrigues of his agents with the English nobility, are extant in undoubted autographs.

desired this bearer to help me persuade you of this, and to assure you that I do desire above all things the continuance of your friendship, which I cannot but think I do deserve a little by being, with all the sincerity and affection imaginable,

"Truly yours,

"M. R."¹

The duchess of Modena, just before her death, it seems, had visited the shrine of our lady of Loretto with prayers and votive offerings to the blessed Virgin, that by her intercessions her royal daughter, the queen of England, might have a son. Her majesty had been zealously praying for the same blessing at home, not only to Heaven and our Ladye, but to her favourite saint, St. Francis Xavier, in whose patronage she especially confided.² All the zealous Roman catholics in the three realms had long united in the same prayer. There was no reason to despair of its accomplishment, for the queen was still in the bloom of life. It could not be said of her, as of her royal sister-in-law, queen Catharine, that she was a barren woman, as she had borne four living children, one of which had lived to be five years old. But Mary Beatrice had suffered from mental disquietude, which had preyed alike on her health and spirits; and it was suspected that the uneasiness the king had caused, by giving her rivals, was the reason that the blessing of a male heir was denied him. An alteration had of late taken place in his conduct, indicating an intention of leading a life more in conformity with his religious profession. He had for some months treated the queen with the attention of a lover, and expressed a laudable wish of imitating her virtues. Moreover, in the course of his Welch progress, his majesty had made a pilgrimage to the holy well of the renowned British saint and martyr, Winifred, and taken a draught of the miracle-working waters, with vows and prayers for the accomplishment of the same object which had occupied the last thoughts of his worthy mother-in-law, the duchess of Modena.³ Absurd as this proceeding may appear, it was not half so foolish as his conduct in going to Oxford, and interfering with the affairs of Magdalen college.

On the 6th of September, James rejoined his consort at Bath. He found her in greatly improved health; she

¹ Dalrymple's Appendix.

² MS. Memorials of Mary d'Esté. Life of James II.

³ Life of James II.

had taken the waters, and used the hot mineral bath with great success, as regarded her bodily health. The bath used by Mary of Modena now goes by the name of the cross bath. It was distinguished by a richly-sculptured cross of pure white marble, erected by the earl of Melfort, to commemorate the re-union of the royal pair on that spot.¹

It was at this period that James received his first solemn warning of the project of his son-in-law, the prince of Orange, to deprive him of his crown, and of his treacherous practices with many of his servants. Louis XIV. having sent an especial envoy, Bonrepaux, to give him intelligence of what was going on, Bonrepaux found James with his queen at Bath, and endeavoured to prevail on him to enter into a secret treaty with Louis, for his own defence; but nothing could persuade him to believe that William was capable of the conduct alleged; and he declared his intention of keeping the treaty of Nimeguen inviolate.²

After passing a few days with Mary Beatrice, James left her at Bath, and proceeded to London for the despatch of business. From thence, he went to Windsor, where the queen joined him on the 6th of October; and they returned to Whitehall together on the 11th. The king's birth-day was kept with great splendour. As James led his consort into the supper room, he made her give her hand to be kissed by his favourite prelate, Cartwright, bishop of Chester. Their majesties were both invited by the city of London to dine at the lord mayor's feast at Guildhall; the invitation was also extended to the papal nuncio, who not only went, but was well received. The dinner is said to have been an indifferent one.

By the end of November, it began to be whispered about the court, that there was a prospect of the queen becoming a mother once more. Excessive excitement was caused by the rumour, the truth of which was angrily impugned on the one hand, and hailed with extravagant joy on the other. The circumstance was too important to the interest of the king, to be permitted to remain long in doubt. He mentions the situation of his consort, in a friendly letter to

¹ The inscriptions were erased after the revolution, and the cross has been removed in later times. Some celebrity was attached to the bath used by Mary Beatrice, which was much resorted to afterwards by married ladies desirous of children.

² MS. Bibliothèque du Roi, on Bonrepaux's Mission, 1687.

his daughter Mary, dated November 29th, and notices that the queen had informed her of it previously.¹ The queen's pregnancy was announced by royal proclamation, and in the Gazette of the 23rd of December, with an order for a day of general thanksgiving. James appears to have been determined to obtain the benefit of the prayers of the church of England for the fruition of his hopes, at as early a period as was consistent with propriety. He commanded the bishops to prepare a suitable form of prayer and thanksgiving for the occasion, to be read in all the churches in, and for ten miles round, the metropolis, on Sunday, January 15, and in every church throughout England on the 29th of that month. Nothing was said, implying hopes of *male* issue, as was afterwards pretended, but simply "that the queen might become a joyful mother of children; that God would command his holy angels to watch over her, and defend her from all dangers and evil accidents; that the king might behold his children's children, and peace upon Israel; and that his gracious consort, queen Mary, might be as a fruitful vine upon the walls of his house, and his children like the olive branches round about his table." A farther petition was added, "that the whole of the royal family might be increased and multiplied." A prayer that was intended for the benefit of the three childless heirs presumptive of the realm, Mary, Anne, and William. Mary had never borne a child, and Anne had been as unfortunate as her royal step-mother, in the loss of all her infants. The next persons in the succession were the two daughters of the king's youngest sister, Henrietta, duchess of Orleans, both catholics, and it was by no means a desirable contingency, that the crown should devolve on either of those foreign princesses, the eldest of whom was married to the king of Spain, the youngest to the duke of Savoy. Under these circumstances, the prospect of the queen bringing a male heir to the crown, might have been regarded as a most auspicious event, had there been any prospect of his being educated in the national faith. To the daughters of James II., and their consorts, such a contingency was a matter of painful consideration. They had regarded the crown as their natural inheritance, and they determined not to relinquish the influence they already held in the realm,

¹ Inedited Letters of James II., Brit. Mus.

as the heirs presumptive and reversionary. The exultation of the king, the confident predictions of the catholic party, that the royal infant would be a prince, were retorted by a series of the coarsest and most revolting lampoons tending to throw injurious doubts on the alleged situation of the queen.¹

It might be imagined that the want of judgment on the part of their majesties, in attributing the present prospect of an heir to the miraculous intercessions of their favourite saints, had provoked the incredulous to a suspicion that some imposition was meditated, if the stories that were now circulated by their enemies had not been a mere revival of the malicious libels that were invented some years before, for the purpose of stigmatizing the birth of the last child of Mary Beatrice, in the event of its proving a son. Though a son was eagerly anticipated and desired, certain attempts were made by the catholic party to provide for the contingency of a girl, by insinuating that the daughter of a king and queen—that is to say, a princess born after James's accession to the throne—would have a better claim to the succession than his daughters by Anne Hyde.²

The situation of the queen encouraged James to pursue his plans with redoubled energy for the abrogation of the penal laws. Of the cruelty and injustice of those statutes, no one who reads the civil and ecclesiastical annals of the three kingdoms can pretend to doubt. James, who, to use his own words, "had learned the great lesson of religious toleration in the school of persecution," was ambitious of being the first British monarch who should proclaim to his people the precious boon of liberty of conscience—a boon more glorious than all the boasted privileges which were wrung from the tyrant John, by the steel-clad champions of freedom, at Runymede.

In the preceding spring, James had declared in council "that four of his predecessors having attempted in vain to establish a general conformity of worship, and the penal laws against dissenters having only led to rebellions and bloodshed, he was convinced that nothing could conduce more to the peace and quiet of the kingdom and the increase of trade, than an entire liberty of conscience; it having," he said, "always been his opinion, as most suitable to the

¹ Journal of James II. Dalrymple. Mackintosh. Ellis Correspondence. Reresby.

² Echard.

principles of Christianity, that no man should be persecuted for conscience-sake, which he thought was not to be forced, and that it never could be to the interest of a king of England to do it."¹ He then directed his attorney and solicitor-general not to suffer any process in his name to be issued against any dissenter whatsoever. In this proffered charter of religious freedom, the last of the Stuart kings anticipated the enlightened policy which has gradually, but very cautiously, actuated British sovereigns and statesmen of the nineteenth century. Unfortunately for James II., the course of Christian civilization was not sufficiently advanced in that day to admit of a legislative act of Christian charity. The king forgot that he was a mere feather on the stream working against the strong tide of popular opinion, and in a fatal hour attempted to carry a noble object by unconstitutional means. The declaration of liberty of conscience was not so gratefully accepted in Scotland as the sufferings of the presbyterian party had led the king to imagine it would. They were offended with being included in the same act which proclaimed freedom of worship to papists, to anabaptists, and to quakers.

The confidential intimacy that subsisted between the king and William Penn, the philanthropic quaker, was regarded with scarcely less hostility than the influence of father Petre and the jesuits. It was, after all, James's greatest glory that his name should have been associated with that of the benignant founder of the Utopia of the New World, Pennsylvania. That the royal admiral, with his passion for naval glory, the despotic monarch, with his stately ideas of "the divinity that hedges in a king," and all the hot zeal of a convert to Romanism about him, could enter with sympathy and delight into the enlightened views of that pure-minded Christian philosopher, William Penn, is an interesting fact, and not less strange than true. James once condescended to use a playful reproof to the peculiarity of the quaker, who, the first time he entered his presence after he became king, did so with his hat on. James immediately took off his own. "Friend James," said Penn, "why dost thee uncover thy head?" "Because," replied his majesty, with a smile, "it is the fashion here for only one man to wear his hat."

Penn was sent by James on a private mission to the

¹ James II.'s speech in Council. Life, vol. ii.

Hague, for the purpose of persuading the prince of Orange to consent to the abolition of the penal laws. The eloquence of the man of peace and Christian philanthropy, who anticipated the fulfilment of the prophecy relating to the millenary reign of Christ in the establishment of perfect fellowship and brotherly love among all, who confessed His name on earth, sounded less pleasantly to the military stadholder than the inflammatory language of Burnet and other priestly agitators, who taught him how to make a political creed the master-key to the kingdoms of this world. William refused to concur in the removal of any statute that was not formally repealed in parliament. James further committed himself by an indirect application through Stuart, a Scotch refugee at the Hague, to William's minister, Fagel, for the purpose of winning his daughter Mary to second his wishes. He not only got a dry refusal from the princess, but the mortification of seeing the correspondence published.¹

Mary Beatrice, who rarely took any part in politics, had vainly represented to her consort the folly of his proceeding, which arose from a miscalculation of his paternal influence.² "The queen," says father Petre, "as well as myself, was of opinion against the sending any such letter to the Hague upon this subject, but rather some person able to discourse and to persuade should have been sent thither. For all such letters, when they are not grateful, produce bad effects. That which is spoken face to face is not so easily divulged, nor anything discovered to the vulgar, but what we have a mind the people should know."³ After some allusions to the queen's situation, and the ribald lampoons that were in circulation, one of which had been found affixed to a pillar of a church, the Jesuit statesman adds, "you will agree with me, most reverend father, that we have done a great thing by introducing Mrs. Collier to the queen. This woman is wholly devoted to our society, and zealous for the catholic religion." This Mrs. Collier, from whom such great things were expected, is rather a mysterious personage; her name has never been mentioned

¹ Echard. Lingard. Mackintosh. Dalrymple.

² Inedited Letter of Father Petre to Père le Chaise, purchased at the late sale of the Strawberry-hill collection by the lady Petre, by whom the document was kindly communicated to me.

³ Ibid.

in connexion with any of the complicated intrigues of the period, neither does it occur in the list of the queen's attendants, or the nursery establishment of the prince. Probably, her majesty had sufficient penetration to discover that Mrs. Collier was a dangerous intriguante, and got rid of her. Mary Beatrice was now so happy in the undivided possession of the king's affections, that she was willing to forgive those who had endeavoured to injure her, by encouraging him in his guilty attentions to her rival, and raising a party in favour of that bad woman. Convinced that she had no longer cause to dread either her or her friends, her majesty took the first opportunity of shewing the earl of Clarendon, that she was not only willing to overlook all past causes of displeasure, but ready to render him any service in her power.

"In the afternoon, March 8th," he says, "I waited on the queen, upon an intimation given, that she wondered she had not seen me a great while, for I had not been with her for some months. Her majesty was very gracious to me, and asked me, 'why I did not come more to court?' I told her, 'I did some time wait on the king at his levee; but having nothing to do at court, I thought it not needful to be as often there as I had been formerly.' She said, 'I was to blame, that she knew the king would be kind to me, and that she would often put him in mind of me, and said that she expected to see me often.' She then asked me, 'if my pension were well paid?' I told her, 'Yes.' The king came into the room from hunting, and so I came away."¹ Clarendon was at that time involved in a sea of trouble, in consequence of the queen dowager's suit against him for arrears in his accounts.² The amiable behaviour of the reigning queen was therefore of some comfort to him. The secret correspondence of James's treacherous favourites, his discarded ministers, and disaffected nobles, with the court of Orange, unveils to the dispassionate documentary historian an extensive confederacy, with the princess Anne at the head of it,³ for the purpose of branding the child, whose birth was so eagerly anticipated by the king and queen, as spurious, in case it

¹ Diary of Henry, earl of Clarendon. Clarendon Correspondence, vol. iii. Edited by Singer.

² See vol. viii.: Life of Catharine of Braganza.

³ See the proofs in Dalrymple's Appendix, vol. ii., and in the British Museum, MS.

should prove a boy. It was from this confederacy that all the disgusting lampoons and incendiary pamphlets, on that subject, emanated. As early as the spring of 1686, the princess Anne had betrayed to the acute observation of the French envoy, Bonrepaux, that ambition and hatred to the queen were the master-passions of her soul.¹ In what manner had Mary Beatrice provoked her ill-will? the reader naturally inquires; but Anne has never brought a specific charge against her royal stepmother, with whom she had lived in perfect amity from her tenth year up to the period of king James's accession to the throne.

The following passage from one of Anne's private confidential letters to her sister Mary is rather indicative of the evil passions of the writer than the bad qualities of the object of her vituperation:—"The queen, you must know, is of a very proud and haughty temper, and though she pretends to hate all form and ceremony, yet one sees that those who make their court that way are very well thought of. She declares always that she loves sincerity and hates flattery; but when the grossest flattery in the world is said to her face, she seems extremely well pleased with it. It really is enough to turn one's stomach to hear what things are said to her of that kind, and to see how mightily she is satisfied with it."² Some women there are, whose minds are unfortunately so constituted, that they cannot endure to see attention offered to another. The adulation and homage that were paid to her beautiful stepmother, who was about five years older than herself, appears to have been the exciting cause of Anne's ill-will against her. So true is the observation of the wisest of men, "Anger is fierce, and jealousy is cruel; but who can stand against envy?" That no want of courtesy, or even of affection, had been manifested by the consort of James II. towards his daughter, may be perceived by Anne's concluding remark. "She (the queen) pretends to have a deal of kindness for me; but I doubt it is not real, for I never see any proofs of it, but rather the contrary."³ Surely, if the queen had ever committed herself by word or deed, so as to furnish any tenable charge of complaint, Anne would have instanced it in support of her last assertion.

¹ Letter from Bonrepaux to Seignelai.

² Dalrymple's Appendix.

³ Ibid.

The hatred of the princess Anne towards Mary Beatrice was of too deadly a nature to evaporate in useless invectives. She took infinite pains to persuade her sister, the princess of Orange, that a plot was in progress to deprive them of their rights in the succession, by the imposition of a spurious prince of Wales, on the nation. She complained, in the coarsest language, to her sister and the earl of Clarendon, "that the queen would not permit her to touch her, and that her majesty always went into another room to change her dress."¹ Anne, all this while, kept up a show of duty to her father, and kindness to the queen; she was frequently at her majesty's toilet, and performed the service, as usual, which the etiquette of those times prescribed, of assisting to put on her majesty's chemise.² The queen was taken alarmingly ill at the end of seven months, while the king was gone to Chatham, and her apprehensions of death were so great, that she wrote to the king to come immediately to her, and also sent for her confessor. "Everybody flocking about her, the princess failed not to be there too, and appeared so easy and kind that nothing could equal it: talked of the queen's condition with mighty concern, and was wanting in no manner of respect and care."³

The indisposition of his consort, who had now become an object of the tenderest regard, and most watchful solicitude to the king, is thus mentioned by that monarch, in the following friendly letter to his son-in-law of Orange:—

"Whitehall, May 11, 1688.

"My going to Chatham on Tuesday last hindered me from writing to you by that day's post, to let you know I had received yours of the 11th. I found my ships and stores in very good condition, and chose one of my new three (third) rates to be fitted out to carry the queen dowager when she goes to Portugal. I came back hither yesterday morning, and found that my queen had not been well, and was in some fears of coming before her time, but, God be thanked, she was very well all day yesterday, and continues so now, so that I hope she will go out her full time. The weather is now very seasonable, and there is like to be a great store of fruit this year. I have no more to say, but that you shall find me as kind to you as you can expect.

"JAMES R.

"For my son, the prince of Orange."

A week later, the queen herself wrote this little billet to

¹ See her letters in Dalrymple's Appendix.

² Life of James, compiled from his own private papers, by the Rev. S. Clark, Historiographer to George IV.

³ Ibid.

William, in the same easy familiar style which marks her occasional correspondence with him :—

“ May 19, 1688.

“ I am so ashamed to have been so long without answering your obliging letter, that I know not what to say for myself. I well believe you know me too well to suspect it want of kindness ; and, therefore, I hope you will think it, as it was, want of time, or at the worst a little laziness, which being confessed, will, I hope, be excused ; for else I did long to return you a thousand thanks, as I do now, for your kind wishes, which I hope you will continue, and believe that I am, with all sincerity, truly yours,

“ M. R.”

During the whole of the month of May, the queen's health was in a precarious state ; she was bled in consequence of feverish symptoms, as late as the 29th. Some anxiety must have been on her spirit in consequence of the cruel reports that were poisoning the public mind against her, at that period when she was looking forward with trembling hope and natural dread, to the hour of woman's peril.

Mary Beatrice has been accused of unbecoming haughtiness, in treating the injurious rumours that were in circulation with silent contempt ; as a delicate woman she could do no otherwise ; as a queen, she appears to have acted with great prudence, and to have done everything necessary to convince the great ladies of the court and the princess Anne, of the reality of her alleged situation. It was her original intention to lie in at Windsor, but she made a very proper concession to public opinion, when she gave up that arrangement, and determined to await her accouchement in the metropolis, where the witnesses requisite for the verification of the birth of the royal infant, could be got together at a hasty summons, which could scarcely be the case at Windsor or even Hampton-court. Her enemies have, with a strange obliquity of reasoning, construed this convincing proof of her willingness to afford full satisfaction to every one interested, into a presumption of her guilt.

“ The great bustle,” says the princess Anne, “ that was made about her lying-in, at Windsor, and then resolving all of a sudden to go to St. James's, which is much the properest place to act such a cheat in.”¹ Can any one believe, that if Anne did suspect a cheat that she would have shown so little regard to her own interest, as to have invented a

¹ See Anne's Letters in Dalrymple's Appendix, and the originals in the British Museum.

pretext for going to Bath instead of remaining on the spot to expose it? But the queen had given her indubitable proofs that she was about to become a mother; and Anne purposely went out of the way that she might not be a witness of the birth of a brother, whose rights she intended to dispute; and in case the expected infant proved to be a girl, she would escape a disagreeable duty by her absence. She came to take leave of the queen before she went to Bath, and they conversed together in a confidential manner.

The queen always expressed herself as doubtful, whether her confinement would take place in June or July. The princess Anne said to her, "Madame, I think you will be brought to bed before I return,"¹ giving, at the same time, a reason for her opinion, of which she was afterwards pointedly reminded by Mrs. Margaret Dawson, when she expressed a doubt, whether the young prince were actually her brother.

On the 2nd of June, the queen said, "she would go to St. James's, and await the good hour."² It was there that all her other children had been born, and it was also the birth-place of the king, her husband. The consorts of the Stuart kings had been accustomed to lie in at that palace; and there was no precedent of any queen having been confined at Whitehall, which was obviously unfit for such a purpose, being very noisy, and open from morning till night to crowds of well-dressed people, who chose to make it a lounge. It was, besides, a great public office, where all the business of the nation was transacted, and the queen's apartments fronted the river. Mary Beatrice never liked Whitehall. She said of it, "Whitehall was one of the largest and most uncomfortable houses in the world." Her heart always clung to her first English home, which had been endeared to her by those tender recollections which regal pomp had never been able to efface.

King James, in a letter to his daughter Mary, thus announces the intended removal of himself and his queen to St. James's palace:—

Whitehall, June 8, 1688.

"The Q. and I intend to lie at St. James's to-morrow night, she intending to lie in there."³

¹ King James's Journal.

² Burnet.

³ Extracts from James II.'s letters.—Additional MSS. Brit. Mus.

MARY BEATRICE OF MODENA,

QUEEN CONSORT OF JAMES II. KING OF GREAT
BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER V.

Preparations for the confinement of the queen—She removes from Whitehall to St. James's—Gives birth to a prince—Illness of the child—Reports of his death—Queen's rapid recovery—Gives audience to Zulestein in her chamber—Writes to the princess of Orange—Medal of the queen—She reproaches the princess of Orange for not mentioning the prince—Her letter to the pope—Attempts to bring the prince up by hand—His dangerous illness—Queen goes to see him—Her distress—She sends for a nurse—Col. Sands and lady Strickland—Malicious reports raised by Sands—Prince's nurse—Her simplicity—Prince recovers—His likeness to his parents—Queen's letter to the princess of Orange—Hostile preparations of William—Queen's birth-day—She writes again to the princess of Orange—Dark aspect of the times—Christening of the prince—Pope godfather—Queen's offering to the shrine of Loretto—Attestations of the birth of the prince—Prince of Orange lands—King leaves London with the prince of Wales—Queen left alone at Whitehall—Perilous state of the king—Anxiety of the queen—Princess Anne absconds—King returns to London—His apprehensions for his son—Designs to send him to France, and the queen—Prince brought back from Portsmouth—Preparations for the queen's departure—Her sorrowful parting from the king—Escapes from Whitehall with the prince—Crosses the Thames on a stormy night to Lambeth—Coach delayed—Embarks at Gravesend—Her companions—Stormy voyage—Lands at Calais—Sympathy of the governor—Her letter to Louis XIV.—Her anxiety touching the fate of her husband—Alarming rumours on that subject.

THE birth of the second son of Mary Beatrice was destined to take place, at the inauspicious period, when James had given irreparable offence to the nation, by committing the archbishop of Canterbury and six bishops to the Tower.¹

¹ The offence of the bishops was, having framed a petition to the king, praying to be excused from reading the declaration of liberty of conscience. This petition they presented to his majesty at ten o'clock on the evening of May 18th. James received them graciously at first, but took fire, very un-

This unprecedented act of folly was perpetrated on the 8th of June; the indignation it excited pervaded all ranks of the people, and extended even within the guarded region of the court. The queen was restless and anxious all the next day, and expressed an impatient desire for the completion of the arrangements that were making for her accommodation in St. James's palace. She sent several times, in the course of that day to hurry the workmen there, and, on being told, that it would be impossible for them to finish in time to put her bed up that night, she gave way to petulance, and said, "I mean to lie at St. James's tonight, if I lie on the boards."

Kings and queens are, of course, liable to the same infirmities of temper as their subjects, but it behoves them to impose a stricter restraint on their natural emotions, surrounded as they are, at all times, by watchful observers, if not, as was the case with James II. and his consort, by invidious spies and traitors. It was by no means wonderful, however, that Mary Beatrice, under these circumstances, should be desirous of escaping, from the political excitement and publicity of Whitehall, to her old familiar palace, where she had formerly tasted some of the comforts and repose of domestic life.

reasonably, at the language in which the petition was couched, lost his temper, called it "a standard of rebellion," and dismissed the prelates in displeasure. In less than two hours after the petition had been put into the king's hand, it was printed, and cried about the streets with great vociferations, for sale. James regarded this proceeding as an outrage. The prelates denied having supplied any one with a copy. James did not believe them, and insisted that their intention was to raise a tumult. They were summoned to appear before the privy council, and, after some angry discussion, ordered to find bail for their appearance in Westminster-hall, July 3rd, to answer to an indictment from the crown for writing and publishing a seditious libel. They refused to find bail, and were committed to the Tower. The warrant for their committal was signed by four-and-twenty privy councillors, all protestants. Sancroft, the archbishop of Canterbury, and Kenn, bishop of Bath and Wells, were the most conscientious and loyal of men. They, with White, Turner, and Lake, forsook all, rather than take the oaths to any other sovereign than James II., to whom their allegiance had been sworn. The other two, Lloyd, of St. Asaph, and Trelawney, of Bristol, were deeply confederate with William. Lloyd was the author of some of the absurd libels tending to discredit the pregnancy of the queen. The copy of the petition was probably furnished by him, on purpose to create an open quarrel with the king. It was afterwards wittily said, with regard to the character and subsequent conduct of these reverend prelates, "that king James sent seven bishops to the Tower to be tested; five of them proved to be true gold, and two only prince's metal."

It was not till a late hour on the Saturday night that the arrangements there were completed. When this was announced to her majesty, she was engaged at cards. The solemn etiquettes, which in that age pervaded the most frivolous amusements of the court, forbade her to break up the table till the game was decided, which was not till eleven o'clock. After this, she was carried in her sedan chair, attended by her servants, and preceded by her ladies through the park to St. James's palace. Her chamberlain, lord Godolphin, walking by the side of her chair. The king accompanied his consort, and passed the night in her apartment. The next morning he rose between seven and eight, and went to his own side of the palace.¹ About a quarter of an hour after, the queen sent for him in great haste, and requested to have every one summoned whom he wished to be witnesses of the birth of their child. It was Trinity Sunday, June 10th. "The protestant ladies that belonged to the court," says Burnet, "were all gone to church before the news was let go abroad," which was certainly true; but this unfaithful chronicler suppresses the fact, that they were all speedily sent for out of church, by her majesty's command.² The first person who obeyed the summons was Mrs. Margaret Dawson, one of her bedchamber women, formerly in the household of Anne Hyde, duchess of York; she had been present at the births of all the king's children, including the princess Anne of Denmark. She found the queen all alone, sitting on a tabouret at her bed's head, trembling, and in some depression of spirits.³ The queen requested the pallet, which was in the next room, to be got ready, but the quilts, not being aired, Mrs. Dawson persuaded her not to use it, but to go into her own bed again, from which she and the king had just risen. That bed was then made ready for her majesty, who was very chilly, and wished it to be warmed. Accordingly, a warming-pan full of hot coals was brought into the chamber, with which the bed was warmed, previously to the queen's entering it.⁴ From this circumstance, simple as it was, but unusual, the absurd tale was fabricated,

¹ Kennet. Echard. Impartial Reflections on Burnet's History.

² Examinations before the Privy Council, 22 Oct., 1688.

³ Ibid.

⁴ Letter of the princess Anne to her sister, the princess of Orange. Dalrymple's Appendix, vol. ii., p. 308.

that a spurious child was introduced into the queen's bed. Mrs. Dawson afterwards deposed, on oath, that she saw the fire in the warming-pan when it was brought into her majesty's chamber—the time being then about eight o'clock,"¹ and the birth of the prince did not take place until ten.

Anne, countess of Sunderland, the wife of James's treacherous minister, therefore no very favourable witness, gave the following statement as to the birth of the prince : "that she went to St. James's chapel at eight o'clock in the morning, on the Trinity Sunday, with the intention of taking the sacrament, but in the beginning of the communion service, the man who had the care of the chapel came to her and told her, 'she must come to the queen.' The countess said, 'she would as soon as the prayers were over ;' but very soon after, another messenger came up to the rails of the altar, and told her, 'that the queen was in labour, and she must come to her majesty without delay ;' on which, she went directly to the chamber of her royal mistress. As soon as the queen saw her, she told her, 'that she believed her hour was come.' By this time," continues lady Sunderland, "the bed was warmed, and the queen went into bed."² Here then is a most important testimony in confirmation, as to the time when the said warming-pan was used, which was before the queen entered the bed at all. After her majesty was in bed, the king came in, and she asked him "if he had sent for the queen dowager." He replied, "I have sent for everybody," and so, indeed, it seemed, for besides the queen dowager and her ladies, and the ladies of the queen's household, the state officers of the palace, several of the royal physicians and the usual professional attendants, there were eighteen members of the privy-council who stood at the foot of the bed.³ Even the princess Anne, in her coarse, cruel letters to her sister on this subject, acknowledges that the queen was much distressed by the presence of so many men, especially by that of the lord-chancellor Jeffreys. The queen, at the birth of her last child, had entreated that no one should proclaim whether it were boy or girl, "lest the pleasure on the one hand, or the disappointment on the other, should overpower her, and this

¹ Depositions before the Privy Council.

² Ibid.

³ There were, in all, 67 persons present. Lord Melfort's reflections on the state of England, in Macpherson.

command was repeated now. About ten o'clock, her majesty gave birth to a son, and forgetting every other feeling in the tender instinct of maternity, exclaimed apprehensively, "I don't hear the child cry." The next moment the prince certified his existence by making his voice heard in good earnest.

Lady Sunderland had previously engaged the midwife to give her intimation if it were a boy, by pulling her dress, and she signified the same to the king by touching her forehead, which they had both agreed should be the token. Not satisfied with this telegraphic intelligence, the king eagerly cried out, "What is it?" "What your majesty desires," replied the nurse. She was about to carry the infant into the inner room, when the king stopped her, and said to the gentlemen of the privy council, "You are witnesses that a child is born," and bade them follow, and see what it was. So crowded was the queen's bed-room, that the earl of Feversham had some trouble in forcing a passage through the noble mob of witnesses, as he preceded Mrs. Delabatie and her infant charge, crying, "Room for the prince!" The royal infant was seen by three of the protestant ladies near her majesty's bed before he was carried into the inner chamber. One of these was the noble-minded and virtuous Susanna, lady Bellasys, who might herself have been queen of England at that moment, instead of Mary d'Esté, if she had not preferred her religion to the prospect of sharing a crown, and at the same time loved James too sincerely to consent to injure his interests, when duke of York, by becoming his wife.¹

After king James had spoken a few tender words to his consort, he said, "Pray, my lords, come and see the child."

¹ The evidence of lady Bellasys on the birth of James's son, by the queen, was most important and conclusive, and such as must have substantiated it in any court of justice. Lady Isabella Wentworth, also, a noble protestant lady in the queen's household, verified the birth of the prince, not only before the privy council on oath, but long after the revolution, to Dr. Hickes, dean of Worcester, in the presence of Mrs. Margaret Dawson, and even to Burnet himself, whom she told, "that she was as sure the prince of Wales was the queen's son, as that any of her own children were hers. Out of zeal for the truth and honour of my mistress," said she, "I spake in such terms as modesty would scarce let me speak at another time." Depositions before the Privy Council, Oct. 22, 1688. Notes to the new Burnet, vol. iii., quoted by the editor from the original document signed by lady Isabella and Dr. Hickes, in Magdalen-college, Oxford.

The witnesses then followed the king into the inner room, where the royal infant was shown, and all present saw it was a prince, and newly born. Lady Bellasys said "she thought it looked black in the face." A convulsion fit, such as had proved fatal to the other children of Mary Beatrice, was at first apprehended; but after the prince was dressed, he looked very fresh and well, and the king said, "nothing was the matter with the child." Mrs. Danvers, who had been the nurse of the princess Isabella, and was then in the service of the princess Anne, came to see the infant, and said "she was glad to see the same marks upon his eyes as the queen's other children had when they were born."¹ In the overflowing transport of his joy for the birth of a living son, and the safety of his queen, James bestowed the accolade of knighthood on her physician, doctor Walgrave, by her bed-side,² as a token of his grateful sense of the care and skill manifested by him during the preceding months of anxious attendance upon her majesty, whose symptoms had occasionally been of an alarming character. The birth of a prince of Wales was announced to the metropolis with signal marks of triumph by the king's command.³ The Tower guns fired an extraordinary number of salutes, the bells rang peals of deceitful joy, the poor were feasted and received alms, and all loyal lieges throughout the realm were enjoined to unite in thanksgivings and festivity. The wisest way in which the king could have celebrated this event would have been by a general act of grace, and the liberation of the prelates in the Tower; but his obduracy on that point hurried on the accomplishment of his evil destiny, including that of his faithful wife and innocent son. By the imprisonment of the virtuous, conscientious Sancroft, he had deprived himself of a witness of the birth of the prince, whose testimony no member of the church of England could have resisted.

Barillon, the French ambassador, announced the birth of the royal infant to Louis XIV. in these words:—"The queen of England has given birth an hour since, to a prince, who is doing very well; he is very well formed, and of the full size."⁴ According to this minister, the

¹ Depositions before the Privy Council.

² Echard.

³ Despatches of Barillon.

joy of the king was unbounded. James's brother-in-law, the earl of Clarendon, gives the following lively little account of this event, in his diary of June 10:—"In the morning, I was at St. James's church, where I observed great whispering, but could not learn what the matter was. As I was going home, my page told me the queen was brought to bed of a son. I went presently to St. James's, whither the court removed but the last night, and word was brought me it was true her majesty was delivered about ten this morning. As soon as I had dined, I went to court, and found the king shaving. I kissed his hand, and wished him joy. He said the queen was so quick in her labour, and he had had so much company, that he had not time to dress himself till now. He bade me go and see the prince. I went into the room, which had been formerly the duchess's private bed-chamber, and there my lady Powis (who was made governess) showed me the prince. He was asleep in his cradle, and a very fine child to look upon."¹ On the same day, the marchioness of Powis was sworn as state governess, and lady Strickland, wife of Sir Thomas Strickland, of Sizergh, as sub-governess, to the new-born heir of England. There were also two nurses, madame Labadie and Mrs. Royere, four rockers, a laundress, and sempstress, and two pages of the backstairs, who were all sworn into their offices.

The same night, the numerous nursery establishment, and indeed the whole palace, were thrown into a state of dismay, by the alarming illness of the precious babe. The king was called out of his bed at three o'clock in the morning, and the royal physicians were summoned in great haste to his assistance. Mary Beatrice has herself related the following particulars connected with the indisposition of the little prince, and the strange negligence of her own personal attendants at that time:—"A few hours after the birth of my son," said she, "the physicians prescribed something for him, which they say is good for babies.² I don't remember now what it was; but this I know, that, by mistake or carelessness, they repeated the dose, which made him so ill that every one thought he was dying. As I was in child-bed, the king would not have

¹ Clarendon's Diary.

² Inedited Memorials of Mary of Modena, Archives au Royaume.

me awakened with these tidings; but while every one was in a state of distraction, he retired into his oratory to offer that child, who was so precious to him, to God. I awoke in the meantime, and asked for some broth, but saw no one near me, neither nurse nor attendant. I then called. The only person who remained to take care of me was a chambermaid, not more than one-and-twenty years old, and thus I learned that which they wished to conceal from me. The countess of Sunderland was lady of the bed that night, and it was her duty to watch beside me."

Though the indisposition of the royal infant had only been caused by his being over-dosed with drugs which he would have been much better without, the doctors inflicted the additional suffering upon him, of making an issue in his tender little shoulder,¹ and giving him more physic, while they withheld from him the natural aliment for which he pined. One of the household, when communicating to his friend in Ireland the news of the birth of a prince of Wales, says, "It is a brave lusty boy, and like to live;² and live he did, in spite of all the blunders of his nurses, the barbarities of his doctors, and the malice of those who pretended that he died, at the time this great nocturnal disturbance was raised in St. James's palace on his account, and that another child had been substituted, to personate the veritable son of the king and queen.³ On this new story, those persons chose to rest, who were ashamed of repeating the clumsy romance of the warming-pan, and pretending to believe that an imposition could be practised in the presence of six medical gentlemen, three-and-twenty protestant ladies and gentlemen of high rank, besides menial attendants, or that the queen dowager, and all the catholic nobility, would become accomplices in such a cheat. Dr. Hugh Chamberlayne, the celebrated Whig practitioner, whom Burnet daringly quotes in support of his own inventions, when he heard that his name had been mentioned, as connected with these fictions, by the Lutheran minister at the Hague, in a conversation with the electress Sophia of Hanover, wrote a manly, honest letter to that

¹ Autobiography of Sir John Bramston, edited by lord Braybrooke. Published by the Camden Society.

² Ellis Correspondence, edited by the Hon. Agar Ellis.

³ Burnet's History of his own Times.

princess, assuring her “that the minister must have been misled by pamphlets current in England, pretending,” says he, “an account how far I had been therein engaged, to which several falsehoods were added. One of those papers was written by Mr. Burnet, son to the bishop of Salisbury.” Burnet himself wrote, and printed at the Hague, some of the coarse indelicate libels that were so industriously circulated against the poor queen on this occasion.¹ He subsequently embodied the substance of those lampoons in his history—a remarkably easy method of obtaining a mass of fictitious evidence. Dr. Chamberlayne expressly states that he was sent for early on the Sunday morning by the queen, but, being out of town, did not arrive till after the birth of the babe. He declares that the duchess of Monmouth had given him positive testimony of the reality of her majesty’s alleged situation a few days before, she having been present at her toilet:²—

“This relation,” says he, “being wholly occasioned by chance, and mentioned by one at that time disengaged by the court, I take to be genuine, without artifice or disguise, so that I never questioned it. Another circumstance in this case is, that my being a noted Whig, and signally oppressed by king James, they would never have hazarded such a secret as a supposititious child, which, had I been at home to follow the summons, I must have come time enough to have discovered.”

He says, “King James told him the queen came a fortnight sooner than she expected;” and this, it will be remembered, was the case, when her last child, the princess Charlotte, was born. It was, moreover, scarcely two years since the princess Anne herself had made a similar miscalculation, and was brought to bed of a fine girl, only two hours after her arrival at Windsor, having travelled from London the same day.

“During my attendance on the child, by his majesty’s directions,” continues Dr. Chamberlayne, “I had frequent discourse with the necessary woman, who, being in mighty dread of popery, and confiding in my reputed Whiggism, would often complain of the busy pragmatism of the jesuits, who placed and displaced whom they pleased; ‘and for her part, she expected a speedy remove, for the jesuits could endure none but their own party.’ Such was our

¹ See Burnet’s *Six Stories*, commented upon by Smollett, in his *History of England*. James II.

² Dalrymple’s *Appendix*, vol. ii., pp. 311—13.

common entertainment, but about a fortnight after the child was born, a rumour having spread through the city that the child was spurious, she cried, ‘Alas, will they not let the poor infant alone? I am certain no such thing as the bringing a strange child in a warming-pan could be practised without my seeing it, attending constantly in and about the avenues of the chamber.’ Other remoter incidents might be alleged, which, being of smaller moment, are forborne.”¹

Mary Beatrice, regardless of all the injurious libels that emanated from the Dutch press, had continued to keep up a friendly correspondence with the prince and princess of Orange,² relating frankly, perhaps they might think ostentatiously, the particulars relating to her health to the princess, up to the period of her confinement.

King James communicated the important event of the birth of the prince, by whom his eldest daughter was apparently supplanted in her presumptive heirship of the crown, to her consort, in the following business-like note:—

KING JAMES TO THE PRINCE OF ORANGE.

“ June 12, 1688.

“ The queen was, God be thanked, safely delivered of a son on Sunday morning, a little before ten. She has been very well ever since, but the child was somewhat ill, this last night, of the wind, but is now, blessed be God, very well again, and like to have no returns of it, and is a very strong boy.

“ Last night I received yours of the 18th. I expect every day to hear what the French fleet has done at Algiers. ‘Tis late, and I have not time to say more, but that you shall find me to be as kind to you as you can expect.

“ For my son, the prince of Orange.”³

Four days later, James wrote to his daughter Mary, the following brief bulletin of the health of the queen and prince of Wales:—

“ St James’s, June 16, 1688.

The queen was somewhat feverish this afternoon. My son is, God be thanked, very well, and feeds heartily and thrives very well.”⁴

¹ The illustrious lady to whom the honest doctor addressed this letter was an interested party, it is true, the British parliament having settled the royal succession on her and her posterity; but, unlike the daughters of James II., she was of too noble a nature to wish to strengthen the title which a free nation had given her, by stooping to avail herself of the base fictions of a party against the deposed sovereign, his queen, and son. So far was Sophia, electress of Hanover, from impugning the birth of the rejected claimant of the crown, that she was accustomed to say, “that the unfortunate young prince was as much the child of James II. as her son George was her own offspring.” Historical Recollections, by lady Mary Wortley Montague.

² See Royal Letters in Ellis’s Appendix.

³ Dalrymple’s Appendix.

⁴ Additional MSS. British Museum, No. 4163, fol. 1.

In Edinburgh, the news of the queen's happy delivery, and the birth of "the prince Stuart of Scotland," as they proudly styled

"The young blooming flower of the auld royal tree,"

was received with unfeigned joy. The civic council records testify of the bonfires that blazed from the Canongate to Arthur's-seat, to make known the joyful tidings, that a male heir was born to "the ancient realm." Claret was quaffed at the expense of the crown, and glasses broken by the loyal lieges *ad libitum*, in drinking the health of their majesties, and "the prince Stuart" at the town cross, amidst ringing of bells, and roaring salutes of the castle artillery. And the lord provost received commission to go up to the court with two addresses from the good town, one to the king, the other to the queen, to congratulate their majesties.¹

Even the malcontent city of York, drank deep potations to the health of the king, queen, and prince of Wales, and sent up a deceitful address of congratulation by the lord mayor and sheriffs.² In short, this event was celebrated with so many public demonstrations of rejoicing, in all parts of the realm, that the king and queen flattered themselves with the belief that the nation shared in their rapture. Oxford, ever loyal, notwithstanding her present dispute with his majesty, poured forth a centenary of odes and heroic verses, to celebrate the birth of a prince of Wales. The lofty numbers of Dryden's "*Britannia Rediviva*," which appeared a few days after this event, vindicated the honour of his office as poet laureate, by throwing the efforts of all contemporary bards into the shade. The following lines are selected as a specimen :—

"Last solemn Sabbath saw the church attend,
The Paraclete in fiery pomp descend;
But when his wond'rous octave rolled again,
He brought a royal infant in his train."

Here, Dryden alludes to the festivals of Pentecost and Trinity Sunday, and proceeds to recal to the remembrance of his countrymen, that Edward the Black Prince was also born on Trinity Sunday, which was considered a very aus-

¹ Council Records of Edinburgh, vol. xxxii. p. 115.

² Drake's History of York.

picious circumstance. He forgets not to compliment the royal parents on the mingled likeness which the infant was said to bear to both :—

“ ‘Tis paradise to look
On the fair frontispiece of Nature’s book ;
If the first opening page so charms the sight,
Think how the unfolding volume will delight :
See, how the venerable infant¹ lies
In early pomp ; how, through the mother’s eyes,
The father’s soul, with an undaunted view,
Looks out, and takes our homage as his due.”

The injurious reports that had been circulated by a faction insinuating the introduction of a spurious child, are nobly repelled in these four lines :—

“ Born in broad daylight, that the ungrateful rout
May find no room for a remaining doubt ;
Truth, which is light itself, doth darkness shun,
And the true eaglet safely dares the sun.”

Our laureate’s concluding apostrophe to the royal mother, Mary of Modena, must not be forgotten, though somewhat too adulatory for modern taste :—

“ But you, propitious queen, translated here,
From your mild skies, to rule our rugged sphere ;
You, who your native climate have bereft
Of all the virtues, and the vices left,—
Whom piety and beauty make their boast,
Though beautiful is well in pious lost ;
So lost as daylight is dissolved away,
And melts into the brightness of the day.”

It is not to be supposed that all the poets of the age imitated the chivalry of glorious John and the bards of Oxford, in flinging votive garlands at the feet of Mary Beatrice, to compliment her on having given a male heir to England. The following sarcastic squib, from the in-edited political songs of the period, is written in a different spirit :—

ON MARY OF MODENA, ADDRESSED TO JAMES.

“ Why dost thou wrong thy country, shame thy life,
To please false priests and a designing wife ?
A wife whose character has always been
A fawning duchess, and a saucy queen.
O Nassau, with thy promised succours come,
And be to us like Anthony to Rome !

¹ This word, in its ancient sense, did not mean “ old,” but “ august,” something worthy of veneration.

Thy wife shall young Octavia's place supply,
 And those that have betrayed their country fly;
 Unless the king, to prove the prince his own,
 Shall to the lion's den present his son;¹
 Then, if the royal beasts do not destroy
 The infant, it is proved his own dear boy."

A few days after the birth of his son, the following instance of clemency is recorded of king James:—"Nathaniel Hook, the late duke of Monmouth's chaplain, who hath been skulking up and down without being able to obtain his pardon, threw himself lately at his majesty's feet, desiring his majesty's pardon, or to be speedily tried and executed, since now life itself, as well as the sense of his guilt was wearisome to him; whereupon his majesty thought fit to extend his gracious pardon to him."² James unfortunately in this, as in several other cases where he had exercised the royal attribute of mercy, calculated on the gratitude of the object of his grace. He forgot that the Christian law, which enjoins forgiveness of our enemies, does not recommend us to trust them, and in a fatal hour he took Nathaniel Hook into his service, who became one of the secret tools of William. He followed his confiding master into exile as the hired pensionary of his foe. He was in constant correspondence with the British ambassador at the court of France, and, growing grey in his iniquities, continued, even after the death of James II., to sell the councils of his widowed queen and his son.³

The news of the birth of a prince of Wales, was received with great pleasure at the court of France; Skelton, the British ambassador, thus describes the feelings of some of the ladies:—

"Madame la Dauphine is indisposed and in bed, yet sent for me, and said, though she saw no man, yet she could not forbear rejoicing with me upon account of the great news, and expressed great joy, and the little duke of Burgundy, whilst I was talking to madame la mareschale de la Motte, of his own accord told me 'that he would, for joy, order threescore fuses to be fired.' Madame la mareschalle intends, in October next, to give me something to be hung about the prince's neck, which prevents the inconveniences which commonly attend the breeding teeth. The same has been used to these three young princes with good success. * * * Monsieur made all the ladies at St. Cloud drink the prince of Wales's health on Thursday last."⁴

¹ The Dream, a State Poem, 1688. This allusion is to the superstition that lions will not tear the true offspring of a royal line.

² Ellis Correspondence, vol. i., p. 371.

³ See the despatches of the earl of Manchester and the earl of Stair.

⁴ Macpherson's State Papers, vol. i., p. 262.

On the 17th of June, thanksgivings were offered up in all the churches, for the happy delivery of the queen, and the birth of a prince of Wales. As early as the 29th, the unconscious babe, who was born to inherit his father's misfortunes, not his crown, was produced in all the pomp of purple pall and ermine, to receive in person, as he lay in lady Powis's lap, addresses of congratulation from the lord mayor and corporation of London, on the appearance of his royal highness in a troublesome world, wherein he was destined to create further commotions. The lord mayor and his civic brethren, having presented an offering of their good-will and affection in the shape of a purse of gold, were admitted to the honour of kissing his tiny hand.¹ "The prince is in very good health," writes one of the household, "and hath given audience to several foreign ministers." Among these were the envoy of his affectionate brother-in-law of Orange, and of the king of Denmark.² "The lord mayor of York," pursues our correspondent, "is come to town to kiss the prince's hand, and to present him a purse of gold, as the lord mayor of London did. The queen is in public again, and to name a day for the fireworks on the river."³

Mary Beatrice was now a proud and joyful mother, and her recovery was unusually rapid; she received visits from ladies at the end of a fortnight, and as early as the 28th, gave audience in her chamber to mynheer Zulestein, the Dutch envoy-extraordinary, who was charged with the formal compliments of the prince and princess of Orange, on the birth of her son.⁴ A few days afterwards, her majesty wrote a letter to her royal step-daughter Mary—a letter beginning with these words:—"The first time that I have taken pen in hand since I was brought to bed, is this, to write to my dear lemon."⁵ The playful familiarity of addressing her highness of Orange by her pet name, on this occasion, sufficiently indicates the affectionate terms on which the consort of James II. had been accustomed to live with his eldest daughter. It is much to be regretted, that one sentence only should have been preserved of a letter commencing in a tone so different from the epistolary style of royal ladies.

¹ Ellis Correspondence.

² Ibid.

³ Ibid.

⁴ Gazette.

⁵ Dated July 6th, 1688. From Dr. Birch's Extracts, printed by sir Henry Ellis, in his Royal Letters. First series, vol. iii. p. 348.

At the end of four weeks, Mary Beatrice left her retirement at St. James's palace, and returned to Whitehall. Lord Clarendon came to pay his duty to her, Monday, July 9th; he says—"In the afternoon, I waited on the queen, the first time I had seen her since she lay in. She was very gracious to me, and asked me 'why I had not been there before, and why I did not come oftener?'"¹ The next day the intended exhibition of the fireworks was postponed, and the following intimation of the cause was hinted by a person behind the scenes. "The young prince is ill, but it is a secret. I think he will not hold. The foreign ministers Zulestein and Grammont, stay to see the issue."² The illness was so dangerous, that the princess Anne condescended to call her brother "the prince of Wales," when communicating to Mary the happy probability of his "soon becoming an angel in heaven."³ He was destined to a few more trials on earth.

The premature state audiences of the prince of Wales, had drawn so much ill-natured mockery on the innocent babe, in the form of vulgar, and sometimes indelicate, lampoons, that his offended mother went into a contrary extreme, equally injudicious; she would not allow him to be seen by any one but the nuncio, and forbade his attendants even to bring him to her before company.⁴ The reason alleged was, the prevalence of the small-pox.⁵

In the course of a week, the prince was so much amended, that the promised pageant of the fire-works on the Thames was shown off, to celebrate his birth and the queen's recovery. The exhibition was very splendid, consisting of several thousand fire-balloons, that were shot up in the air, and then, scattering into various figures, fell into the river; there was several stately pyramids, and many statues and devices, among which, were two large figures, representing Loyalty and Fecundity.⁶ The emblem of the latter, a hen and chickens, was scarcely applicable to Mary Beatrice and her one feeble babe—the only survivor of five ephemeral hopes. The frequent reports of his death rendered it necessary to show the prince again in public, and he was taken into the parks every day. "The lady marquess of Powis,

¹ Clarendon's Diary.

² Dalrymple's Appendix.

³ Ellis Correspondence.

⁴ Ellis Correspondence.

⁵ Letter of princess Anne.

⁶ Ibid. Evelyn.

gouvernante to the prince," writes the Ellis correspondent, "hath taught his royal highness a way to ask already, for, a few days ago, his royal highness was brought to the king, with a petition in his hand, desiring that 200 hackney coaches may be added to the 400 now licensed, but that the revenue for that said 200 might be applied towards the feeding and breeding of foundling children." Thus, we see that the first idea of establishing a foundling hospital in England emanated from the nursery of the consort of James II.; she fondly thought, no doubt, to endear her infant to the people, by connecting his name with a benevolent institution.

Two silver medals were struck in commemoration of the birth of the son of James II., and Mary d'Esté. One, very large, with the profile bust of the king on one side, and the queen on the reverse. It is a most noble work of art; nothing can be more classical and graceful than the head and bust of the queen. Her hair is wreathed back, in a Grecian fillet, from the brow, and confined with strings of pearls; a few rich tresses fall, in long loose ringlets, from the low braided knot behind. It might serve for the head of a Juno or a Roman empress. The inscription is Maria D. G. Mag. Bri. Fran. Et. Hib. Regina. The date, 1688, has been, by some carelessness, reversed, and stands thus, 8891. King James is represented in a Roman dress, with long flowing hair, and a wreath of laurel. The other medal, which is in honour of the royal infant, represents him as a naval prince, seated on a cushion on the sea shore, with ships in the distance. Two angels suspend the coronet of a prince of Wales over his head, and appear sounding notes of triumph with their trumpets. On the reverse, a shield with a label of three points charged with the arms of England, Scotland, Ireland, and France, is supported between four angels; one bears the three-plumed crest—the other, the arms of a prince of Wales.

Although the royal infant had been prayed for in his sister Mary's chapel at the Hague, by the title of prince of Wales,¹ and every mark of ceremonial respect had been paid, on the occasion of his birth, by William of Orange, James could not be deceived as to the inimical feelings with which his son was regarded in that court. It was

¹ Letter of Mary, princess of Orange, in Dalrymple's Appendix. Burnet.

from the Dutch press that all the coarse revolting libels branding his birth as an imposition, and throwing the most odious imputations on the queen, had emanated.¹ One of William's agents, a Dutch burgomaster named Ouir, had been detected, at Rome, by the French ambassador, cardinal D'Etréées, in a secret correspondence with the pope's secretary, count Cassoni, with whom he communicated in the disguise of a vender of artificial fruits. One day, he was, by the cardinal's contrivance, knocked down and robbed of his basket of wares. The cardinal, at first deceived by the exquisite beauty of the fruit, thought his informers had been deceived, and that Cassoni patronised him as an artist only. However, the person by whom they had been captured, cut them open, and showed that they were filled with the seeds of the league of Augsburg, and the projected revolution of England, contained on slips of paper written in cipher, and twisted round the wires which, covered with green silk, supported the fabric of lemons, grapes, figs, &c. The most important of these was, the pope's promise to supply the emperor with large sums of money, to be placed at the disposal of the prince of Orange. D'Etréées' agent succeeded in picking the lock of Cassoni's cabinet, and found there a paper which had not yet been submitted to the pope, implying that the prince of Orange taking the command of the imperial forces, was but a pretext to cover his designs on England, and that he had entered into a conspiracy with the English, to put to death the king, and the child of which the queen was pregnant, if a son, in order to place himself and the princess on the throne. The cardinal lost no time in communicating this discovery to lord Thomas Howard, who despatched two couriers to his master with the news.² James, at the time, appears only to have regarded it as a diplomatic trick of France, being well aware that it was part and parcel of the policy of his good cousin Louis to embroil him with his son-in-law and natural ally, William. It was not till the truth of the first part of the intelligence was fatally confirmed, that he allowed the latter to make any impression on his mind. His reply to William's deceitful congratulations on the birth of the prince of Wales, appears,

¹ Pamphlets of the Times.

² See the Letters of cardinal d'Etréées, in Dalrymple's Appendix.

nevertheless, indicative, by its coldness and stern brevity of distrust, especially the significant concluding line:—

KING JAMES TO THE PRINCE OF ORANGE.

“ July 22, 1688.

“ I have had yours by M. Zulestein, who has, as well as your letter, assured me of the part you take, on the birth of my son. I would not have him return without writing to you by him, to assure you I shall always be as kind to you as you can with reason expect.”¹

The queen, unsuspecting as she was by nature, and always ready to hope and believe the best of every one, writes in a more friendly tone, as if willing to give William credit for feeling all that his silvery tongued envoy had expressed, of sympathy in her maternal joy. Her letter is as follows:—

MARY OF MODENA TO THE PRINCE OF ORANGE.

“ St. James’s, July 24, 1688.

“ The compliments Mr. Zulestein made me from you, and the letter he brought, are so obliging, that I know not which way to begin to give you thanks for it. I hope he will help me to assure you that I am very sensible of it, and that I desire nothing more than the continuance of your friendship, which I am sure mine shall always one way deserve, by being, with all the sincerity imaginable, truly yours,²

“ M. R.”

From the princess of Orange, Mary Beatrice expected letters more in accordance with the friendship that had subsisted between them in their early days, when they lived together like two fond sisters, rather than step-mother and daughter. The affections of the Italian princess, were of an ardent character; she had loved the princess Mary with all her heart, and she was piqued that Mary did not express any tenderness towards her infant boy, whom, with the egotism of doting maternity, she thought ought to be an object of interest to all the world. If the queen had possessed that knowledge of the human heart, which is one of the most important lessons royalty can learn, she would not have wished to inquire too closely into the feelings of the wife of so ambitious a prince as William, towards a brother who appeared born for the especial purpose of depriving her of the reversion of a three-fold diadem. Perhaps Mary, in the first glow of natural affection, had been accustomed to pet and caress the royal infants that had been born to her youthful step-mother, while they lived together in St. James’s-palace,

¹ Dalrymple’s Appendix.² Ibid.

and had regarded them, not as rivals, but as beloved playthings; and the queen could not perceive that the case was widely different as regarded the long-delayed birth of an heir-apparent to the crown. Mary Beatrice was not only so simple as to impute the coldness of the princess of Orange to a diminution of affection towards herself, but to address some tender expostulations to her on the subject, in a letter dated Windsor, July 31st, telling her, she suspected that she had not so much kindness for her as she used to have. "And the reason I have to think so," pursues the royal mother, "is (for since I have begun I must tell you all the truth,) that since I have been brought to bed, you have never once in your letters to me, taken the least notice of my son, no more than if he had never been born, only in that which M. Zulestein brought, which I look upon as a compliment that you could not avoid, though I should not have taken it so, if even you had named him afterwards."¹ If any real doubts had been felt by the princess of Orange, as to the claims of the infant to her sisterly affection, surely the queen afforded her a decided opportunity for mentioning the suspicions that the princess Anne had endeavoured to insinuate as to his being the genuine offspring of their majesties.

Mary Beatrice was highly gratified with the papal brief or letter addressed to her by the head of her church on the birth of her son, assuring her that that great blessing had been obtained from Heaven by his fervent prayers and supplications in her behalf. Her majesty was so polite as to take this for fact, and forgetting all the personal affronts and political ill offices which that pontiff had put both on herself as a daughter of the house of Esté, and on the king her husband as the friend of Louis XIV., responded in the following dutiful epistle:—

MARY BEATRICE TO THE POPE.

"As great as my joy has been for the much sighed for birth of a son, it is signally increased by the benign part which your holiness has taken in it, shown to me with such tender marks of affection in your much prized brief (apostolic letter), which has rejoiced me more than aught beside, seeing that he (the prince) is the fruit of those pious vows and prayers which have obtained from Heaven this unexpected blessing, whence there springs within me a well-

¹ Extracts from Dr. Birch's MSS. Published by sir Henry Ellis, in Royal Letters. First series, vol. iii.

founded hope that the same fervent prayers of your holiness, that have procured me this precious gift, will be still powerful to preserve him, to the glory of God, and for the exaltation of his holy church. For this purpose, relying on the benignity of your holiness to grant the same to me, I prostrate myself, with my royal babe, at your holy feet, entreating that your holiness's apostolic benediction may be bestowed on both of us.

"Your most obedient daughter, " MARIA R.
"At London, the 3rd of August, 1688."¹

For the first two months, the existence of this "dearest boon of Heaven," as the royal parents called their son, appeared to hang on a tenure, to the full as precarious as the ephemeral lives of the other infants, whose births had tantalized Mary Beatrice with maternal hopes and fears. Those children having been nourished at the breast, it was conjectured that, for some constitutional reason, the natural aliment was prejudicial to her majesty's offspring, and they determined to bring the prince of Wales up by hand. "This morning," says the nuncio,² "I have had the honour of seeing him whilst they gave him his food, which he took with a good appetite; he appears to me very well complexioned, and well made. The said aliment is called *watter gruell*; it is composed of barley-flour, water, and sugar, to which a few currants are sometimes added." A very unsuitable condiment for a tender infant, as the result proved; violent fits of indigestion produced inflammation and other dangerous symptoms, and he was sent to Richmond for change of air; but as they continued to feed him on currant gruel, he grew from bad to worse. "The young prince lives on," writes the Ellis correspondent, "but is a weakly infant, at Richmond." The queen, who was going to Bath, deferred her journey, and came frequently to see him. She attributed his illness to the want of a nurse, and the improper food with which they were poisoning rather than nourishing him. "The state to which I saw my son reduced by this fine experiment," says her majesty,³ "would deter me from ever allowing it to be tried on the children of others. When he had been fed in this way till he was about six weeks old, he became so dangerously ill with colic, attended with vomiting and convulsions, that they

¹ From the original Italian, printed in the Notes of Mackintosh's History of the Revolution of 1688.

² Count d'Adda's Letter, June 28th, in Mackintosh's Appendix.

³ In a conversation with the nuns of Chaillot. MS. Archives au Royaume de France.

thought every sigh would be his last. We had sent him to Richmond, a country house, to be brought up under the care of lady Powis, his governess, and he got so much worse, that she expected every moment to be his last. I got into my coach with the determination of going to him at all events. Lady Powis had sent word to us, that if the infant died, she would despatch a courier to spare us from the shock of coming to the house where he was. Every man we met by the way I dreaded was that courier." King James accompanied his anxious consort on this journey, and participated in all her solicitude and fears. When the royal parents reached the river side, they feared to cross, and sent a messenger forward to inquire whether their son were alive, that they might not have the additional affliction of seeing him if he were dead. After a brief but agonizing pause of suspense, word was brought to them, "The prince is yet alive," and they ventured over.¹ "When we arrived," continues the queen, "we found my son still living. I asked the physicians, 'If they had yet hopes of doing anything for him?' They all told us, 'they reckoned him as dead.' I sent into the village in quest of a wet nurse (she who suckled him). I gave him that nurse; he took her milk; it revived him, and she has happily reared him; but this peril was not the least of those which have befallen him in the course of his history, which, like ours, will appear, to those who shall read it hereafter, like romance."² The same morning came colonel Sands, the equerry of the princess Anne, from Tunbridge-wells, charged with a complimentary inquiry after the health of the prince of Wales, her brother. His real mission was that of a creeping spy. He arrived immediately after their majesties, and encountered the queen coming from her sick infant's apartments, with her eyes swollen with excessive weeping, having altogether the appearance of the most passionate grief. She passed on without speaking or noticing him, and went to her own chamber. This was evidently when the prince had been given up by the physicians, and before the arrival

¹ Life of King James.

² This account was recorded from the lips of the royal mother by one of the sisters of Chaillot, in the year 1712, and was introduced by the conversation having turned on the proposed foundation of a hospital at Paris for bringing up infants on the milk of goats and asses. MS. Memorials of Mary of Modena, Archives au Royaume.

of his village nurse. Sands, concluding from what he had seen that the little prince was in the agonies of death, stole unobserved into the nursery, where, if he is to be credited, he saw Mrs. Delabadié, the nurse, kneeling beside the cradle, with her hood drawn round her face, weeping and lamenting over a pale, livid, and apparently dying infant, whose features were spotted and convulsed; but before he got more than a transient glimpse, lady Strickland came flying out of the inner room, in a great passion, asked him, angrily, "What he did in her prince's nursery?" and, without waiting for a reply, unceremoniously pushed him out.¹ Lady Strickland has, in consequence, been described as a notable virago—a character by no means in accordance with the sweet and feminine expression of her face in Lely's beautiful portrait of her at Sizergh castle; but, even if it be true that she expelled the prowling spy with lively demonstrations of contempt, when she found him hovering, like a vulture on the scent of death, so near her royal charge, she only treated him according to his deserts.

Sands goes on to say, "that as he was retiring, he met the king, who asked him, with a troubled countenance, 'if he had seen the prince?'" Sands, according to his own account, told his sovereign an untruth, by replying, that "he had not," although aware that he must stand convicted of the falsehood as soon as lady Strickland should make her report of his intrusion into the royal nursery. He has written himself down, at any rate, as a shameless and unscrupulous violator of the truth, and in the same spirit goes on to say that the king's countenance cleared up, that he invited him to dinner; and after dinner, bade him "go and see the prince, who was better; but, on being conducted into the nursery, he saw in the royal cradle a fine lovely babe, very different from that which he had got a glimpse of in the morning; so that he verily believed it was not the same child, but one that had been substituted in the place of it: for it was very lively, and playing with the fringe of the cradle-quilt."² If there be any truth in the story at all, it is probable that the colonel saw the royal infant in the agonies of a convulsion fit in the morning, and that when he saw it again in the afternoon it was after it had received the nourishment for which it had pined, and a favourable

¹ Oldmixon.

² Ibid.

change had taken place : the distortion of the features had relaxed, and the blackness disappeared, which, allowing for the exaggeration of an untruthful person, is quite sufficient to account for the change in its aspect. The animation of the lately-suffering babe, and its alleged employment of playing with the fringe of the counterpane, is not so easy to reconcile with natural causes, as no infant of that tender age is wont to display that sort of intelligence. Be this as it may, colonel Sands pretended that the real prince of Wales died in the morning, and that the lively boy he saw in the afternoon was substituted in his place.¹ Lloyd, bishop of St. Asaph, added to this story the grave context that the royal infant, who, according to his account and Burnet's, had almost as many lives as a cat, was buried very privately at Chiswick. The princess Anne, though she greatly patronised the romance of the warming-pan, was exceedingly pleased with colonel Sands' nursery-tale, till, in her latter years, she began to discourage those about her from repeating it, by saying, "she thought colonel Sands must have been mistaken." Burnet has represented this prince of Wales as the fruit of six different impostures.²

The nurse whom the queen, prompted by the powerful instincts of maternity, had introduced to her suffering infant to supply those wants which the cruel restraints of royalty had deprived herself of the sweet office of relieving, was the wife of a tile-maker of Richmond. She came in her cloth petticoat and waistcoat, with old shoes and no stockings,³ but being a healthy honest person, she was approved by the doctors, and still more so by the little patient, to whom she proved of more service than all the physicians in his august father's realm. She immediately became an object of the royal gratitude and bounty ; gold, of which she was too unsophisticated a child of nature to comprehend the value, was showered upon her, and her coarse weeds were exchanged for garments more meet to come in contact with the precious nursling who was so daintily lapped in purple and fine linen ; but these changes were gradually and cautiously made. "She is new rigged

¹ Oldmixon.

² See Smollett's *Comments in his History of England. Reign of James II.*

³ Ellis Correspondence.

out by degrees," writes one of the courtiers, "that the surprise may not alter her in her duty and care; a 100*l.* per annum is already settled upon her, and two or three hundred guineas already given, which she saith she knows not what to do with."¹

The queen remained with her boy, at Richmond, till the 9th of August, when he was considered sufficiently recovered to accompany her to Windsor, and she determined never again to allow him to be separated from her. "On Saturday last," writes the Ellis correspondent, "his royal highness the prince of Wales was removed from Richmond to Windsor, where he is lodged in the princess of Denmark's house, which was Mrs. Ellen Gwynne's, and is well recovered of his late indisposition, to the joy of the whole court. His highness's nurse is also in good health and good plight, being kept to her old diet and exercise. She hath also a governess allowed her, an ancient gentlewoman, who is with her night and day, at home and abroad."² Many pretty stories of the simplicity and innocence of this nurse, were circulated in the court.³ Other tales of a less innocent character, connected with the prince and his foster-mother, were spread by the restless malignity of the faction that had conspired, long before his birth, to deprive him of his regal inheritance. It was said that the tile-maker's wife was the real mother of the infant, who was cradled in state at Windsor, for whom, like the mother of Moses, she had been cunningly called to perform the office of a nurse.⁴

The likeness of the young prince to both his parents, was so remarkable, that it seemed as if "the good goddess Nature," had resolved that he should carry in his face a satisfactory vindication of his lineage. Sir Godfrey Kneller, long after the revolution had fixed William and Mary on the throne, having gone down to Oxford to paint the portrait of Dr. Wallis, while that gentleman was sitting to him, on hearing him repeat one of the absurd inventions of Lloyd touching the birth of the disinherited prince of Wales, stating "that he was the son of a bricklayer's wife," burst into the following indignant oration in contradiction to this assertion; "*Vat de devil! de prince of Wales de son*

¹ Ellis Correspondence.

² Ibid. vol. ii.

³ Sir John Bramston's Autobiography.

⁴ Political pamphlets and squibs of the time.

of *de* brickbat *ouman!* It is *von* lie. I am not of his party, nor shall not be for him. I am satisfied with what *de* parliament has done, but I must tell you what I am sure of, and in what I cannot be mistaken. His *fader* and *moder* have sat to me about thirty-six time a-piece, and I know every line and bit in their faces. I could paint king James just now by memory. I say the child is so like both, that there is not a feature in his face but what belongs either to father or mother; this I am sure of, and," continued he, with an oath, "I cannot be mistaken! Nay, the nails of his fingers are his *moder's*, de queen that was. Doctor, you may be out in your letters, but," and here he repeated his strong asseveration, "I can't be out in my lines!"¹

The queen, deeply piqued by the coolness of the princess of Orange, when reluctantly compelled to mention the prince of Wales, was prompted by the fond weakness of maternity, to expostulate with her on her want of affection for her unwelcome brother, in answer to the princess's letter, by the last post, she writes:—

“Windsor, August 17.

“Even in this last letter, by the way you speak of my son, and the formal name you call him by, I am confirmed in the thoughts I had before, that you have for him the last indifference. The king has often told me, with a great deal of trouble, that as often as he has mentioned his son in his letters to you, you never once answered anything concerning him.”²

The princess of Orange has endorsed this tender but reprobate letter, with this cautious sentence—answered, “that all the king's children shall ever find as much affection and kindness from me as can be expected from children of the same father.”

The parental cares and anxieties of the king and queen for the health of their son, appear to have been so engrossing, as to have distracted their attention from every other subject. They entered his nursery, and shut out the world and its turmoils, while every day brought the gathering of the storm-clouds nearer. The king of France sent Bonre-

¹ Thorne corroborates this account in his diary, and adds that sir Godfrey Kneller said, in the presence of several persons whose names he quotes, that on the sight of the picture of the prince of Wales that was sent from Paris to London, he was fully satisfied of that which others seemed to doubt, having perfect knowledge of the lines and features of the faces of both king James and queen Mary. Rawlinson's MSS. in the Bodleian Library, Oxford. See also Carte's letter in Aubrey, vol. ii. p. 196-7, and Thorne's Diary.

² Birch's Extracts, in Ellis's Royal Letters. First series, vol. iii. p. 349.

paux once more to warn king James that the Dutch armament was to be directed against his coasts, and that not only the emperor, but the pope, and many of his own subjects, were confederate with his son-in-law against him, repeating, at the same time, his offer of French ships and forces for his defence. James haughtily refused the proffered succours,¹ and obstinately refused to give credence to the agonizing truth, that ambition had power to rend asunder the close ties with which Heaven had united him, with those who were compassing his destruction. The unfortunate duke of Norfolk, when betrayed by his servants, had said, "I die, because I have not known how to suspect." James fell, because he could not believe that his own children were capable of incurring the guilt of parricide. That he imputed different feelings to Mary, may be gathered from his frequent and tender appeals to her filial duty and affection, from the time when the veil was at last forcibly removed from his eyes as regarded the purpose of William's hostile preparations. With the fond weakness of parental love, he fancied her into the passive toy or reluctant victim of a selfish and arbitrary consort, and wrote to her in sorrow, not in anger. Anne he never doubted. William Penn, always a faithful, and generally a wise counsellor, advised his majesty to summon a parliament. James declared his intention to do so, in spite of the opposition of father Petre, and issued the writ, August 24th, for it to meet on the 17th of November; he had delayed it too long. Sir Roger Strickland, the vice-admiral of England, sent an express from the Downs, September 18th, that the Dutch fleet was in sight. Up to that moment, James had remained unconvinced that the naval armament of his son-in-law was preparing for his destruction. He had written on the preceding day to William:—

"I am sorry there is so much likelihood of war on the Rhine, nobody wishing more the peace of Europe than myself. I intend to go to-morrow to London, and next day to Chatham, to see the condition of the new batteries I have made on the Medway, and my ships there. The queen and my son are to be at London on Thursday, which is all I shall say, but that you shall find me as kind to you as you can expect."

This letter is superscribed, "For my sonne the prince of Orange."

James had relied on his daughter's assurance, that the hostile preparations of the prince were to be employed

¹ Letters of Bonrepaux in Bibliothèque du Roi.

against France. As soon as he had read Strickland's despatch, he hurried from Windsor to London and Chatham, to take measures for the defence of the coast, leaving the queen to follow with her boy.¹ They met at Whitehall on the 20th, with boding hearts. The queen held her court on the Sunday evening; she was anxious to conciliate the nobility: "that evening," lord Clarendon says, "I waited on the queen. She asked me 'where I had been, that she had not seen me a great while?' I said, 'her majesty had been but three days in town.' She answered, 'she loved to see her friends, and bade me come often to her.'" The next day, James told his brother-in-law, Clarendon, "that the Dutch were now coming to invade England in good earnest." "I presumed to ask him," says the earl, "if he really believed it? To which the king replied with warmth, 'Do I see you, my lord!' And then, after speaking of the numbers already shipped, he added, with some degree of bitterness, 'and now, my lord, I shall see what your church of England men will do.' 'And your majesty will see that they will behave themselves like honest men,' rejoined Clarendon, "'though they have been somewhat severely used of late.'" The same day, the lord mayor and aldermen came to make a dutiful compliment to the king and queen on their return from Windsor. James received them graciously, and noticed the report of the expected Dutch invasion, bidding them not be concerned, for he would stand for them, as he trusted they would by him.

It was generally reported, at this time, that there was a prospect of her majesty being again likely to increase the royal family.² Mary Beatrice continued to correspond with the princess of Orange at this agitating period. On the 21st, she apologizes for not having written on the last post-day, because the princess Anne came to see her after an absence of two months.³ The last birth-day commemoration in honour of Mary Beatrice, ever celebrated in the British court, was on the 25th of September; this year, instead of the 5th of October, O.S., as on previous occasions. It was observed with all the usual tokens of rejoicing—ringing of bells, bonfires, festivities, and a splendid court ball.⁴ Hollow and joyless gaiety! the Dutch fleet was

¹ Ellis Correspondence.

² Ibid.

³ Birch's Extracts from the Letters of Mary d'Esté.

⁴ Ellis Correspondence.

hovering on the coast, and every one awaited the event in breathless suspense—no one with a more anxious heart than the queen. She wrote a touching and very temperate letter to her royal step-daughter and once-loving companion, the princess of Orange, telling her “that it was reported, and had been for a long time, that the prince of Orange was coming over with an army; but that, till lately, she had not believed it possible, and that it was also said that her royal highness was coming over with him. This her majesty protested “she never would believe, knowing her to be too good to perform such a thing against the worst of fathers, much less against the best, who, she believed, had loved her better than the rest of his children.” Any appeal to the natural affections and filial duty of the princess was, as might have been expected, unavailing; yet Mary Beatrice wrote again in the anguish of her heart to her apathetic correspondent, though she acknowledged that she dared not trust herself to speak on that which occupied her whole thoughts. “I don’t well know what to say,” observes the agitated consort of James II.; “dissemble I cannot; and if I enter upon the subject that fills everybody’s mind, I am afraid of saying too much, and therefore I think the best way is to say nothing.” It is not often that queens unveil the conflicting emotions of a wounded and perturbed spirit with the child-like simplicity of poor Mary d’Esté. This letter, apparently the last the queen ever wrote to Mary of Orange, is dated October 5th, the day on which her majesty completed her thirty-first year, an anniversary on which letters of a far different character had been heretofore exchanged by these two royal Marys, between whom the rival title of Mary queen of Great Britain was so soon to be disputed. King James was, meanwhile, vainly endeavouring to retrace his former rash steps, an ill-timed proceeding in the hour of danger, as it was certain to be construed into signs of fear, and it was only by preserving a bold demeanour that he could hope to daunt his foes, or to inspire his friends with confidence. The period when he could, with grace and dignity, have restored charters, published pardons, and promised to redress all grievances, was immediately after the birth of his son; but

¹ Birch’s Extracts in Sir Henry Ellis’s Royal Letters.

² Ibid. vol. iii.

he had allowed the golden opportunity to pass, of endearing that object of paternal hope and promise to his people, by making it the dove of a renewed covenant with them—a pledge of his intention to deserve their affections, and to preserve them for the sake of his son.

The bishops framed a loyal form of prayer, to be read in all the churches, “That it might please Almighty God to defend their most gracious king in this time of danger, and to give his holy angels charge over him.” This was quite as much as James had any right to expect of his protestant hierarchy; and, considering the state of public opinion at that time, it was an important service. Every day the aspect of affairs became more portentous, and still the king of France persevered in pressing the offer of his fleet and army on James. James said, “That he did not wish to be assisted by any one but his own subjects.¹ Kennet ascribes the continued refusal of that prince, to avail himself of the proffered succour, to the operation of God’s especial providence. Doubtless, it was so; but the paternal affection of James for his country was the means whereby that protective principle worked. The last of our Stuart kings was a scurvy politician, a defective theologian, an infatuated father, and a despotic prince; but, with all these faults, he had an English heart, and he deemed it less disgraceful to submit to the humiliation of courting his offended prelates, giving up the contest with Oxford, and doing everything to conciliate his subjects, than to be the means of bringing in a foreign army to assist him in working out his will. Having by his concessions, and, the proclamation that the elections for the parliament, which he had summoned to meet in November, were to be free and unbiassed, deprived, as he imagined, his subjects of an excuse for calling in foreign aid in vindication of their rights, and his son-in-law of a plausible pretext for interference, he fancied the storm might pass over without involving his realm in a civil war. But he was bought and sold by his cabinet, and his enemies were those that ate of his household bread; treachery pervaded his council-chamber, and from thence diffused itself through every department of his government; it was in his garrisons, his

¹ Reports of Barillon, Bonrepaux, and Life of James II. Autobiography of the Duke of Berwick.

army, his fleet; and the first seeds had been sown by those who derived their being from himself, his daughters. All this was known by almost every one in the realm but himself. Evelyn sums up the array of gloomy portents, by which the birth-day of James II. was marked at this crisis, in the very spirit of a Roman soothsayer, save that he leaves the reader to draw the inference to which he points.
 "14th of October. The king's birth-day. No guns from the Tower, as usual. The sun eclipsed at its rising. This day signal for the victory of William the Conqueror over Harold, near Battel, in Sussex. The wind, which had been hitherto west, was east all this day. Wonderful expectation of the Dutch fleet. Public prayers ordered to be read in the churches against invasion."¹ In the midst of these alarms, the king, with his usual want of tact, caused the prince of Wales to be solemnly named in the catholic chapel of St. James's; the pope, represented by his nuncio, count d'Adda, being godfather; the queen-dowager, Catharine of Braganza, godmother.² Father Leyburn officiated. This ceremonial is noticed by one of the court in these words:—"The prince of Wales was christened yesterday, and called James Francis Edward—pope's nuncio and queen-dowager, gossips. The catholic court was fine, and the show great."³ The last name, which ought to have been the first, was dear to the historic memories of the people, as connected with the glories of the warlike Plantagenet sovereigns, Edward the Black Prince and the early promise of Edward VI; but James, instead of allowing those associations to operate in favour of his son, thought proper to specify that it was in honour of Edward the Confessor—a monarch who stood just then almost as much at discount in popular opinion as himself. All James's notions, except that of universal toleration, were six centuries behind the age in which he lived, and in that he was a century and a half too early. In wanting judgment to understand the temper of the times, he made all other regal sciences useless. What could be more unwise than inflicting on the heir of a protestant realm, a godfather, who was regarded by vulgar bigotry as Satan's especial vicegerent upon earth, who was conventionally anathematized and defied by three-fourths of the people,

¹ Diary, vol. ii. p. 656.

² Gazette. Rapin. ³ Ellis Correspondence.

and whose scaramouch proxy was annually committed to the flames, in company with that of Guy Fawkes, at the national *auto-da-fé* of the 5th of November? The name of Francis had ostensibly been given to the prince, in compliment to his uncle of Modena; but Mary Beatrice had also a spiritual godfather for her son, St. Francis Xavier, whose intercessions she considered had been very efficacious in obtaining for her the blessing of his birth. In acknowledgment of the supposed patronage of the Virgin Mary on this occasion, her majesty sent a rich offering to the shrine of Loretto. The Italian education of Mary d'Esté had rendered her unconscious of the fact, that such practices are regarded by the protestant world as acts of idolatry, by the musing antiquarian as vestiges of the superstitions of remote antiquity, lingering in a land where votive gifts were presented at the altars of Venus and Juno, and other Pagan deities. The earl of Perth, when speaking of the offerings to the shrine of our lady of Loretto, says, "By-the-bye, our queen's is the richest there as yet, and will be so a great while, as I believe."¹

Confident reports that the Dutch fleet had been shattered and dispersed in one of the rough autumnal gales, crowded the drawing-room at Whitehall with deceitful faces once more. The courtiers, like persons in the ague, intermitted in their homage according to the way of the wind. They had a hot fit of loyalty on the 16th of October; but the rumours of the Dutch disasters were speedily contradicted, and the royal circle visibly thinned in consequence. The Dutch prince, the expected liberator, had put forth his memorials, explaining the causes of his coming, at the end of which lurked the mainspring which impelled him to that resolution, a determination to inquire into the birth of the pretended prince of Wales;² in other words, to endeavour to deprive his infant brother-in-law of his birth-right, under a shallow pretext that he was not born of the queen. A pamphlet, supposed to be written by Dr. Burnet, was distributed in England, as a pendant to the declaration of the prince of Orange, entitled, *A Memorial of the English Protestants to the Prince and Princess*

¹ Perth Correspondence, edited by W. Jordan, Esq. Recently published by the Camden Society.

² Echard, Kennet, and all histories of the times.

of Orange, wherein, after a long statement of the grievances king James had put on the nation, it was set forth, "that the king and queen had imposed a spurious prince of Wales on the nation, and this was evident, because his majesty would never suffer the witnesses who were present at the queen's delivery to be examined." Other papers were disseminated, asserting "that the mother of the pretended prince of Wales was coming over in the Dutch fleet." "The charge respecting a spurious heir," says sir James Mackintosh, "was one of the most flagrant wrongs ever done to a sovereign or a father. The son of James II. was, perhaps, the only prince in Europe, of whose blood there could be no rational doubt, considering the verification of his birth, and the unimpeachable life of his mother." James has called his consort "the chapest and most virtuous princess in the world." To vindicate his claims to the paternity of their beloved son, the last male scion of the royal line of Stuart, and to clear the queen of the odious imputation that was now publicly cast upon her by the self-interested husband of his eldest daughter, appeared to James II. matters of greater moment than the defence of the crown he wore. He determined to have the birth of the royal infant legally attested before he left London to take the command of his forces.

The feminine delicacy of Mary Beatrice revolted at the first proposition of a proceeding so painful to the womanly feelings of herself and the ladies who must be called upon to make depositions before a large assembly of gentlemen, for she was aware, that unless those depositions were minutely circumstantial, they would be turned against her and her son. She considered the plan suggested by the king, derogatory to their mutual dignity and her own innocence, and that the unprecedented number of honourable persons who had witnessed the birth of her son, rendered circumstantial evidence needless. One day, however, at a visit she made the princess Anne, she introduced the subject, and said, "she wondered how such ridiculous reports could get into circulation." Anne answered very coldly, "that it was not so much to be wondered at, since such persons were not present as ought to have been there."¹ The queen was much surprised at this rejoinder, which seems to have been the first thing that opened her eyes

¹ Life of James II., vol. ii. p. 197.

to the true source whence these injurious calumnies had proceeded.

It was obviously as much Anne's policy to provoke a quarrel now, as to imply doubts of the verity of her brother's birth; but quarrels are for the vulgar; Mary Beatrice resolved to answer the *inuendo* by the testimony of the numerous witnesses who were present at her *accouche-ment*. For this purpose, an extraordinary council was convened, on the 22nd of October, in the great council-chamber at Whitehall, where, in the presence of prince George of Denmark, the archbishop of Canterbury, most of the peers spiritual and temporal, the judges, the great officers of the crown, the lord mayor and aldermen of the city of London, and the members of the privy council; the queen dowager, and all the persons who were present at the birth of the prince of Wales, being assembled, the king addressed them with mournful solemnity in these words:—“My lords,—I have called you together upon a very extraordinary occasion, but extraordinary diseases must have extraordinary remedies. The malicious endeavours of my enemies have so poisoned the minds of some of my subjects, that by the reports I have from all hands, I have reason to believe, that very many do not think this son with which God hath blessed me to be mine, but a supposed child; but I may say, that by particular Providence, scarce any prince was ever born where there were so many persons present. I have taken this time to have the matter heard and examined here, expecting that the prince of Orange with the first easterly wind, will invade this kingdom; and as I have often ventured my life for the nation before I came to the crown, so I think myself more obliged to do the same now I am king, and do intend to go in person against him, whereby I may be exposed to accidents; and therefore I thought it necessary to have this now done, in order to satisfy the minds of my subjects, and to prevent this kingdom being engaged in blood and confusion after my death. I have desired the queen-dowager to give herself the trouble of coming hither, to declare what she knows of the birth of my son, and most of the ladies, lords, and other persons who were present, are ready here to depose upon oath their knowledge of this matter.”¹

¹ The testimony of the queen-dowager, Catharine of Braganza, that she
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The queen dowager, and forty ladies and gentlemen of high rank, whereof seventeen were catholics and three and twenty protestants, besides the queen's midwife, nurses, and four physicians, verified the birth of the young prince on oath. The evidence of the following protestant ladies, Isabella, countess of Roscommon, Anne, countess of Arran, Anne, countess of Sunderland, lady Isabella Wentworth, lady Bellasys, and Mrs. Margaret Dawson, was so positive, minute, and consistent, with that of the catholic ladies, that, if any real doubts had existed, it must have set them at rest for ever.¹

The princess Anne had been requested to attend, and had excused herself to her king and father, under a false pretence, that she was in that situation which she had accused the queen of feigning. It was the sequel of her artful departure to Bath, that she might not be a witness of what she was determined to dispute, the claims of a male heir to the crown. "And now my lords," said the king, "although I did not question but that every person here present was satisfied before in this matter, yet by what you have heard, you will be able to satisfy others; besides, if I and the queen could be thought so wicked, as to endeavour to impose a child upon the nation, you see how impossible it would have been. And there is none of you but will easily believe me, who have suffered for conscience' sake, incapable of so great a villany to the prejudice of my own children, and I thank God that those who know me, know well that it is my principle to do as I would be done by, for that is the law and the prophets; and I would rather die a thousand deaths than do the least wrong to any of my children." His majesty further said, "If any of my lords think it necessary the queen should be sent for, it shall be done." But their lordships not thinking it necessary, her majesty was not sent for.

As the injurious doubts that had been cast on the birth of the young prince, originated in malicious falsehood,² its

was present at the birth of the prince of Wales, has been already given in the life of that princess, vol. viii.

¹ The Minute of Council of Monday, October 22, 1688. Printed by Bill, Hill, and Newcombe, printers to the king. On the 1st of November following, it was ordered by the king in council that the declarations of himself and the queen-dowager, with the depositions of the other witnesses present at the birth of the prince of Wales, should be printed and published.

² "Burnet," as the continuator of Mackintosh justly observes, "has treated

verification had no other effect than to draw the coarsest ribaldry on the king and queen and their innocent babe. The ladies, who had had sufficient moral courage to attest the facts which exonerated their royal mistress from the calumnies of an unprincipled faction, were especially marked out for vengeance. The base lampooners of the faction dipped their pens in more abhorrent mud than usual, to bespatter witnesses whose testimony was irrefragable. The dignity of truth is, however, an adamant shield from which the shafts of vindictive falsehood will ever rebound, to the disgrace of those who fling them.

The next event that engaged public attention, was the fall of Sunderland. That perfidious minister was denounced in full council to the king, of betraying his secrets to his enemies. James had before been warned of him by the envoy of Louis XIV. Lady Sunderland flew to the queen, and besought her protection for her husband, protesting that he was falsely accused.¹ The queen never interfered in cases which she considered out of her province. Sunderland tried to shake her resolution, by throwing himself at her feet, and pleading the merits of his conversion to the church of Rome, but Mary Beatrice had sufficient reason to suspect, that which was afterwards used by his friends as an excuse for his popery, "that he had turned catholic, the better to deceive the king and to serve the protestant cause." While he was yet closeted with her majesty, he was apprised by a message from the king that he was superseded in his office by the earl of Middleton. A partial change in other departments followed, but James's new cabinet was feeble and inefficient.

On the 27th, an express brought the news that the Dutch armada had been scattered, and all but annihilated, in a mighty storm. James, and the catholic party, suffered themselves to hope, and, deceived by William's purposed exaggeration of the mischief, to pause—seven days served to repair all damage, and to get the fleet in order again. William sailed a second time from Helvoetsluys, November 1st. On the 2nd, the fortunate "protestant east wind," as

this investigation, and all the circumstances connected with the birth of the son of James II. and his queen, with a flagrant disregard of decency and truth."

¹ Evelyn's Diary. Mackintosh's History of the Revolution of 1688.

it was called, swelled his sails. His descent was expected to be on the coast of Yorkshire, but, led by the traitor Herbert, for traitor every man is, who under any pretext pilots a foreign armament to the shores of his own country, after steering north about twelve hours, he changed his course, and passing the royal fleet of England in the Downs, entered Torbay, and landed on the 5th. The conduct of lord Dartmouth, by whom the fleet was commanded, in permitting the Dutchmen to pass without firing one shot for the honour of the British flag, is still matter of debate. His own statement, "that the sea came so heavy, and the tide fell so cross, with other technical difficulties, was admitted by the royal seaman his master, to be reasonable excuses.¹

The first intelligence of the landing of the prince of Orange, was brought to James by an officer, who had ridden with such speed, that before he could conclude his narrative, he fell exhausted at the feet of the king—a startling omen, according to the temper of the times.² Yet William was received at first but coldly in the west. The mayor of Exeter, though unsupported by a single soldier, boldly arrested the *avant courier* of the Dutch stadholder, and shut the gates of the town against his troops at their approach, and the bishop fled. It was nine days before any person of consequence joined the Dutch prince. The episcopalian party in Scotland became more fervent in their loyalty, as the crisis darkened; their bishops presented an address on the 3rd of November, to king James, assuring him in language that must have been very cheering to the drooping spirits of himself and his consort, "that they and their clergy prayed that his son the prince of Wales might inherit the virtues of his august and serene parents; and that God in his mercy might still preserve and deliver his majesty, by giving him the hearts of his subjects, and the necks of his enemies."

A little of the energy and promptitude that had distinguished the early days of James duke of York, would probably have enabled king James to maintain his throne; but the season of knightly enterprise was over with him. He had begun life too early, and, like most persons who

¹ Letters in Dalrymple's Appendix. James's Journal.

² Mackintosh.

have been compelled by circumstances to exert the courage and self-possession of men in the tender years of childhood, James appears to have suffered a premature decay of those faculties that were precociously forced into action. At seventeen, James Stuart would have met the crisis triumphantly; at fifty-seven, it overpowered him. Father Petre persuaded him to remain in the metropolis, when he ought to have assumed a threatening demeanour. He urged his majesty "to observe the excited state of the rabble; and to consider what would be the fate of his wife and son if he abandoned them." James had appointed Salisbury Plain for the rendezvous of his forces, and thither he ought to have proceeded in person, instead of bestowing his attention on the defences of his metropolis. The deep laid treachery of his favourite Churchill, in the meantime, began to work, in the desertion of lord Cornbury, who attempted to carry off three regiments to the prince of Orange. Only sixty troopers followed him, it is true, but in consequence of this movement, lord Feversham, fancying the prince of Orange was upon his outposts, ordered the troops to fall back, and a general panic communicated itself to the army. An express brought this ill news to Whitehall, just as the king was going to sit down to dinner, but calling only for a piece of bread and a glass of wine, he immediately summoned his council to meet. He had better have ordered his horses, and set out to encourage his soldiers. His timorous or treacherous advisers, persuaded him not to hazard his person, till he were better assured of the temper of his troops, and thus three more precious days were lost.

James, having been assured that though lord Cornbury was the first deserter, he was not the only traitor in his service, nor yet in his household, determined to make one of those frank appeals to the honour of his officers, which often elicits a generous burst of feeling. He called all the generals and colonels of his reserved force together, and told them, "that if there were any among them unwilling to serve him, he gave them free leave to surrender their commissions, and depart wheresoever they pleased: for he was willing to spare them the dishonour of deserting, as lord Cornbury had done." They all appeared deeply moved, and replied unanimously, "that they would serve

him to the last drop of their blood."¹ "The duke of Grafton and my lord Churchill," says James, "were the first that made this attestation, and the first who broke it." If religious scruples had been the true cause, as Churchill afterwards pretended, of his deserting his royal benefactor, why did he not candidly say so on this occasion, and resign his commission, instead of deceiving him, by professing devotion to his service? He was not contented with deserting his unfortunate king in the hour of need: he designed to have the merit of betraying him.² It was not till the 17th of November that James set out for the army. Fears for the safety of his son so completely haunted his mind, that he could not venture to leave him in London, even under the care of his fond mother the queen. He therefore determined to send the infant prince to Portsmouth, and from thence to France, and that he should travel under his own escort the first day's journey. "This was a melancholy parting, especially to the queen, who never feared danger when the king was with her, and had all her life chosen rather to share his hazards and his hardships than to be in the greatest ease and security without him. This being now denied her, and he obliged to part from her on a dangerous expedition, and the prince her son, at the same time, sent from her into a foreign country, while she was left in a mutinous and discontented city, it is not to be wondered if she begged the king to be cautious what steps he made in such suspected company, not knowing but the ground on which he thought to stand with most security might sink from under his feet."³ The king recommended the care of the city to the lord-mayor, and left the management of affairs of state in the hands of a council, consisting of the lord-chancellor, and the lords Preston, Arundel, Bellasys, and Godolphin. No power was left in the hands of the queen. Father Petre had fled the country.⁴ "This day (November 17), at two," writes the Ellis correspondent, "his majesty marched for Windsor with the prince of Wales. They will be to-morrow at Basingstoke, or Andover. The queen is still here. This is a melancholy time with us all." James and his infant boy slept at Windsor for the last time that night. The next morning, he sent the babe to

¹ King James's Journal.

² Ibid.

³ Ibid.

⁴ Ibid.

Portsmouth, with his nurse, under the care of the marquis and marchioness of Powis, and an escort of Scotch and Irish dragoons. His majesty arrived at Salisbury on the evening of the 19th.¹

The records of the queen's proceedings, when left alone at Whitehall, bereft of both her husband and her child during nine days of terror and suspense, are singularly barren. If the letters, which she wrote to the king at that anxious period, should ever be forthcoming, they would form most valuable and deeply-interesting links in the history of that momentous time ; for she writes with the truthful simplicity of a child. On the 22nd of November, lord Clarendon says, "In the afternoon I waited on the queen, she having appointed me this time by Mrs. Dawson. I expressed myself as well as I could on my son's (lord Cornbury's) desertion. She was pleased to make me very gracious answers. Her majesty discoursed very freely of public affairs, saying, 'How much the king was misunderstood by his people ; that he intended nothing but a general liberty of conscience, which she wondered could be opposed ; that he always intended to support the religion established, being well satisfied of the loyalty of the church of England.' I took the liberty to tell her majesty that liberty of conscience could never be granted but by act of parliament. The queen did not like what I said, and so interrupted me, with saying, 'She was very sorry my brother and I had joined in the late petition, and said the king was angry at it.' I justified myself, by giving my reasons for so doing ; but finding her uneasy, I ended my discourse with begging her majesty to use her interest in doing good offices, and to be a means of begetting confidence between the king and his people, towards which she might be a happy instrument."² The news came that day, that the king had bled much at the nose, and again, by express on the 24th, that the bleeding continued.³ The alarm and distress of the queen may easily be imagined ; for the king was not subject to those sort of attacks, and he was precisely the same age at which the late king, his brother, died of apoplexy. The haemorrhage commenced immediately after he had held a council of war on the night of his arrival at Salisbury, and could not be stopped till a

¹ Dalrymple, &c.

² Clarendon's Diary.

³ Ibid.

vein was breathed in his arm. The next day, when he was on horseback viewing the plains to choose a place for his camp, it returned upon him with greater violence, and continued to do so at intervals for the next three days. He was let blood four times that week.¹ James calls this "a providential bleeding,"² because it incapacitated him from fulfilling his intention of going to visit his advanced guard, at Warminster, with lord Churchill and a party of officers, who had entered into a confederacy to betray him into the hands of the prince of Orange, by taking him to the outposts of the foe, instead of his own; and if any attempt were made for his rescue, to shoot or stab him as he sat in the chariot.³ "Although," says the duke of Berwick,⁴ "I would wish to hide the faults that were committed by my uncle lord Churchill, I cannot pass over in silence a very remarkable circumstance. The king meant to go from Salisbury in my coach, to visit the quarter that was commanded by major-general Kirk, but a prodigious bleeding at the nose which came all at once on his majesty, prevented him. If he had gone, it seems, measures were taken by Churchill and Kirk, to deliver him to the prince of Orange, but this accident averted the blow." A far greater peril impended over the unfortunate prince, from physical causes within, than the most subtle design which treason could devise against him. Distress of mind, combined with bodily fatigue, had thrown his blood into such a state of fermentation, that the operation of the heart was affected, and he was in imminent danger of suffusion of the brain, at the moment when nature made good her powerful struggle in his favour, and the torrents of blood which burst from his nostrils, like the opening of a safety-valve in a steam-engine that is labouring under too high a pressure, averted a sudden and fatal result. The excessive loss of blood left king James in a state of death-like exhaustion, while the recurrence of the

¹ Diary of Sir Patrick Hume. Reresby. Burnet. ² Journal of James II.

³ See the full particulars of this atrocious design in Macpherson's Documents, vol. i., pp. 279-80-81, and Carte's Memorandum Book, vol. xii. The treacherous intention of Marlborough, in having confederated to deliver his royal master into the hands of William of Orange, is mentioned by sir John Reresby as if no doubt were at that time entertained on the subject, and it appears as well authenticated as any historical fact which is not verified by documents. Carte and Macpherson produce strong evidence, even of the intention of assassinating the king.

⁴ Autobiography of the Duke of Berwick, French Ed., vol. i. p. 23.

haemorrhage every time he attempted to rouse himself for either bodily or mental exertion, bore witness of his unfitness for either, and produced despondency,¹ which physiologists would not have attributed to want of courage in a man who had formerly given great proofs of personal intrepidity, but to the prostration of the animal system. It was at this melancholy crisis that Churchill, the creature of his bounty, and the confidant of his most secret councils, deserted to the prince of Orange, with the duke of Grafton, and other officers of his army. This example was quickly followed by others. James was bewildered, paralysed. The warning cry, “There is treachery, O Ahaziah!” seemed for ever ringing in the ear of the unfortunate king, and he knew not whom to trust. In an evil hour, he fell back with his infantry to Andover. There he was deserted by his son-in-law, prince George of Denmark, and the duke of Ormond, both of whom had supped with him, and maintained a flattering semblance up to the last moment.²

Mary Beatrice, meantime, had continued to hold her lonely court at Whitehall, surrounded by timid priests and terrified women, and to do her best to appear cheerful, and to conciliate cold friends and treacherous foes. A slight skirmish that took place between the advanced guards of the royal army and those of the prince of Orange, in which the victory has been claimed by both, was magnified into a report of an engagement, in which the king had been defeated, and that he was retreating on the metropolis. The excitement and terror caused by these rumours were extreme. All the people of condition who were in town flocked to the palace to learn news, filling every gallery and antechamber. In vain did those about court endeavour to assume an air of cheerfulness. The queen never had the faculty of concealing her emotions, and when her heart was torn with conflicting apprehensions for the safety of her husband and her child, her pale cheeks and tearful eyes were referred to as indications of fresh misfortunes by those who, halting between two opinions, were willing to choose the side which played a winning game.

There is some reason to believe that the queen made a fruitless appeal to the feelings of the princess Anne on the

¹ Burnet.

² Life of King James. Mackintosh. Lingard. Macpherson. Dalrymple.

evening of the 25th. That a discussion took place on this agitating subject, rests on the following circumstance, recorded in one of lord Dartmouth's marginal notes on Burnet: "The princess pretended that she was out of order on some expostulations that had passed between her and the queen, in a visit she received from her that night; therefore she said she would not be disturbed till she rang her bell." This was clearly a feint to gain time, and forms no specific accusation against the queen, only implying that there had been a scene, in which her own temper had been ruffled. Next morning, her servants, after waiting two hours longer than usual for her rising, and finding the bed open and her highness gone, ran screaming to lady Dartmouth's lodgings, which were next to Anne's, and told her that the priests had murdered the princess. From thence they went to the queen, and old Mrs. Buss asked her, in a very rude manner, what she had done with their mistress? The queen answered, very gravely, "she supposed their mistress was where she liked to be, but did assure them she knew nothing of her, and did not doubt they would hear of her again very soon."¹ This did not prevent them from spreading a report all over Whitehall that the princess had been murdered. The nurse and lady Clarendon kept up the excitement, by running about like persons out of their senses, exclaiming "The papists have murdered the princess!" and when they met any of the queen's servants, asked them "what they had done with her royal highness?" "Which," observes king James, "considering the ferment people were in, and how susceptible they were of an ill impression against the queen, might have caused her to be torn in pieces by the rabble, but God preserved her from their malice,² which was not able to make this contrivance more than one day's wonder, for the next morning it was known whither the princess had gone."

A day or two after, a letter, which had been left by the princess on her toilet, addressed to the queen, appeared in print.³ The delay in its delivery might have been of fatal consequences to Mary Beatrice, at a time when so much pains were taken to inflame the minds of the people against her. When king James returned dispirited to his

¹ Note of Lord Dartmouth on Burnet.

² Journal of king James II.

³ Life of James.

metropolis, the first news that greeted him there was, the desertion of his daughter Anne. The blow was fatal to his cause as a king, but it was as a father that he felt it. "God help me!" exclaimed he, bursting into tears, "my own children have forsaken me in my distress."¹ He entered his palace with those bitter drops of agony still overflowing his cheeks, crying, "O if mine enemies only had cursed me, I could have borne it."² Like Byron's wounded eagle, the arrow that transfixed his heart had been fledged from his own wing.

Lady Oglethorpe, who held an office in the royal household, told sir John Reresby, in confidence, "that the king was so deeply affected when the princess Anne went away, that it disordered his understanding":³ a melancholy elucidation of his subsequent conduct, which cannot be explained on any rational principle. James had all along been haunted with the idea that the life of the infant prince was in jeopardy. This fear returned upon him now with redoubled force. "'Tis my son they aim at," wrote the agitated monarch to the earl of Dartmouth, "and 'tis my son I must endeavour to preserve, whatsoever becomes of me; therefore, I conjure you to assist lord Dover in getting him sent away in the yachts, as soon as wind and weather will permit, for the first port they can get to in France, and that with as much secrecy as may be; and see that trusty men may be put in the yachts that he may be exposed to no other danger but that of the sea, and know I shall look upon this as one of the greatest pieces of service you can do me." James wrote four times with agonizing pertinacity to lord Dartmouth, reiterating not only his commands, but his prayers, for him to facilitate the departure of the prince from England. This feverish state of anxiety about his boy, rendered James regardless of the fatal progress of the prince of Orange, who continued to advance, unopposed, but cautiously. Neither he nor any one else who had known the James Stuart of former years could believe that he would abandon his realm without a blow. What strange change had come over the spirit of the chivalrous *aidé-de-camp* of Turenne, the gallant sailor-prince who had connected his name so proudly

¹ Dalrymple. Macpherson. Echard. Rapin.

² Life of King James.

³ Sir John Reresby's Memoirs.

with the naval glories of Great Britain? What says the most accomplished statesman and moralist of modern times? he, who, made wise by the philosophy of history and the study of mankind, guides the destinies of a mighty empire, by holding the balance with a faithful hand amidst conflicting parties. "When we consider the life of a man, we none know what he may become till we see the end of his career."¹ Mental anguish had unhinged the mind of the unfortunate king, his bodily strength having been previously prostrated by circumstances that sufficiently indicate the disarranged state of the brain at that momentous crisis. He summoned his council, his peers, spiritual and temporal, he appealed to their loyalty, he asked for advice and succour, and they answered in the spirit of Job's comforters, "that he had no one to blame but himself." They told him of his faults, but gave him no pledges of assistance.

The populace had been infuriated by reports, artfully circulated, that the Irish regiments were to be employed in a general massacre of the protestants, and they began to attack the houses of the Roman-catholics in the city. Terrors, for the safety of his queen, next possessed the tottering mind of James, and he determined that she should go to Portsmouth, and cross over to France, with their child. When he first mentioned this project to Mary Beatrice, she declared "that nothing should induce her to leave him in his present distress;" she told him, "that she was willing that the prince her son should be sent to France, or anywhere else that was judged proper for his security, she could bear to be separated from her child with patience, but not from himself. She was determined to share his fortunes, whatever they might be. Hardships, hazards, and imprisonments, if borne with him, she would prefer to the greatest ease and security in the world without him." When the king continued to urge her, she asked him "if he purposed to come away himself, for if he did, and wished to send her before to facilitate their mutual escape, she would no longer dispute his orders."² James assured her that such was his intention, and she made no further opposition.

The interest excited in France by the progress of this strange historic drama, inspired the celebrated count de

¹ Course of Civilization by M. Guizot.

² Life of James II., from the Stuart Papers.

Lauzun and his friend St. Victor, with the romantic determination of crossing the channel, to offer their services to the distressed king and queen of England, at this dark epoch of their fortunes, when they appeared abandoned by all the world. Lauzun was the husband of James's maternal cousin, mademoiselle de Montpensier, and had paid the penalty of ten years' imprisonment in the Bastille, for marrying a princess of the blood royal without the consent of Louis XIV. St. Victor was a gentleman of Avignon, perhaps the son of that brave lieutenant St. Victor, whose life king James had saved, when duke of York, by his personal valour, at the battle of Dunkirk, thirty years before. An idea, calculated to add no slight interest to the following pages.

The services of these knights errant were accepted by James as frankly as they were offered. He determined to confide to them the perilous office of conveying his queen and infant son to France; and they engaged in the enterprise, in a spirit worthy of the age of chivalry. A contemporary narrative in the *Archives au Royaume de France*, evidently written by St. Victor, supplies many additional particulars connected with that eventful page of the personal history of Mary Beatrice and her son.¹

"On the 2nd of December," says this gentleman, "a valet-de-chambre of the king, named Labadie, husband to the queen's nurse, called me by his majesty's order, and made me a sign that the king was in the cabinet of the queen's chamber. On entering, found him alone, and he did me the honour to say he had a secret to communicate to me. I asked, 'if any other persons had knowledge of it.' He replied, 'Yes, but I should be satisfied when I knew who they were.' He then named the queen, and monsieur the count of Lauzun. I bowed my head, in token of my entire submission to his orders. Then he said to me, 'I design to make the queen pass the sea next Tuesday, that day Turinie² will be on guard; the prince of Wales will pass with her from Portsmouth. You must come here this

¹ This curious document belongs to the Chaillot Collection, and is stated to be written by an Italian gentleman of the household of Mary d'Esté, who was engaged in the adventure; but the moral and internal evidence of every person who collates it with other accounts of the transaction, is that the author could be no other than St. Victor himself. It is vouched that every word of the narrative had been confirmed by the queen herself.

² The husband of the queen's lady, Pellegrina Turinie.

evening, with count de Lauzun, to arrange the plan.' I obeyed implicitly, and at eleven o'clock returned with count Lauzun. I found the king alone. He proposed several expedients, and different modes of executing this design; but the plan I suggested alone coincided with the ideas of his majesty." This plan was pretty nearly the same that was ultimately adopted. The king then told the queen that everything was prepared, and she must hold herself in readiness. This important secret was communicated by Mary Beatrice to her confessor, and lady Strickland, and they only waited to receive an answer from lord Dartmouth to the king's repeated letters; touching the prince. It does not appear that James meant to trust his admiral with the secret, that the queen was to take shipping at the same time in the *Mary* yacht, which lay at Portsmouth, in readiness to receive the royal fugitives. The captain of the yacht was willing to undertake the service required; but, when lord Dover came to confer with lord Dartmouth on the subject, they both agreed that it was a most improper, as well as impolitic step, to send the heir-apparent of the realm out of the kingdom, without the consent of parliament; and lord Dartmouth had the honesty to write an earnest remonstrance to the king, telling him how bad an effect it would have on his affairs:

"I most humbly hope," says he, "you will not exact it from me, nor longer entertain so much as a thought of doing that which will give your enemies an advantage, though never so falsely grounded, to distrust your son's just right, which you have asserted and manifested to the world, in the matter of his being your real son, and born of the queen, by the testimonies of so many apparent witnesses. Pardon, therefore, sir, if on my bended knees I beg of you to apply yourself to other counsels, for the doing this looks like nothing less than despair, to the degree of not only giving your enemies encouragement, but distrust of your friends and people, who, I do not despair, will yet stand by you in the defence and right of your lawful successor."¹

Dartmouth goes on, after using other weighty reasons to dissuade the king from this ill-judged step, to assure him that nothing less than the loss of his crown, and the hazard of his majesty's personal safety, and that of the queen, could result from it, and begs him to give orders for the prince's immediate return, lest the troops of the prince of Orange should be interposed between London and Portsmouth.² This was touching the right chord; James, though uncon-

¹ Dalrymple's Appendix, 328, 329.

² Ibid.

vinced by the sound sense of lord Dartmouth's reasoning, became tremblingly anxious for the safety of his boy. Lord Dartmouth's letter, dated December 3, was received on Monday, 4th. James then changed his arrangements, but not his plans. He despatched couriers to Portsmouth on the Wednesday, with orders for lord and lady Powis to bring the little prince back to Whitehall. They started with their precious charge, at five o'clock on a dark wintry morning ; missed the two catholic regiments, under the command of colonel Clifford, that were appointed to meet and escort his royal highness on the road, and narrowly escaped an ambush of 100 horse, sent by the prince of Orange to intercept them as they passed through a part of the New Forest, by taking another road, and reached Guildford safely on the Friday night.¹

The historian of the queen's escape was sent by the king, with three coaches, and a detachment of the guards and dragoons, to meet the prince at Guildford ; he brought him to London by Kingston, and arrived at Whitehall at three o'clock on the Saturday morning.² "It was St. Victor," says Madame de Sevigné, "who took the little prince in his cloak, when it was said he was at Portsmouth." He had previously completed all the arrangements for the queen's passage to France, and hired two yachts at Gravesend—one in the name of an Italian lady, who was about to return to her own country, the other in that of count Lauzun. The following day, December 9th, was appointed for the departure of the queen and prince; it was a Sunday, but no Sabbath stillness hallowed it in the turbulent metropolis. The morning was ushered in with tumults—burning of catholic chapels and houses; tidings of evil import arrived from all parts of the kingdom. When the evening approached, the queen implored her husband to permit her to remain and share his perils; he replied, 'that it was his intention to follow her in four and twenty hours, and that it was necessary, for the sake of their child, that she should precede him.' To avoid suspicion, their majesties retired to bed as usual, at ten o'clock. About an hour after, they

¹ Life of James II.

² When the prince's first appointed escort re-entered London, they were received with hooting and pelting, and other rough usage, by the rabble, which compelled them to disband, and every man to shift for himself. It was well for the royal infant that he came under other auspices.

rose, and the queen commenced her preparations for her sorrowful journey. About midnight, St. Victor, dressed in the coarse habit of a seaman, and armed, ascended by a secret staircase to the apartment of the king, bringing with him some part of the disguise which he had caused to be prepared for the queen, and told the king all was ready for their majesty's departure. "I then," pursues he, "retired into another room, where the count de Lauzun and I waited till the queen was ready. Her majesty had, meantime, confided her secret to lady Strickland, the lady of the bed chamber, who was in waiting that night. As soon as the queen was attired, we entered the chamber. The count de Lauzun and I had secured some of the jewels on our persons, in case of accidents, although their majesties were at first opposed to it; but their generous hearts were only occupied in cares for the safety and comfort of their royal infant. At two o'clock, we descended by another stair, answering to that from the king's cabinet, leading to the apartment of madame Labadie, where the prince had been carried secretly some time before. There all the persons assembled who were to attend on the queen and the prince, namely, the count de Lauzun, the two nurses, and myself."¹

The king, turning to Lauzun, said, with deep emotion, "I confide my queen and son to your care; all must be hazarded to convey them with the utmost speed to France." Lauzun, after expressing his high sense of the honour that was conferred on him, presented his hand to the queen to lead her away. She turned a parting look on the king—an eloquent but mute farewell, and followed by the two nurses with her sleeping infant, crossed the great gallery in silence,² stole down the backstairs, preceded by St. Victor, who had the keys, and passing through a postern door into the privy gardens, quitted Whitehall for ever. A coach was waiting at the gate, which St. Victor had borrowed of his friend signor Ferichi, the Florentine resident, as if it had been for his own use.³ "On our way," pursues he, "we had to pass six sentinels, who all, according to custom, cried out,

¹ Narrative of the Queen's Escape, Archives au Royaume de France. Chaillot MS.

² Madame de Sévigné, and MS. Narrative of the escape of the queen and son of James II., king of England, authenticated by the queen. Archives au Royaume de France. Chaillot Collection.

³ MS. Narrative of the queen's escape.

‘Who goes there?’ I replied without hesitation, ‘A friend;’ and when they saw that I had the master-key of the gates, they allowed me to pass without opposition. The queen, with the prince, his two nurses, and the count de Lauzun, got into the coach, but to make all sure, I placed myself by the coachman on the box to direct him. We drove to Westminster, and arrived safely at the place called the Horseferry,¹ where I had engaged a boat to wait for me. To prevent suspicion, I had accustomed the boatmen to row me across the river of a night, under pretence of a sporting expedition, taking cold provisions and a rifle with me, to give it a better colour.” That pretext, however, could scarcely be expected to pass current on the inclement night, when he ventured the passage of those wintry waters with the fugitive queen and her babe. It was then, evidently a case of life and death, and the boatmen must have been paid accordingly, for they incurred some danger themselves. The night was wet and stormy, and “so dark,” continues St. Victor, “that when we got into the boat we could not see each other, though we were closely seated, for the boat was very small.” Thus with literally “only one frail plank between her and eternity,” did the queen of Great Britain cross the swollen waters of the Thames, with her tender infant of six months old in her arms, with no better attendance than his nurses, no other escort than the count de Lauzun, and the writer of this narrative, who confesses, “that he felt an extreme terror at the peril to which he saw personages of their importance exposed, and that his only reliance was in the mercy of God, by whose especial providence,” he says, “we were preserved, and arrived at our destination.”²

A curious print of the times, represents the boat in danger, and the two gentlemen assisting the rowers, who are labouring against wind and tide. The queen is seated by the steersman, enveloped in a large cloak, with a hood drawn over her head; her attitude is expressive of melancholy, and she appears anxious to conceal the little prince who is asleep on her bosom, partially shrouded among the

¹ At that time, there was only London Bridge which crossed the Thames; Westminster Bridge was not then built; ferry boats were the communication between Westminster and Lambeth.

² MS. Narrative of the Escape of the Queen of England, in Archives au Royaume de France. Chaillot MS.

ample folds of her draperies. The other two females betray alarm. The engraving is rudely executed, and it is printed on coarse paper; but the design is not without merit, being bold and original in conception, and full of passion. It was probably intended as an appeal to the sympathies of the humbler classes, in behalf of the royal fugitive.

"Our passage," says the conductor of the enterprise, "was rendered very difficult and dangerous, by the violence of the wind, and the heavy and incessant rain. When we reached the opposite bank of the Thames, I called aloud by name on monsieur Dusions, the page of the backstairs, who ought to have been there waiting with a coach and six, which had been engaged by count de Lauzun. The page answered promptly, but told them that the coach was still at the inn. Thither St. Victor ran to hasten it, leaving Lauzun to protect the queen. Her majesty, meantime, withdrew herself and her little company, under the walls of the old church at Lambeth, without any other shelter from the wind and bitter cold, or any other consolation than that the rain had ceased."

On that spot, which has been rendered a site of historic interest, by this affecting incident, the beautiful and unfortunate consort of the last of our Stuart kings remained standing, with her infant son fondly clasped to her bosom, during the agonizing interval of suspense caused by the delay of the coach, dreading every moment that he would awake and betray them by his cries. Her apprehension was unfounded. He had slept sweetly, while they carried him in the dead of night from his palace nursery to the water side; neither wind nor rain had disturbed him, he had felt none of the perils or difficulties of the stormy passage, and he continued wrapt in the same profound repose during this anxious pause, alike unconscious of his own reverse of fortune, and his mother's woe.

Mary Beatrice is said to have looked back with streaming eyes towards the royal home where her beloved consort remained, lonely and surrounded with perils; and that she vainly endeavoured to trace out the lights of Whitehall, among those that were reflected from the opposite shore, along the dark rolling river.¹ The historians of that period

¹ Orleans. King James. Dalrymple. Macpherson.

² Dalrymple.

declare, that the queen remained an hour under the walls of the old church with her babe, waiting for the coach, which through some mistake never came, and that a hackney coach was, at last, procured with difficulty. This was not the case, for St. Victor found the coach and six all ready at the inn, which was within sight of the river; the delay, therefore, must have been comparatively brief, but when time is measured by the exigency of circumstances, minutes are lengthened into hours.

The haste and agitation in which St. Victor appeared, when he came to inquire after the coach, combined with his foreign accent and idiom, excited observation, meantime, in the inn-yard, where a man with a lantern was on the watch, and when he saw the coach and six ready to start, ran out to reconnoitre, and made directly towards the spot where the queen was standing. "I went," says St. Victor, "with all speed on the other side the way, fearing that he would recognise the party on the bank. When I saw that he was actually approaching them, I made as if I wished to pass him, and put myself full in his path, so that we came in contact with each other, fell, and rolled in the mud together. We made mutual apologies for the accident. He went back without his light, which was extinguished by the fall, to dry himself, and I hastened to the carriage which was now near, and joined her majesty, who got into the coach as before. The page was to have returned, not having been intrusted with the secret; but having recognised the queen, his mistress, he wished to follow her. As we left the town, we encountered various of the guards. One of them said, 'Come and see, there is certainly a coach full of papists!' But God willed it so, that they changed their purpose, for no one came near us. We had scarcely gone three miles, when we were overtaken by the sieur Leyburn, one of the queen's equerries, on horseback, he had brought another horse and boots for me, which the king had, with inexpressible goodness, sent to enable me to perform my journey. I descended from the carriage, put on my boots, and mounted my horse in evil plight, what with my fall, my wet clothes, and the wind, which never ceased.¹

¹ This circumstance, added to various little remarks in Madame de Sevigné, identifies St. Victor as the author of the narrative. Dangeau says St. Victor

"We took the way to Gravesend, distant from London twenty miles. There we found three Irish captains whom the king had sent the same day we departed, to serve in the yacht. These officers, finding the queen and prince slower than they expected, advanced, as they had been ordered, to meet them, having provided themselves with a little boat which was close by the shore. Her majesty and her attendants left the coach, and stepping on a small point of land, entered the boat, and was soon rowed to the yacht, which lay at Gravesend waiting for her." The master, whose name was Gray, had not the slightest suspicion of the rank of his royal passenger, who found a group of her faithful servants on the deck, looking anxiously out for her and the prince.¹ Mary Beatrice was certainly more fortunate in her choice of friends than her lord, for there were no instances of treachery or ingratitude in her household. All her ladies loved her, and were ready to share her adversity, and many, from whom she required not such proofs of attachment, followed her into exile. Her high standard of moral rectitude had probably deterred her from lavishing her favours and confidence on worthless flatterers, like the vipers king James had fostered. The true-hearted little company in the yacht, who had prepared themselves to attend their royal mistress and her babe to France, were a chosen few, to whom the secret of her departure had been confided—namely, the lord and lady Powis, the countess of Almonde,² Signora Pelegrina Turinie, bed-chamber woman, and lady Strickland of Sizergh, sub-governess of the prince of Wales. There were also père Giverlai, her majesty's confessor, sir William Walgrave, her physician, lord and lady O'Brien Clare, the marquess Montecuculi, and a page named François, besides, the page Dusions, who had insisted on following her from Lambeth. Lady Strickland and Signora Turinie had started from Whitehall after the departure of their royal
rode on horseback after the coach to Gravesend. Lauzun had expressly requested that St. Victor should be his assistant in this enterprise, and there was no other gentleman engaged in it.

¹ Narrative of the Escape.

² Anna Vittoria Montecuculi, the companion of her childhood, and the friend of her maturer years. She was one of the ladies of the bedchamber, and had been created countess of Almonde by king James, as a reward for her long and faithful services to Mary Beatrice. She remained with her till her death.

mistress, and performed their journey with so much speed that they reached Gravesend before her. Most probably they went down the Thames.

Pleasant as it was for the fugitive queen to recognise so many familiar faces, and happy as they were to see her majesty and the prince safe and well, after the perils of the preceding night, no greetings passed beyond the silent interchange of glances, and even in these due caution was observed. The queen was dressed to personate an Italian washerwoman, a character not quite in keeping with her graceful and dignified figure, and regal style of beauty. She carried the little prince under her arm, curiously packed up to represent a bundle of linen;¹ fortunately the bundle did not betray the deception by crying. "It was remarkable," observes St. Victor, "that this tender infant, of six months' old, who was so delicate and lively, never opened his mouth to cry or utter the slightest complaint." The royal parents both insinuate that there was something very like a miracle in the discreet behaviour of their boy on this occasion, but doubtless he had been well dosed with anodynes. The wind being fair for France, the sails were hoisted as soon as her majesty and her little company came on board, and the yacht got out to sea, but the wind increasing to a violent gale, the captain was compelled to come to anchor off Les Dunes, to avoid the danger of being driven on the coast of France, with which the bark was threatened. The queen was always ill at sea, and, in consequence of the roughness of the passage, and the unwonted inconveniences to which she was exposed on this occasion, she was worse than usual. Hitherto, she had performed her voyages in one or other of the royal yachts, which were properly appointed with every luxury which the gallantry and nautical experience of the sailor-prince, her husband, could devise for her comfort, and he had always been at her side to encourage and support her. The case was far different now; the yacht in which the fugitive queen and her royal infant had embarked, bore no resemblance, in any respect, to the gilded toys which James had built and named, in the pride of his heart, after his three beloved daughters, Mary, Anne, and Isabella; names now connected with

¹ Dangeau. Sévigne.

the most painful associations. Ten days before, when the king wrote his last autograph commands to Pepys :

“ Order the Anne and Isabella yachts to fall down to Erith to-morrow.
“ J. R.”

It was evidently for the purpose of sending the queen and prince properly attended to France, in one or other of those vessels. The intention was abandoned in consequence of the channel being full of Dutch ships of war, and he considered it more likely for a small sailing bark to pass unquestioned, than one of his royal yachts. Mary Beatrice, directly she came on board captain Gray's yacht, had, the better to escape observation, descended into the hold with her babe and his wet-nurse; madame Labadie, the other, happening to know the captain, kept him in talk till her majesty was safely below; she was followed by her two faithful countrywomen, lady Almonde, and Pelegrina Turinie. The place was close and stifling, and when the gale rose, and the little bark began to pitch and toss, the queen, the nurse, and lady Almonde, were attacked with violent sea sickness, altogether, in a manner that appears to have banished all ceremony. They were in such a confined space, that the indisposition of her fellow-sufferers was attended with very disagreeable consequences to her majesty. This yacht, which appears to have been only a common passage packet, was by no means suited for the accommodation of delicate court ladies. As her majesty had taken upon herself to personate a foreign washerwoman, no attention was bestowed on her comforts by the functionaries, such as they were, who superintended the arrangements for the female passengers. It was with great difficulty, that Pelegrina Turinie succeeded at last in obtaining a coarse earthenware basin for her majesty's use, she made the others withdraw to a respectful distance, then throwing herself at the feet of her royal mistress, supported her in her arms during her sufferings.¹

Mary Beatrice told the nuns of Chaillot, that she had made nine sea voyages, and that this was the worst of all. “ It was,” said she, “ a very doleful voyage, and I wonder still that I lived through it. I had been compelled to leave the king, my husband, without knowing what would become

¹ MS. Memorials of Mary d'Este. Archives au Royaume de France.

of him, and I feared to fall into the hands of our foes."¹ King James had charged the count de Lauzun to shoot the captain dead, if he betrayed any intention of putting the queen and the prince into the hands of the Dutch. Lauzun, in consequence, stationed himself by the master of the vessel, with the full determination to throw him overboard, in case of treachery : but as the master suspected not the quality of his passengers, he conducted himself the same as if they had been ordinary persons, and steered his course safely through a fleet of fifty Dutch ships of war, not one of which questioned this little bark ; and thus protected, as it were, by Heaven, notwithstanding the roughness of the passage, and the perils of the voyage, the fugitive queen, and her infant son, landed safely at Calais, on Tuesday, December 11th, at nine in the morning. The little prince was quite well, and merry of cheer. He had behaved like the son of a sailor ; he was almost the only passenger on board who had not suffered from sea-sickness, and he had not cried once from the moment he was taken out of his cradle at Whitehall till after his arrival at Calais.² Sixteen years before, Mary of Modena had embarked in almost regal pomp at Calais, in the Royal Catherine yacht, a virgin bride, with her mother, and a splendid retinue of Italian, French, and English nobles, all emulous to do her honour ; now she landed at the same port, a forlorn fugitive, wearing a peasant's humble dress, with her royal infant in her arms, to seek a refuge from the storm that had driven her from a throne. But was she more pitiable, as the wife of the man she loved, and clasping the babe whom they both called "the dearest gift of Heaven," to her fond bosom, than when she sailed for an unknown land, like a victim adorned for a sacrifice, from which her soul revolted ? Then all was gloom and despair in her young heart, and she wept as one for whom life had no charms ; now her tears flowed chiefly because she was separated from that husband, whose name had filled the reluctant bride of fifteen with dismay. The reverse in her fortunes as a princess, was not more remarkable than the mutations which had taken place in her feelings as a woman.

Monsieur Charot, the governor of Calais, was desirous of

¹ MS. Memorials of Mary d'Este. Archives au Royaume de France.

² Ibid. Life of James. Dangeau.

receiving Mary Beatrice with the honours due to a queen of Great Britain, but she expressed her determination of preserving a strict incognito, and withdrew to a private house, where she wished to remain perfectly quiet, till the arrival of her beloved husband, whom she expected to follow her in a few hours. She had sent St. Victor back from Gravesend, to apprise king James of her embarkation, and now wrote the following pathetic appeal for sympathy and protection to her old friend, Louis XIV.:

“Sire,

“A poor fugitive queen, bathed in tears, has exposed herself to the utmost perils of the sea, in her distress, to seek for consolation and an asylum from the greatest monarch in the world. Her evil fortune procures her a happiness of which the greatest nations in the world are ambitious. Her need of it diminishes not that feeling, since she makes it her choice, and it is as a mark of the greatness of her esteem that she wishes to confide to him that which is the most precious to her, the person of the prince of Wales, her son. He is as yet too young to unite with her in the grateful acknowledgments that fill my heart. I feel, with peculiar pleasure, in the midst of my griefs, that I am now under your protection. In great affliction I am, sir,

“Your very affectionate servant and sister,

“THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND.”¹

The agitation in which Mary Beatrice wrote this letter may be traced in the sudden transition from the simple and touching description of her own desolate condition, to laboured attempts at compliments, which her Italian idiom renders obscure and hyperbolical, and the reader will perceive that she begins in the third person, and ends unconsciously in the first.

The count de Lauzun, who had been for many years under the cloud of the royal displeasure, had previously written by an express to Louis XIV., the particulars of his chivalrous achievement, stating “that king James had enjoined him to place his queen and son in his majesty’s own hands, but that he could not have that honour, not being permitted to enter his presence.” Louis wrote a letter to him with his own hand, inviting him to return to court.

“I was informed yesterday morning,” writes Louis to Barillon, December 14th, “by a letter from the count de Lauzun, that the queen of England had happily arrived

¹ Manuscripts of George IV., Brit. Museum. F. 56, Recueil de Pièces, MS., 140 (copy) 272 A. Lettre de la reine d’Angleterre princess de Modena, au roi de France Louis XIV. There is a trifling variation in the conclusion of this letter from that cited in Dr. Lingard’s Appendix. This appears to be a more authentic copy. Both are in bad French.

at Calais, after escaping great dangers, and I immediately ordered M. de Beringhen, my first equerry, to set off with my carriages and the officers of my household, to attend that princess and the prince of Wales on their journey, and to render them all due honours, in all places on their route. You will inform the king of England of what I have written to you."¹ Before this cheering intimation reached king James, he had addressed the following letter, in behalf of his fugitive queen and son, to his royal cousin of France.

"Sir, and my brother,

"As I hope that the queen, my wife, and my son, have last week landed in one of your ports, I hope you will do me the favour of protecting them. Unless I had been unfortunately stopped by the way, I should have been with you to ask the same for myself, as well as for them. Your ambassador will give you an account of the bad state of my affairs, and assure you, also, that I have done nothing contrary to the friendship that subsists between us. I am, very sincerely, sir, my brother,

"Your good brother,

"JAMES R.

"At Whitehall, this 27 Dec., 1688."²

Long, however, before this letter was penned in England, much less received in France, Mary Beatrice had endured agonies of suspense and apprehension from her uncertainty as to the fate of her royal husband. By one courier it was reported that he had landed at Brest, by another at Boulogne; then, that he had been arrested in England; but the most alarming rumour of all was, that the vessel in which he had embarked to follow her, according to his promise, had foundered in a terrible storm at sea, and his majesty, with all on board, had perished.³ After two days of intense anxiety had worn away, Mary Beatrice determined to go on to Boulogne, having some reason to suppose that she would receive more certain intelligence there than could be expected at Calais, since Dover had declared for the prince of Orange.

¹ Lingard's Appendix, from Barillon's Despatches.

² Lingard's Appendix, Hist. England, vol. xiii.

³ Madame de Sévigné.

MARY BEATRICE OF MODENA,

QUEEN CONSORT OF JAMES II. KING OF GREAT
BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER VI.

Honours paid to Mary Beatrice at Calais—She goes to Boulogne—Hears of the king's arrest—Wishes to return to England—Dissuaded by her suite—Respect shown to her by order of Louis XIV.—Escort and carriages sent for her journey—What befel king James after the queen left Whitehall—He arrives in France—The queen's journey towards St. Germains—Stops at Beaumont—Hears of the king's escape—Her joy—Receives complimentary messages from Louis XIV. and the dauphiness—Met by Louis XIV. at Chatou—His courteous welcome—He conducts her to St. Germains—Magnificent reception there—Arrival of king James—Their meeting—Courtesies of Louis XIV.—Dependence painful to Mary Beatrice—Tapestry in her bed-room—Constancy of her servants—Her first court at St. Germains—Petty jealousies of the dauphiness and others—Mary Beatrice visits the dauphiness—Her dress—Attentions to her by Louis XIV.—His admiration of her manners—Queen and madame Maintenon—Queen's popularity in the court of France—Her letter to the countess of Lichfield—Visits to Versailles and Trianon—King James's Irish expedition—Melancholy parting with the queen—She retires to Poissy—Sympathy and attention of the king of France—Her visits to the convent of Chaillot—Spiritual friendships with the nuns—Her letters to the abbess—Reported passion of Louis XIV. for Mary Beatrice—She uses her influence for her husband—Compelled to enter into state affairs—Sends money to assist Dundee—Her talent for business—Her letter to Tyrconnell and others—Loss of the battle of the Boyne—King James returns to St. Germains—Their visits to the French court at Fontainebleau—Jacobite correspondence—Queen again *enceinte*—Her situation announced—The English peers and peeresses invited to her accouchement—Favourable prospects of king James—Preparations for his landing in England—He leaves St. Germains for La Hogue—Destruction of the French fleet—Despair and strange conduct of king James—Melancholy state of the queen—James returns to St. Germains—Birth of their youngest child, the princess Louisa—Christening of the infant princess.

THE fugitive queen received the most courteous attentions, during her brief sojourn at Calais, from M. Charot,

the governor, who sent everything that could conduce to her comfort to the house where she and her little company lodged, and notwithstanding her wish to remain incognito, he complimented her and the prince with a royal salute at their departure.¹ They left Calais on the 13th, under a discharge of cannon from the town and castle, amidst the acclamations of the people, who were now aware of the arrival of the royal guest, and manifested the most lively feelings of sympathy for her and her infant son. Half way between Calais and Boulogne, her majesty was met by a company of dragoons, who escorted her carriage to Boulogne. There she was received by the governor, the duc d'Aumont, with signal marks of respect and offers of hospitality; but as he could give her no tidings of the king, her husband, her distress of mind made her prefer the retirement of a nunnery, declaring her intention of remaining there with her son till she either saw or heard from him.²

All direct intelligence from England being stopped, the rumours regarding the fate of king James were so vague and contradictory, that even Louis XIV. avowed that he knew not what to think. "Meantime," says madame de Sévigné, "the queen of England remains at Boulogne in a convent, weeping without intermission that she neither sees nor can hear any certain news of her husband, whom she passionately loves."

The agonizing pause was at length broken. "Strickland, the vice-admiral of England," says the duc de St. Simon, "has arrived at Calais, and we understand from him that king James has been brought back to London, where, by order of the prince of Orange, he is attended by his own guards. It is thought he will escape again. Strickland has remained faithful to the king his master; finding that lord Dartmouth would not do anything, he demanded permission to retire from the fleet at Portsmouth, and has come in a small vessel to Calais." The painful tidings which sir Roger Strickland had brought were at first carefully concealed from the queen by her friends; but on the 19th, her passionate importunity for intelligence of her husband elicited the truth from a Benedictine monk, a capuchin, and an officer who had just escaped. She implored them to tell

¹ Narrative of the escape.

² Dangeau. Sévigné.

her all they knew; and they replied, in a sorrowful tone, "Sacred majesty, the king has been arrested."¹

"I know not," says an eye-witness, "which was the most distressing to us, the sad news of the detention of the king, or the effect it produced on the queen, our mistress."² Her first words were to express her determination of sending the infant prince on to Paris, while she returned to England to use what exertions she could for her lord's liberation, or else to share his fate, whatever it might be. Her faithful attendants had the greatest trouble to dissuade her from this wild project, by representing to her that she would only increase his troubles, without being able to render him any service; and that she ought to be implicitly guided by the directions which he gave her at parting.

The same day arrived the principal equerry of the king of France, with letters and sympathizing messages for the queen. She was fortunately compelled to compose herself to receive these with suitable acknowledgments. Louis had sent a noble escort, with his own carriages and horses, to convey her to the castle of Vincennes, which he had, in the first instance, ordered to be prepared for her reception. He had commanded, that in every town, through which she passed, she should be received with the same honours as if she had been a queen of France. He had also, as the roads were almost impassable from the deep snow which covered the whole face of the country, sent a band of pioneers to precede her majesty's carriage, and mark out a straight line for her progress, laying everything smooth and plain before her, so that she might be able to travel with the least possible fatigue; a piece of gallantry that was duly appreciated by the English ladies, and gratefully acknowledged by king James.³ The faithful followers of Mary Beatrice were urgent for her to commence her journey towards Paris, dreading the possibility of her finding means of returning to England if she remained on the coast. At length, she yielded to their persuasions, and departed, on the 20th of December, for Montrieul. The duc d'Aumont and a cavalcade of gentlemen escorted her majesty from Boulogne, till within

¹ Journal of the queen's escape, Archives au Royaume de France. Chaillot MS.

² Journal of the escape of the queen, Archives au Royaume.

³ Journal of king James.

three leagues of Montreuil; there she and her little train were lodged in the house of the king of France. They remained there the whole of that day, "and by the grace of God," says the historian of the escape, "learned that king James was still at Whitehall."¹

The morbid state of despondency into which James sunk after the departure of his queen, is sufficiently testified by the following letter, which he wrote to lord Dartmouth the next morning:

KING JAMES TO LORD DARTMOUTH.²

" Whitehall, Dec. 10, 1688.

" Things having so bad an aspect, I could no longer defer securing the queen and my son, which I hope I have done, and that by to-morrow by noon they will be out of the reach of my enemies. I am at ease now I have sent them away. I have not heard this day, as I expected, from my commissioners with the prince of Orange, who, I believe, will hardly be prevailed on to stop his march; so that I am in no good way, nay, in as bad a one as is possible. I am sending the duke of Berwick down to Portsmouth, by whom you will know my resolution concerning the fleet under your command, and what resolutions I have taken, till when I would not have you stir from the place where you are, for several reasons."

That morning the king spent in a state of considerable agitation, till relieved of some portion of his anxiety regarding his wife and son by the return of St. Victor, who told him that he had seen her majesty, with the prince, safely on board the yacht, and under sail for France. Then he assumed a more cheerful aspect, and ordered the guards to be in readiness to attend him to Uxbridge the next day, and talked of offering battle to his foes, though he confessed to Barillon that he had not a single corps on whose fidelity he could rely.³

The same day, James learned that Plymouth, Bristol, and other places had submitted themselves to the prince of Orange, and that a regiment of Scotch horse had deserted. "Nor was there an hour," observes sir John Reresby, emphatically, "but his majesty received, like Job, ill news of one sort or another; so that, prompted by most fatal advice, the next day being the 11th, he withdrew himself privately."

Before his departure, James wrote to the earl of Feversham, informing him "that he had been compelled to send away the queen and the prince of Wales, lest their lives

¹ Original MS. verified by Mary Beatrice, in the Archives au Royaume de France. Chaillet Collection.

² Dartmouth Papers.

³ Lingard from Barillon.

should be endangered by falling into the enemy's hands, and that he was about to follow them; that could he but have relied on his troops, he would at least have had one blow for it." When this letter was read to the soldiers, many of them wept.¹

After a day of excessive mental fatigue and agitation, the unfortunate king retired to his lonely pillow. As he was stepping into bed, he told the earl of Mulgrave "that he had good hopes of an accommodation with the prince of Orange." "Does he advance or retreat?" asked the earl. The king owned that his adversary continued to advance. Mulgrave shook his head, with a melancholy air.² James had summoned his council to meet the next morning at nine o'clock, without any intention of being present, it has been generally said; but his mind was in too unsettled a state to be firm to any purpose long.

About midnight, he rose and disguised himself in a black periwig and plain clothes, left his bedroom by the little door in the *ruelle*, and, attended only by sir Edward Hales, who was waiting for him, descended the backstairs, and crossing Privy-gardens, as the queen had done two nights before, got into a hackney coach, proceeded to the Horse-ferry, and crossed the Thames in a little boat with a single pair of oars to Vauxhall.* James had taken the great seal with him from Whitehall, doubtless with the idea that he might have occasion to use it on his arrival in France, to give effect to royal letters, pardons, and commissions; but prompted by an impulse which appears clearly symptomatic of a disorganized brain, he threw it into the river while crossing. It was well, perhaps, for some of the leaders of the revolution—happy, certainly, for the daughters of the unfortunate king—that it was only one of the bauble types of regal power that he flung into those dark deep waters, in the silence and loneliness of that melancholy voyage. Many an unsuccessful speculator, in modern times, has plunged himself into eternity from causes far less exciting than those which had impelled the betrayed king and father to leave his palace in the dead of a wintry night, with only one companion, to encounter greater perils than those from which he fled.

¹ Kennet.

² Sheffield duke of Buckingham's Memoirs.

* Recital of king James's departure, given by himself to the nuns of Chaillot. See also his life.

Horses stood ready for his majesty at Vauxhall. He mounted in haste, attended by sir Edward Hales; and, conducted by his guide through bye-ways, crossed the Medway at Ailesford bridge. He found Sheldon, one of his equerries, waiting for him at Woolpeck with a fresh relay of horses. At ten o'clock in the morning, he arrived at Emley ferry, near Feversham, and embarked in a custom-house hoy, which had been hired for the passage by sir Edward Hales. The wind was fresh, and the vessel requiring more ballast, the master ran her ashore near Sheerness. Unfortunately sir Edward Hales, while they were waiting for the rising of the tide, sent his servant to the Feversham post-office, and as his seat was in that neighbourhood, his livery was known.¹ The man was dodged to the river side by some of the members of a gang of ruffians, who had formed a profitable association for stopping the panic-stricken catholics in their flight to France, and stripping them of their property. These men perceiving that sir Edward Hales was in the hoy, came, to the number of fifty, in three boats, armed with swords and pistols, at eleven o'clock at night, and boarded the hoy just as she was beginning to float. They leaped into the cabin, and seized the king and his two companions, with abusive language. Sir Edward Hales perceiving that his majesty was unknown, took Ames, the leader of those desperadoes, aside, and putting fifty guineas into his hand, promised him one hundred more if he would allow them to escape. Ames took the money, and promised to go on shore to make arrangements for that purpose, but advised them to give up all their valuables into his hands, as he could not answer for the conduct of his people while he was gone. The king gave him three hundred guineas, all the money he had, and his watch; and, true to his methodical habits of business, took his receipt for those trifles. Ames went off with his prey, and then his men came rudely about the king, and insisted on searching his person for more booty. James, nevertheless, succeeded in securing his coronation ring, and three great diamond bodkins belonging to his queen.²

As soon as the tide rose high enough, the ruffians brought the hoy up to Feversham, and putting the king and his

¹ King James's Journal. Ellis Correspondence.

² Recital of king James's departure. Chaillot MS.

companions into a coach, carried them to an inn, amidst the yells and insults of the mob, by whom his majesty was mistaken for the chaplain of sir Edward Hales or father Petre. This was the third agitating night James had passed without sleep since his sorrowful parting with his wife and child. When morning came, a seaman among the crowd, who had served under him, recognised him, and bursting into tears, knelt and begged to kiss his hand. Overpowered by this touching proof of devotion from his humble liege-man, James wept. The instinctive act of homage performed by the true-hearted sailor betrayed the rank of the royal prisoner. The very ruffians who had plundered and insulted him, when they saw his tears were awed and melted ; they fell on their knees, and offered to return their pillage. James bade them keep the money, and would only receive his sword and jewels. The seamen formed themselves into a guard round his person, and declared "that not a hair of his head should be touched."¹ James ought to have been satisfied that he had still many loyal hearts among his people. Even at Feversham something might have been done, had he been in a state of mind to take advantage of the revulsion of feeling manifested in his favour. But he was not ; he began to talk in a rambling and incoherent manner. One minute he wept, and asked "what crimes he had committed to deserve such treatment?" and spoke "of the ill offices done to him by the black coats;" said "that the prince of Orange sought not only his crown but his life;" and implored those present "to get him a boat that he might escape, or his blood would be on their heads." Then he asked for pen, ink, and paper ; wrote, tore, wrote again ; and at last succeeded in penning a brief summons to lord Winchelsea.² That nobleman hastened to his majesty, who then demanded to be conducted to the house of the mayor. The rabble objected to his removal, but the seamen carried the point, though with difficulty. The mayor was an honest man, and treated his sovereign with all the respect in his power. James talked wildly, and of things little to the purpose : "of the virtues of St. Winifred's well, and his loss of a piece of the true cross, which had

¹ Journal of James II. cited by Macpherson.

² Continuator of Mackintosh.

belonged to Edward the Confessor.¹ He was finally seized with another fit of bleeding at the nose, which probably averted a stroke of apoplexy or frenzy, but made him very sick and weak.

The earl of Winchelsea, who had been groom of the bed-chamber to his majesty when duke of York, and had married the accomplished Anne Kingsmill, a favourite maid of honour of the queen, was much concerned at the state in which he found his royal master, and besought him not to persist in his rash design of leaving England, reasoned with him on the ruinous effect such a step must have on his affairs, and at last succeeded in calming him. James made him lord-lieutenant of the county of Kent, and governor of Dover castle on the spot. The next day, sir James Oxendon came with the militia, under pretence of guarding his majesty from the rabble, but in reality to prevent him from escaping; a piece of gratuitous baseness for which he was not thanked by William.²

For nearly two days, no one in London knew what had become of his majesty. On the morning of the 13th of December, an honest Kentish peasant presented himself at the door of the council-chamber at Whitehall, stating that he was a messenger from king James. It was long before he could obtain attention. At last, Sheffield earl of Mulgrave being apprised of his business, insisted on bringing him in. He delivered a letter, unsealed and without superscription, containing one sentence only, written in the well-known hand of their fugitive sovereign, apprising them that he was a prisoner in the hands of the rabble at Feversham. The faithful messenger, who had fulfilled his promise to his royal master by delivering this letter, described, with tears, the distress in which he had left his majesty at the inn.³ The generous and courageous loyalty of this noble man of low degree ought to have shamed the titled traitor, Halifax, who sat that day as president of the council, and would fain have adjourned the assembly to prevent anything being done for the relief of the king; but Mulgrave boldly stood forth, and with a burst

¹ Continuator of Mackintosh. James was probably plundered of the antique gold crucifix and rosary, recently taken out of the coffin of Edward the Confessor, which contained this relic.

² Reresby's Memoirs.

³ Sheffield's Memoirs.

of manly eloquence represented “the baseness of leaving their king to be torn to pieces by the rabble, and insisted that measures should be taken for his personal safety, since, with all his popery, he was still their sovereign.” He then proposed that lord Feversham, with 200 of the guards, should be instantly despatched with his majesty’s coaches to invite him to return.¹ Shame kept those silent who would fain have opposed this motion; and the lords Aylesbury, Lichfield, Yarmouth, and Middleton posted down to Feversham to acquaint the king “that his guards were coming to escort him to London, whither his friends desired him to return.” James determined to do so, and commenced his journey. At Sittingbourne he was met by his guards and equipage, and many of his faithful friends flocked round him.² He slept that night at Rochester, whence he despatched lord Feversham with a letter to the prince of Orange, inviting him to come to London for the purpose of an amicable treaty. The next day, December 16th, he returned to his capital, and was greeted with impassioned demonstrations of affection. He came through the city to Whitehall; a body of gentlemen, forming a volunteer guard of honour, preceded him bareheaded. The bells rang joyously, and the air was rent with the acclamations of people of all degrees, who ran in crowds to welcome him. These manifestations of loyalty were far more flattering, spontaneous as they were, and the free-will offerings of popular sympathy in his distress, than if he had returned from a decisive victory over the forces of the Dutch prince. Yet every art had been used to alarm the metropolis with warnings and incendiary outcries of Irish and popish massacres; but in spite of everything, the people showed that, though they hated popery, they loved the king. Whitehall was never more crowded than on that occasion, even to the royal bed-chamber.³

Among the numerous candidates for audience was a deputation from the freebooters at Feversham, who came to beg his majesty’s pardon for their late outrage, and to proffer once more a restitution of the gold of which they had rifled him. James not only bade them keep it, but gave them

¹ Sheffield’s Memoirs. Macpherson. Lingard. James’s Journal.

² Journal of king James. Macpherson. Burnet.

³ Journal of James. Life ditto. Burnet. Mackintosh. Kennet. Echard.

ten guineas to drink his health.¹ Cheered by the apparent reaction that had taken place, the king exerted himself to hold his court, and supped in state. "I stood by him during his supper," says lord Dartmouth, "and he told me all that had happened to him at Feversham with as much unconcernedness as if they had been the adventures of some other person, and directed a great deal of his discourse to me, though I was but a boy."² That night the metropolis was illuminated, and the streets were full of bonfires. Scarcely, however, had the king retired to his bed-chamber, when Zulestien demanded an immediate audience, being charged with letters from the Dutch prince, his master, requiring that his majesty should remain at Rochester while he came to sojourn in London. James, in a conciliatory tone, replied "that the request came too late; and as he was now in London, a personal interview could the better take place." The only outrage that elicited an expression of anger was the arrest and imprisonment of his accredited messenger, lord Feversham; he expressed surprise and indignation, and wrote to the prince demanding his release.³ William was now acting as king of England *de facto*, without any other authority than that bestowed upon him by foreign troops and deserters.

James was without money, and those who ought to have offered, unasked, to supply his exigencies, exhibited a churlish spirit truly disgraceful. Lord Bellasis, a Roman-catholic peer, refused to assist him with the loan of a thousand pounds,⁴ and a base regard to purse-preservation thinned his presence-chamber the next morning. It was then that two noble gentlemen, Colin earl of Balcarres, and the gallant viscount Dundee, presented themselves, charged with offers of service from his privy council in Scotland. "They were received affectionately by the king, but observed that none were with him but some of the gentlemen of his bed-chamber. One of the generals of his disbanded army entered while they were there, and told the king that most of his generals and colonels of his guards had assembled that morning, upon observing the universal joy of the city on his return; that the result of their meeting was to tell his majesty that much was still in their power to serve and defend him; that most

¹ Ellis correspondence.

² James's Journal.

³ Note in New Burnet.

⁴ Continuator of Mackintosh.

part of the disbanded army was either in London or near it, and that if he would order them to beat their drums, they were confident twenty thousand men could be got together before the end of the day.¹ ‘My lord,’ said the king, ‘I know you to be my friend, sincere and honourable; the men who sent you are not so, and I expect nothing from them.’ He then said, ‘It was a fine day, and he would take a walk.’ None attended him but Colin and lord Dundee. When he was in the Mall, he stopped and looked at them, and asked how ‘they came to be with him, when all the world had forsaken him and gone to the prince of Orange?’ Colin said, ‘their fidelity to so good a master would ever be the same; they had nothing to do with the prince of Orange.’ Then said the king, ‘Will you two, as gentlemen, say you have still an attachment to me?’ ‘Sir, we do.’ ‘Will you give me your hands upon it, as men of honour? They did so. ‘Well, I see you are the men I always took you to be; you shall know all my intentions. I can no longer remain here but as a cypher, or be a prisoner to the prince of Orange, and you know there is but a small distance between the prisons and the graves of kings; therefore I go for France immediately. When there, you shall have my instructions. You, lord Balcarres, shall have a commission to manage my civil affairs; and you, lord Dundee, to command my troops in Scotland.’”²

James amused himself during some part of this day, his last of regal authority in England, by touching for the evil, having succeeded in borrowing 100 guineas of lord Godolphin to enable him to go through the ceremonial—a piece of gold being always bound to the arm of the patient by the sovereign—and James had been robbed of his last coin by the freebooters at Feversham. That night, when the king was about to retire to bed, lord Craven came to tell him that the Dutch guards, horse and foot, were marching through the park in order of battle to take possession of Whitehall. The stout old earl, though in his eightieth year, professed his determination rather to be cut to pieces than resign his posts at Whitehall to the Dutch; “but the king,” says Sheffield, “prevented that unnecessary bloodshed

¹ Biographical notice of Colin earl of Balcarres by lord Lindsay, his descendant; from the original family document. Printed by the Bannatyne Club.

² Ibid.

with a great deal of care and kindness." He sent for count Solms, the Dutch commander, and told him there must be some mistake. "Were not his orders for St. James's?" The count produced his orders; on which the king commanded his gallant old servant to withdraw his men.¹ The English guards reluctantly gave place to the foreigners by whom they were superseded; and the king retired to bed, fancying that he had purchased one night's repose, at any rate, by this concession. Worn out by the agonizing excitement and continuous vigils of the last dreadful week, he slept, and so profoundly, that to have dismissed his o'erwearied spirit from its mortal tenement by one swift and subtle stroke, would have been a *coup de grace*. A greater barbarity was committed. William sent deliberately to rouse his unfortunate uncle from that happy oblivion of his sufferings, with an insolent message "that it was thought convenient for him to leave his palace by ten o'clock the next morning;" three English peers were found capable of undertaking the commission. The plan was suggested by Halifax, who advised William to employ the Dutch officers on this ungracious errand. "By your favour, my lords," said William, sternly; "the advice is yours, and you shall carry it yourselves," naming Halifax, Delamere, and Shrewsbury. At two o'clock in the morning, this worthy trio presented themselves at the door of king James's ante-chamber, and knocking loudly, rudely demanded admittance to his presence. The earl of Middleton, who was lord in waiting, told them the king was in bed and asleep, and begged them to wait till morning. They replied, "they came from the prince of Orange with a letter, and they must deliver it that instant." Middleton approached the royal bed, and drew back the curtain, but the king was in so sound a sleep that it did not wake him. Lord Middleton was compelled to speak loudly in his ear to dispel his death-like slumber.² He started at first, but perceiving Middleton kneeling by him, asked what was the matter, and bade him admit the messengers.

When they entered, James recognised two open enemies, Shrewsbury and Delamere, and one false servant, Halifax, whom he had employed as one of his commissioners to nego-

¹ Memoirs of Sheffield duke of Buckingham.

² James's Life. Clarendon Diary. Dalrymple.

tiate a treaty with the prince of Orange, and had thus afforded an opportunity both of deceiving and betraying him. Another painful lesson for the royal Timon of British history, on his want of attention to moral worth in those on whom he bestowed his confidence. Halifax behaved with singular disrespect to his sovereign on this occasion, and when James objected to Ham house, the place named for him to retire to by William, as "a very ill winter-house, being damp and unfurnished," he treated his majesty's objections with contempt. James said he should prefer going to Rochester, if he left town, and, after some discussion, it was agreed—but that he should go by water, attended by the Dutch guards. When James wished to go through the city, Halifax rudely over-ruled that plan, by saying, "it would breed disorder and move compassion."¹ The next morning, December 18th, was wet and stormy, but though James told the three lords, who had undertaken the ungracious office of expelling him from his palace, that the weather was unfit for the voyage, Halifax insisted upon it. The foreign ministers, and a few of his own peers and gentlemen, came to take leave of him, which they did with tears, and as a last mark of respect, attended him to the water's edge. Notwithstanding the tempestuous wind and the heavy rain, which now fell in torrents, the banks of the river were crowded with sympathizing spectators, who came to take a parting look of their unfortunate sovereign. At twelve o'clock, James entered the barge appointed for his convoy, attended by five faithful gentlemen, who volunteered to accompany him—viz., the earls of Arran, Aylesbury, Dunbarton, Lichfield, and lord Dundee. They were his only British escort: he had asked for a hundred of his own foot guards, and was peremptorily denied. A hundred Dutch guards went in boats before and behind the royal barge, but they were so long in embarking, that the tide was lost, and the king remained a full hour sitting in the barge waiting their convenience, exposed to the storm, before the signal was given for the rowers to move on.² "The English were very sorrowful at seeing him depart," says Barillon, "most of them had tears in their eyes. There was an appearance of consternation in the people when they found that their king was

¹ King James's Journal.

² Ibid.

surrounded by Dutch guards, and that he was, in fact, a prisoner." Evelyn, in his diary for that day, records the departure of his royal master in these brief but expressive words: "I saw the king take barge to Gravesend, a sad sight! The prince comes to St. James's, and fills Whitehall with Dutch guards." Even then, if James could have been roused from the morbid lethargy of despair into which the unnatural conduct of his daughters, and the treachery of his ministers had plunged him, his Dutch nephew might have had cause to repent of his expedition. Ministers, counsellors, and general officers might be false to their oaths of allegiance, but the great body of the people were true, and eager to fight for their native sovereign, if he would but have trusted to their loyalty. The greatest offence, after all, that James ever gave to this country, and for which he never has been forgiven, was, that he suffered himself to be driven away by a foreign prince, without a struggle. The season of manly enterprise was past, and he felt incapable of grappling with the storm in his present state of mind and body.

The unfortunate king did not arrive at Gravesend till seven in the evening, wet and weary, and long after dark; he was compelled to sleep there that night, at the house of Mr. Eckins, an attorney. "The next morning," James says, "he received a blank pass from the prince of Orange, which he had desired, in order to send one over to the queen, believing her landed before that, in France, with her son."¹ The expression is a little mysterious, as if the king meant to enable Mary Beatrice to return to him again, according to her earnest wish, after he had been so eager to send her away, another symptom of the unsettled state of his mind. At ten the next morning, he proceeded, under the escort of the Dutch guards, to Rochester, where he took up his quarters in the house of sir Richard Head. During the three days that he remained at Rochester, Turner, bishop of Ely, sent daily to entreat him not to withdraw. Every hour the king received visits from gentlemen and officers, who begged him to remain in England.² While others reasoned with calmness, the fiery Dundee endeavoured to rouse the desponding spirit of his heartbroken sovereign. "Make your stand here," said he, "and summon your sub-

¹ Journal of James II.

² Ibid. Clarendon Diary.

jects to their allegiance. Give me your commission, I will undertake to collect ten thousand men of your disbanded army together, and with them I will carry your standard through England, and drive the Dutch and their prince before you." The king said, "he believed it might be done, but it would cause a civil war, and he would not do so much mischief to the English nation, which he loved, and doubted not but his people would soon come to their senses again."¹ Instead of following the councils of gallant Dundee, he sat inactively, repeating to himself, "God help me, whom can I trust? My own children have forsaken me." Burnet pretends that James was fixed in his determination, "by an earnest letter from the queen, reminding him of his promise to follow her, and urging its fulfilment in very imperious language. This letter," Burnet says, "was intercepted, opened, and read,² and then forwarded to the king, at Rochester." Persons who could be guilty of the baseness of breaking the seal of such a letter, would not hesitate at misrepresenting its contents, which were, doubtless, perfectly consistent with the feminine tenderness of the queen's character, her adoring fondness for her husband, and her fears for his personal safety.

It is certain, that James had made up his mind to follow his wife and son when he quitted Whitehall the first time, and that nothing could shake his resolution. He was playing the game into the hands of his subtle adversary, who was impatient for him to be gone, and had ordered the back premises of the house at Rochester, where he lodged, to be left unguarded, to allow him every facility for escape. Before sitting down to supper, on the evening of Saturday, December the 22nd, James drew up the well-known paper, containing the reasons which impelled him to withdraw for the present. In this declaration, the unfortunate monarch sums up, in simple but forcible language, the outrages and insults to which he had been subjected by the prince of Orange; but when he alludes to the unprincipled aspersion on the birth of his son, his style becomes impassioned:

¹ This conversation was overheard by David Middleton, a servant of the earl of Middleton, while he was mending the fire, and by him afterwards repeated to Carte the historian.

² "There was at least as much of the barbarian as the politician, in breaking that most sacred seal." Continuator of Mackintosh.

"What had I then to expect?" he asks, "from one, who by all arts had taken such pains to make me appear as black as hell to my own people, as well as to all the world besides?" His concluding words are neither those of a tyrant nor a bigot: "I appeal," says he, "to all who are considering men, and have had experience, whether anything can make this nation so great and flourishing as liberty of conscience? some of our neighbours dread it." This paper, James gave to the earl of Middleton, with orders that it should be printed as soon as he was gone. He then took leave of his few faithful followers and retired to bed. Between twelve and one on the morning of the 23rd, he rose, and attended only by his natural son, the duke of Berwick, Mr. Biddulph, and Labadie, the husband of the prince of Wales's nurse, left the house by a back stair and postern door, and so through the garden, where captain Macdonald waited to guide him to the place where captain Trevanion waited with a boat. These two faithful officers rowed his majesty and his companions to a sorry fishing-smack, that lay a little below Sheerness. In this vessel, king James crossed the wintry waves, and, as usual, encountered very rough weather, many hardships, and some danger.¹ The circumstances under which James left England have been illustrated by a noble young author of our own times in a pathetic poem, in which the following striking lines occur:—

"We thought of ancient Lear, with the tempest overhead:
Discrowned, betrayed, abandoned—but nought could break his will,
Not Mary, his false Regan—nor Anne, his Goneril."²

The tragedy of real life is sometimes strangely mingled with circumstances of a comic character, which appear the more ridiculous perhaps from the revulsion of feeling they are apt to produce on persons labouring under the excitement of excessive grief. King James, in the midst of his distress during this melancholy voyage, felt his mirth irresistibly excited, when he saw the brave captain Trevanion attempting to fry some bacon for his refection in a frying-pan that had a hole in it, which that gallant officer was compelled to stop with a pitched rag; at the sight of this expedient the king gave way to immoderate laughter, which

¹ Journal of James II.'s Life.

² From "Historic Fancies," by the Hon. George Sydney Smyth, M.P., a volume replete with noble and chivalric sentiments.

was renewed when the captain proceeded to tie a cord round an old cracked can, to make it in a condition to hold the drink they had prepared for him. A keen perception of the ludicrous is often a happy provision of nature to preserve an overcharged heart from breaking under the pressure of mortal sorrow. It was well for the fallen majesty of England that he could laugh at things, which were melancholy indications of his calamitous reverse of fortune. The laughter, however, was medicinal, for he ate and drank heartily of the coarse fare that was set before him, and always declared that he never enjoyed a meal more in his life. James landed at the small village of Ambleteuse, near Boulogne, at three o'clock in the morning of December the 25th, being Christmas-day, O.S.¹

Mary Beatrice, meantime, whom we left at Montrieul, reached Abbeville on the 21st, where she slept and passed the Saturday, which was kept in France as New Year's Day, N.S. She arrived at Poix on the Sunday, at two o'clock, where she was apprised, that Louis XIV. intended to assign one of the most stately palaces in France, the Chateau of St. Germains, for her residence. When her majesty approached Beauvais, the bishop, and all the principal people in the town came out to meet and welcome her. "The same had been done," pursues our authority, "in all other places through which she passed; but this bishop offered particular marks of respect and generous attention to the royal fugitive, and she remained at Beauvais till Tuesday, the 25th, where she received the welcome news, that our king had left London, which joyful intelligence greatly consoled her and her little court."² Her happiness would have been far greater could she have known how near that beloved consort was to her.

As soon as Louis XIV. was apprised of the landing of king James, he despatched one of his equerries, M. Le Grand, to apprise the anxious queen of that event, and to present his complimentary greetings to her on his own account. The dauphiness sent the duc de St. Simon with

¹ Mary Beatrice had kept that festival ten days before, according to new style, while at Boulogne, and the dates used by the historian of her journey to St. Germains, belong to that computation, which had been adopted in France; to avoid confusion, they are in this memoir made conformable to the dates used by English historians.

² MS. Narrative in the Archives au Royaume.

friendly messages from herself. They found the royal traveller at Beaumont. The joyful tidings they communicated appeared to console her for all her misfortunes; raising her eyes to heaven, she exclaimed, "Then I am happy!" and praised God aloud, in the fulness of her heart.¹ Mindful, however, of the ceremonial observances that were expected of her, she composed herself sufficiently to return the compliments which were delivered to her, in the names of the king of France, the dauphin, and dauphiness, with much grace, and expressed herself deeply grateful for all the king of France had done for her. The gentlemen then withdrew, leaving her to the free indulgence of her natural emotions, while she wrote to the king, her husband, a letter, which she despatched by Mr. Leyburn, one of her equerries, who had joined her after her retreat to France. "When we returned," says monsieur Dangeau, who was one of the deputation from the court of France, "we found her majesty still transported with joy." The sudden transition from misery to happiness is always trying to a sensitive temperament. Mary Beatrice, who had been enabled to subdue the violence of her grief, by pious resignation to the will of God, had borne up under fatigue of mind and body, and the tortures of suspense; but the revulsion of feeling was too much for her corporeal powers, and she succumbed under it. The person, whoever it was, who has continued the narrative of her flight from England, with a diary of her progress to St. Germains, after relating her arrival at Beaumont, and the happy news which greeted them at that town, says, "We were beside ourselves with the joy which this intelligence caused us; but this pleasure was soon interrupted: the queen was seized with such a violent attack of pain, that for two hours her agonies were so excruciating, that our hearts were pierced with the most poignant concern; but, thanks to God, the spasms abated after a time."

The duchess of Portsmouth,² who was at the court of

¹ M.S. Narrative in the Archives au Royaume. Dangeau.

² This impudent woman had set her mind on obtaining an appointment as lady of the bed-chamber to the virtuous consort of James II., though she had given her great annoyance when duchess of York, and also by repeating the base slanders touching the birth of the prince of Wales. Through the intercession of the duke of Richmond, she finally carried her point, a circumstance deeply to be regretted.

France with her son, the duke of Richmond, had the effrontery to propose coming to meet the exiled queen of England, but the duc de Lauzun sent word to her, "that her majesty would see no one till she arrived at St. Germain." Mary Beatrice made an exception from this rule, in favour of ladies whose rank and virtues qualified them to offer her marks of sympathy and attention. When the duchess of Nevers came to pay her a visit at Beaumont, she received her most affectionately and kissed her.

In the afternoon of December 28th, Mary Beatrice drew near St. Germain. Louis XIV. came in state to meet and welcome her, with his son the dauphin, his brother monsieur, all the princes of the blood, and the officers of his household; his cavalcade consisted of a hundred coaches and six. He awaited the approach of his fair and royal guest at Chatou, a picturesque village on the banks of the Seine, below the heights of St. Germain-en-Laye.¹ As soon as her majesty's *cortège* drew near, Louis, with his son and brother, descended from his coach and advanced to greet her, supposing that she had been in the first carriage, which he had sent his officers to stop. That carriage, however, only contained the prince of Wales, his sub-governess, lady Strickland, and his nurses. They all alighted out of respect to the most Christian king, who took the infant prince in his arms, kissed and tenderly embraced him, and made the unconscious babe a gracious speech, promising to protect and cherish him.² Louis is said to have been struck with the beauty of the royal infant, on whom he lavished more caresses than he had ever been known to bestow on any child of his own.

The queen had, in the meantime, alighted from her coach, and was advancing towards his majesty. Louis hastened to meet and salute her. She made the most graceful acknowledgments for his sympathy and kindness, both for herself and in the name of the king her husband. Louis replied, "that it was a melancholy service he had rendered her on this occasion, but that he hoped it would be in his power to be more useful soon." He presented the dauphin and monsieur to her in due form, then led her

¹ Madame de Sévigné. Dangeau.

² Ibid. Journal of James. History of the Escape of the queen. Archives au Royaume.

to his own coach, where he placed her at his right hand. The dauphin and monsieur sat opposite to their majesties. "The queen," says Dangeau, "had with her the marchioness of Powis and the signora Anna Vittoria Montecuculi, an Italian, whom she loves very much."¹ And thus in regal pomp was the exiled queen of England conducted by Louis XIV. to the palace of St. Germain-en-Laye, which was henceforth to be her home. Cheered by the courteous and delicate attention with which she was treated by the sovereign of France, and anticipating a happy reunion with her beloved consort, Mary Beatrice smiled through her tears, and chatted alternately with the king, the dauphin, and monsieur, as they slowly ascended the lofty hill on which the royal chateau of St. Germain is seated. She always called Louis "sire," though the late queen, his wife, and the dauphiness only addressed him as "monsieur." When they alighted in the inner court of the palace, Louis, after placing everything there at her command, led her by the hand to the apartments appropriated to the use of the prince of Wales, which were those of the children of France. This nursery suite had been newly fitted up for the prince of Wales. Here the king took leave of her majesty. She offered to attend him to the head of the stairs, but he would by no means permit it.²

Monsieur and madame Montchevereuil, the state keepers of the palace, were there to do the honours of the household to the royal guest, who was treated and served in all respects as a queen. Her apartments were sumptuously furnished; nothing had been omitted that could be of use or comfort to her; and the most exquisite taste and munificence had been displayed in the arrangement of her dressing room and especially her table. Among the splendid toilet service that courted her acceptance, Mary Beatrice saw a peculiarly elegant casket, of which Tourolle, the king's upholsterer, presented her with the key. This casket contained 6000 Louis-d'ors; a delicate method devised by the generous monarch of France for relieving her pecuniary embarrassments. Mary Beatrice, however, did not discover the gold till the next morning; for notwithstanding the significant looks and gestures with which Tourolle pre-

¹ Madame de Sévigné. Dangeau.

² News Letter from Versailles. Lingard's Appendix. Dangeau. Sévigné.

sented the key of this important casket, her heart was too full to permit her to bestow a single thought upon it that night. King James had sent his son, Berwick express, to earn her future favour, by bringing the intelligence that he was to sleep at Breteuil, and would arrive at St. Germain towards the close of the following day.¹ Mary Beatrice wept and laughed alternately, with hysterical emotion at these tidings. The next morning, Louis and the dauphin sent to make formal inquiries after the health of the royal traveller and her son. Overcome by all she had gone through, she was compelled to keep her chamber. At six in the evening, the king of France, with the dauphin, monsieur, and the duc de Chartres, came to pay her majesty a visit; she was in bed, but admitted these distinguished guests. Louis came and seated himself on her bolster, the dauphin stood near him, without any ceremony, chatting in the friendly and affectionate manner which their near relationship to the king her husband warranted. The chamber was full of French courtiers, who had followed their sovereign.²

In the course of half an hour, Louis was informed that the king of England was entering the chateau, on which he left the queen, and hastened to greet and welcome his unfortunate cousin. They met in the hall of guards; James entered at one door as Louis advanced to meet him by the other. James approached with a slow and faltering step, and, overpowered with his grateful sense of the generous and friendly manner in which his queen and son had been received, bowed so low, that it was supposed he would have thrown himself at the feet of his royal kinsman, if Louis had not prevented it by taking him in his arms, and embracing him most cordially three or four times. They conversed in a low voice apart for about a quarter of an hour. Then Louis presented the dauphin, monsieur, and the cardinal de Benzi to his majesty, and after this ceremonial, conducted him to the apartment of the queen, to whom he playfully presented him with these words: "Madame, I bring you a gentleman of your acquaintance whom you will be very glad to see." Mary Beatrice uttered a cry of joy and melted into tears; and James astonished the French courtiers by clasping her to his bosom with passionate demonstrations of

¹ Dangeau. Sévigné. MS. Memorials.

² Sévigné. Dangeau. News letter from Versailles, in Lingard's Appendix.

affection before everybody. "The king of England," says one of the eye-witnesses of this touching scene, "closely embraced the queen his spouse in the presence of the whole world."¹ Forgetting every restraint in the transport of beholding that fair and faithful partner of his life once more, after all their perils and sufferings, James remained long enfolded in the arms of his weeping queen. Kind and sympathizing as Louis XIV. was to the royal exiles, there was a want of consideration in allowing any eye to look upon the raptures of such a meeting.

As soon as the first gush of feeling had a little subsided, Louis led James to the apartments of the prince of Wales, and showed him that his other treasure was safe, and surrounded with all the royal splendour to which his birth entitled him. He then reconducted his guest to the ruelle of the queen's bed, and there took his leave.² James offered to attend his majesty of France to the head of the stairs, but Louis would not permit it. "I do not believe," said Louis, "that either of us know the proper ceremonial to be observed on these occasions, because they are so rare, and therefore I believe we should do well in waiving ceremony altogether." It was noticed, however, that Louis, with his usual scrupulous attention to courtesy, always gave James the right hand. On taking his final leave he added, "It is to-day like a visit to me. You will come and see me to-morrow at Versailles, where I shall do the honours, and after to-morrow I shall come again to visit you; and as it will be your home, you shall treat me as you like." Louis added to these delicate marks of friendship the welcome present of ten thousand pounds, which he sent to his unfortunate kinsman the following day, in the way least calculated to wound his pride. The next day, the queen sent lord Powis to inquire after the health of the dauphiness, but he was not permitted to see her.³

The chateau of St. Germains, which was assigned by Louis XIV. for the residence of the exiled king and queen of England, was one of the most beautiful and healthy of all the palaces of France. James was already familiar with the place, having passed some years there in his boyhood and early youth, when a fugitive in France, with the queen his mother, and the other members of his

¹ Letter from Versailles in Lingard's Appendix. Dangeau.

² Ibid. Sévigné. ³ Ibid.

family, who resided chiefly at St. Germains. The remembrance of his father's death, the sorrows and vicissitudes that had clouded the morning of his days, must have been painfully renewed by returning to those scenes, after an interval of eight and twenty years, as a fugitive once more, and the only survivor of those who had been the companions of his first adversity. Mother, brothers, sisters, all were dead; nearer and dearer ties of kindred, his own daughters, those who owed not only their being, but the high place they held in the world, the legitimacy which invested them with the power of injuring him, had proved false. The son of his beloved sister, the princess of Orange, his own son-in-law, had driven him from his throne, and those whom he loved best on earth, his wife and infant son, were involved in his fall, yet James bore these calamities with a degree of philosophy which not only astonished but offended the French nobility, who, excitable themselves, expected to see the fallen king display the same emotions as the hero of a tragedy exhibits on the stage. They called his calm endurance coldness and insensibility, because they could not understand the proud reserve of the English character, or appreciate the delicacy of that deep sorrow which shrinks from observation. It was the wish of James and his queen to live as private persons at St. Germains, in that retirement which is always desired by the afflicted, but it was not permitted.¹

The sensitive mind of Mary Beatrice received no pleasure from the royal splendour with which the munificence of Louis XIV. had surrounded her, she felt the state of dependence to which herself and her unfortunate lord were reduced as a degradation, and every little incident that served to remind her of it gave her pain. Her bedchamber at St. Germains, was hung with a superb set of tapestry, from the designs of Le Brun, and the upholsterer had, with artistic regard to pictorial effect, chosen the alcove as the fittest place for the piece representing the tent of Darius. The fallen queen of England could not repose herself on her bed without having the pathetic scene of the family of that unfortunate king throwing themselves at the feet of Alexander, always before her eyes. She felt the analogy between her situation and theirs so keenly, that one day

¹ Letters of Madame de Sévigné, vol. vi.

she exclaimed in the anguish of her heart, “Am I not sensible enough of our calamities, without being constantly reminded of them by that picture?”¹ One of her ladies of the bed-chamber, repeated this observation to the French officers of the household, and they instantly removed the *tableau* of the royal suppliants, and replaced it with another piece representing a triumph. The queen reproved her faithful attendant for mentioning a passionate burst of feeling, which appeared like a reproach to her generous benefactor, as if she imagined him capable of insulting her in her adversity. It is possible that she might suspect some little ostentation, on the part of his officers, in the choice of the tapestry.

The court of St. Germain was arranged by Louis on the model of his own; the exiled king and queen found all proper officers of state, gentlemen ushers, and guards ready to receive them. The French state officers and attendants were quickly superseded by the noble English, Scotch, and Irish emigrants, who followed the fortunes of the exiled king and queen. The fidelity of the queen’s household was remarkable. It is an interesting fact, that almost all her attendants applied to the prince of Orange for passports to follow her into France. William granted the passes, but outlawed all who used them, and confiscated their property. An elegant poet of the present times, alludes to the sacrifices incurred by one of the attached adherents of James’s cause, in these pretty lines:—

“ Yet who for Powis would not mourn,
That he no more must know
His fair red castle on the hill,
And the pleasant lands below.”²

Whole families preferred going into exile together, rather than to transfer their allegiance to William and Mary.³ This generous spirit was by no means confined to the Ro-

¹ MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice, Archives au Royaume.

² Historic Fancies, by George Sydney Smythe, Esq.

³ The old cavalier knight banneret, Sir Thos. Strickland, of Sizergh, husband of the sub-governess of the little prince, who had accompanied her royal charge to France, followed her with their four boys, having first made over his Westmoreland estates to two of his servants, Thos. Shepherd, the steward, and Robert Carne, for the nominal sum of £500. The property was thus preserved to his eldest son, by the integrity of these two honest men, who might easily have kept the estates from proscribed Jacobites.

man-catholic aristocracy. Instances of fidelity, equally noble, are recorded of members of the church of England, and even of menial servants in the royal household. The queen's old coachman, who had formerly served Oliver Cromwell in that capacity, followed his royal mistress to St. Germain, was reinstated in his office, and continued to drive her state coach till he died at an advanced age. Those ladies of the bed-chamber who were compelled to remain in England with their husbands and families, like lady Isabella Wentworth, and Mrs. Dawson, rendered their royal mistress the most important service of all, by continuing to bear true witness of her, when it became the fashion to calumniate and revile her. They courageously confuted her slanderers on more occasions than one. Even the daughter of the false Sunderland, the young countess of Arran, bore constant testimony to the legitimacy of the little prince, and of the virtues of the exiled queen, during the brief period she survived the revolution.

Louis XIV. allowed James and Mary Beatrice 50,000 francs per month for the support of their household. They objected at first to the largeness of the sum; but found it, in the end, insufficient to enable them to extend adequate relief to the necessities of their impoverished followers. At the first court held by the exiled king and queen at St. Germain, James looked old and worn with fatigue and suffering. Of Mary Beatrice it was said by madame de Sévigné, "The queen of England's eyes are always tearful, but they are large and very dark and beautiful. Her complexion is clear, but somewhat pale. Her mouth is too large for perfect beauty, but her lips are pouting, and her teeth lovely. Her shape is fine, and she has much mind. Everything she says is marked with excellent good sense."

It was the desire of Louis XIV., that the dauphiness, and the other princesses and ladies of the court of France, should pay a ceremonial visit of welcome to the queen of England the next day, but this was an object that required more than his power to accomplish. The dauphiness, fearing that a *fauteuil* would not be accorded to her in the presence of her Britannic majesty, feigned sickness as an excuse for not performing the courtesy prescribed by her august father-in-law, to his royal guests. She kept her bed obstinately for several days. Madame, the wife of the king's brother,

said "she had a right to a *fauteuil* on her left hand, and that she would not go unless that were allowed," neither would the duchesses, without being permitted to have their *tabourets*, the same as in their own court. Monsieur was very sulky, withal, because the queen had not kissed him. Mary Beatrice, though naturally lofty, behaved with much good sense on this occasion ; she referred the matter entirely to the decision of the king of France, requesting him to decide, whether the princes and duchesses were to be received according to the custom of the court of France, or of England. "Tell me," said the queen to Louis, "how you wish it to be; I will salute whomsoever you think proper, but it is not the custom in England for me to kiss any man." The king decided that it should be arranged according to the etiquette of France. Madame de Sévigné, a few days after, records the important fact, that "the queen of England had kissed monsieur, and that he was, in consideration of having received that honour, contented to dispense with a *fauteuil* in the presence of king James, and would make no further complaints to the king his brother."

Mary Beatrice and her lord, though deprived of the power and consequence of crowned heads, found themselves more than ever fettered with those rigid ceremonials and etiquettes, which are certainly not among the least of the pains and penalties of royalty. The princesses and female nobility of France were scarcely sane on the point of precedence, and the importance that was placed by these full-grown children on the privilege of being entitled to the distinction of a *tabouret* was ludicrous. It was an age of toys and trifles; but the irritation and excitement caused by frivolous contentions was to the full as great, as if the energies of the parties concerned had been employed for objects worthy of the attention of rational beings. The courts of the Stuart sovereigns, both in Scotland and England, had been conducted on more sensible principles; but at St. Germains, James and his queen were compelled to adopt the same rigid ceremonials and etiquettes as those which were used in the court of France, and to entrench themselves behind the same formal observances, or they would have been treated as if they had fallen, not only from regal power, but royal rank.

¹ Dangereux. Sévigné.

At length, it was settled that the dauphin should only sit on a *pliant*, or folding-chair, in the presence of king James; but when in company with the queen, he should be entitled to a *fauteuil*.¹ The arrangement of this knotty point did not free the royal exiles from perplexing attacks on their patience, in their new position. The princes of the blood had their pretensions also, and it was a much easier matter to satisfy them than to settle the point with their ladies. The princesses of the blood were three or four days before they would attend the court of the queen of England, and when they went there the duchesses would not follow them. They insisted on being treated, not only according to the custom of the court of France, where they have the privilege of sitting in the presence of the sovereign, but according to that of England also, where the monarch kisses ladies of their rank on their presentation. In a word, the duchesses of France demanded to be kissed by king James, and to sit in the presence of his queen. Notwithstanding the pleasing impression made by the graceful and conciliatory manners of Mary Beatrice, and the general interest excited by her beauty and her misfortunes, a party, founded on jealousy, was excited against her among the French ladies, by the princesses.

King James returned the visit of the French sovereign, in state, December 29th, and was received by that monarch with all the honours due to royalty. Louis presented him in form to the dauphiness. She stood at the door of her chamber, with her ladies, to receive him, and they conversed for a few minutes. James then called on the dauphin, and talked, like a connoisseur, of the fine pictures, cabinets, china, and other articles of *vertù*, with which his apartments were decorated. His majesty afterwards visited his brother-in-law, monsieur, madame, and all the princes of the blood. The next day, the dauphin came to St. Germain, and made formal state calls on James, his queen, and the infant prince of Wales. Mary Beatrice ordered that he should have a *fauteuil* in her presence, but a lower one than that in which she sat. The dauphiness pleaded illness as an excuse for not accompanying him. Mary Beatrice accepted the apology, and determined to waive ceremony,

¹ Memoirs and Anecdotes of Louis XIV. and Louis XV.

by paying the first visit.¹ "She told the dauphin, that she only delayed going to Versailles, to pay her compliment to the king and the dauphiness, till she could procure a dress suitable for the occasion." In making her toilette for the court of Versailles, she knew that she must pay due attention to the prevailing modes. On this occasion she was happily so successful, that she had the good fortune to please the most fastidious of the French ladies.

"When the queen of England went to visit the dauphiness," says madame de Sévigné, with enthusiasm, "she was dressed to perfection. She wore a robe of black velvet over an elegant petticoat; her hair was beautifully arranged; her figure resembles that of the princess de Conti, and is very majestic." The king of France came himself to hand her from her coach; he led her into his presence-chamber, and placed her in a chair of state, higher than his own. After conversing with her about half-an-hour, Louis conducted her to the apartment of the dauphiness, who came to the door to receive her. The queen expressed some surprise. "I thought, madame," said she, "I should have found you in bed." "Madame," replied the dauphiness, "I was resolved to rise, that I might properly receive the honour done me by your majesty." Louis XIV. withdrew, because the mighty laws of court etiquette forbade his invalid daughter-in-law to sit in an arm-chair in his presence. When he had departed, the portentous ceremony of taking seats was successfully achieved. The exiled queen was inducted into the place of honour, the dauphiness seated herself in a fauteuil on her right hand, and madame the duchess of Orleans on her left, and the three little sons of the dauphiness were perched in three arm-chairs, the princesses and duchesses made their appearance, and occupied their tabourets round the room. In short, the pretended invalid held a crowded court in her bedchamber on this occasion, and was much elated at having succeeded in inducing the queen of England to pay her the first visit. His majesty of France being privately informed, when Mary Beatrice rose to take her leave, came, with his wonted courtesy, to lead her down stairs, and place her in her coach. When Louis returned to the apartment of the dauphiness, he was eloquent in his commendations of their

¹ Dangeau. Sévigné.

royal guest, and evidently, with a view of suggesting to his German daughter-in-law, that she would do well to imitate so perfect a model of regal grace and dignity, he emphatically added, " See what a queen ought to be!" He praised her charming manners and her ready wit, and expressed his admiration of her fortitude in adversity, and her passionate love for her husband.¹ From that hour, it became the fashion in the court of France to cite the exiled queen of England as the perfection of grace, elegance, beauty, and female virtue. The *grande monarque* had said it, and from his decision there could be no appeal. The French duchesses, who, to please the dauphiness, had protested, that if the receptions of the court of St. Germains were to be modelled after the customs of that of Versailles, nothing should induce them to kiss the hem of the queen of England's robe, were now ready to kiss her feet.²

The next day, at four o'clock precisely, Mary Beatrice was favoured with a solemn state visit from the duchess of Orleans, her daughters, the duchess of Guise, and all the princesses of the blood. She kissed them all, gave a fauteuil to the duchess of Orleans, and less honourable chairs, called *pliants*, to the princesses. As far as regarded their own claims, the demi-royalty of France were satisfied; but they took the liberty of requesting the queen to explain why she permitted the signora Anna Montecuculi to occupy a tabouret in her presence, as she had not the rank of a duchess. Her majesty condescended to explain, that she allowed her that privilege as the lady in waiting.³ These ladies, who were so rigid in their notions of the importance attached to chairs and stools, made no exception against the appearance of the infamous duchess of Portsmouth, who also occupied a tabouret, in that exclusive circle, having, with the persevering effrontery of her class and character, succeeded in obtaining an appointment, as one of the ladies of the bedchamber, in the household of James's consort at St. Germains. James was compelled to bestow several shadowy titles on his followers, to enable their ladies to hold appointments in his queen's bedchamber, and to sit in presence of the French court. He made lord Powis a duke, to entitle his lady to a tabouret. " There are four ladies of the queen of England," says Dangeau, " whom she will have seated

¹ Sévigné.

² Ibid.

³ Dangeau.

when there are either princesses or duchesses of France present. These are lady Powis, as an English duchess; madame Montecuculi, whom she has made countess of Almonde, as a lady of honour; and the ladies Sussex and Waldegrave as the daughters of king James;" the first named was, however, the daughter of Charles II. After the dauphiness had returned the visit of the English queen, her majesty came again to Versailles, to call on her. She arrived precisely at four o'clock, the orthodox hour. The king received her this time in the hall of guards, and led her into the state presence-chamber, and gave her the place of honour. They conversed a long time together, and then he led her by the hand, through the gallery, to the door of the apartments of the dauphiness, who received her there, and conducted her into her chamber. They were getting pretty well acquainted now, and their conversation was easy and lively. When her majesty retired, the dauphiness conducted her as far as the guard-room, where they parted, mutually satisfied with each other. Then the queen paid her ceremonial visit to the dauphin, who came to receive her in his guard-room, and conducted her to his presence-chamber, where they were both seated for some time in one fauteuil—probably one of those double chairs of state, such as that which is shown in queen Mary's chamber at Holyrood palace. The queen was charmed with monseigneur's cabinets, and good-naturedly spoke much in praise of the dauphiness, for whom, however, this prince cherished very little tenderness. When the queen left the apartments of the dauphin, he re-conducted her to the spot where he had received her, and she proceeded to visit monsieur and then madame. At these visits, lady Powis and madame Montecuculi were allowed seats; the one as a duchess, the other as lady in waiting to her majesty.

On the 15th, the king of France, with the dauphin, visited the king of England at St. Germain. James received them at the end of the hall of guards; and after they had talked some time, they went together to the queen's apartment, where three fauteuils were placed, but the king of England would not sit to leave the dauphin standing, who could not occupy the third fauteuil in his presence. After standing for some time by the chimney-piece, chatting with that prince, James, turning to the king of France, said, "We

are determined to have no more ceremonies after this visit ; I will begin this evening."

The frank proposition of the sailor king did not suit the formality of the court of France, which two successive Spanish queens had rendered almost as solemnly absurd, on the subject of ceremonials, as that of the Escurial. James and Mary Beatrice found, that if they expected to be treated according to their own rank, they must condescend to the follies of persons of narrow intellect, and strong prejudices, and conform to regulations which they, as aliens and suppliants, could not presume to censure. Policy and the exigency of circumstances taught the fallen queen of England the necessity of propitiating a lady of comparatively humble birth, but whose master-mind rendered her of tenfold more importance than all the French princesses put together, with the haughty dauphiness at their head. It is scarcely necessary to explain, that this was madame de Maintenon, the bosom counsellor of Louis XIV., she who wore the *fleur-de-lys* and ermined mantle, which none but the wife of a king of France may venture to assume, though public opinion forbade the widow Scarron to bear the title of queen. The first time madame de Maintenon came to St. Germain, Mary Beatrice, having made her wait a few minutes, gracefully apologized for it, by expressing her regret that she had lost so much of her conversation. The compliment was well judged, and her majesty had the good fortune of making a favourable impression on her, whose influence governed the latter years of the *grande monarque*.

"Everyone," says madame de Sévigné, "is pleased with this queen, she has so much wit. She said to our king, on seeing him caressing the prince of Wales, who is very beautiful, 'I had envied the happiness of my son in being unconscious of his misfortunes, but now I regret the unconsciousness which prevents him from being sensible of your majesty's goodness to him.' Everything she says is full of good sense, but it is not so with her husband—he is brave, but his capacity is ordinary, and he recounts all that has passed in England without emotion ; he is a good man, nevertheless."

The anguish that oppressed the heart of the exiled queen, while successfully labouring to establish a hard-earned popularity in the French court, is unaffectedly avowed in the

following letter, addressed by her, evidently at this period, to her faithful friend the countess of Lichfield:—¹

“St. Germain, Jan. 21.

“ You cannot imagine, dear lady Lichfield, how pleased I was to receive two letters from you, so full of kindness as they were. I hope you do not think I am so unreasonable as to expect you should leave your husband and children to come to me. I am in too miserable a condition to wish that my friends should follow it, if they can be in their own country. I was overjoyed to hear by every body, as well as by the king, that your lord had behaved himself so well. I don't doubt but he will continue to do so, and I am sure you will encourage him to it. The king is entirely satisfied with him, and does not dislike what he did, for he had the example and advice of honest men, which he may well follow. The letter sent by your sister was of no great consequence, but by the courier you had reason to think it was. I thank God I am very well in my health, and have the satisfaction to see my poor child grow visibly every day, and the king look better than he has done this great while. I want no less to enable me to support my other misfortunes, which are so extraordinary that they move every one's pity in this country, so that they cry and pray for us perpetually. I hope God will hear their prayers, and make us happy again, but no change or condition shall ever lessen the real kindness I have for you.

“M. R.”

This letter is written on plain note paper, and is enclosed in a torn and hastily folded envelope, superscribed: “For the countess of Lichfield.” It is sealed with the famous diamond seal always used by the consort of James II. in her correspondence with the adherents of the Jacobite cause. The impression is her royal cipher, M.R. interlaced, surmounted with the crown matrimonial of England.



FAC-SIMILE.

The manner in which Mary Beatrice speaks of her infant boy in this most interesting letter, contains, in its unaffected simplicity, a refutation of the complicated falsehoods with which the injustice of a party had laboured to impugn his birth. When the fallen queen thanks God, in the midst of her misfortunes, “that she has the satisfaction of seeing her

¹ Through the kindness of the hon. lady Bedingfield, the immediate descendant of the earl and countess of Lichfield, I enjoy the privilege of presenting this most interesting royal letter, for the first time, to the public, having been permitted by that accomplished and amiable lady to copy the original, which is in her possession.

poor child grow visibly every day," every one recognises the voice of nature, and the genuine feelings of a mother's heart.

The purple velvet and ermine in which Mary Beatrice dressed her boy, not being the orthodox costume for babies of his rank in France, excited the astonishment of the ladies of that court, as we find from a remark made by madame de Sévigné, in a letter dated January 31st, 1689. "Madame de Chaulnes has seen the queen of England, with whom she is much pleased. The little prince was dressed like a Merry-Andrew,¹ but beautiful and joyous, leaping and dancing, when they held him up." He was then between seven and eight months old, a most attractive age; and the bracing, salubrious air of St. Germains, had evidently been of much service to the royal infant, whose health was so delicate in England.

The exiled king and queen endeavoured to beguile their cares, by going with Louis XIV. to St. Cyr, to witness the representation of Racine's new and popular tragedy of Esther.² Mary Beatrice was seated between the two kings, having Louis on her left hand and her husband on her right. Louis invited them to visit him at the Trianon the following day. He received his royal guests under the portico, and went all over the palace with them, chatting very pleasantly with them both. While the two kings were engaged in a long private conference, Mary Beatrice played at cards with Monsieur for her partner, against the duchesses of Epernon and Ventadour. In the evening, they all went to see the ballet, where her majesty was seated, as before, between her husband and Louis XIV. She was attended by the countess of Sussex, lady Sophia Bulkeley,³ and madame de Montecuculi, her ladies in waiting. Madame de Maintenon was also in the tribune, with several French ladies of high rank.

The formal pleasures of the French court, had no power to cheer hearts that were full of anxious thoughts of England. James had addressed a manifesto on the 4th of January, to his lords spiritual and temporal, and his subjects in general, claiming their allegiance, stating at full the

¹ "Godinot" is the word used by madame de Sévigné.

² Sévigné. Dangeau.

³ This lady was the sister of *La Belle Stuart*; she was married to Mr. Bulkeley, the brother of lord Bulkeley—a title now extinct.

causes that compelled him to withdraw from the personal restraint under which he had been placed by the Dutch guards ; he expressed his desire to return for the purpose of assembling a free parliament for the redress of all grievances. Instead of a free parliament, ninety-five peers taking the legislative power into their hands, empowered the prince of Orange to assemble a convention, composed of persons who had been members of parliament in Charles II.'s reign, the lord mayor, aldermen, and fifty common-councilmen of the city of London, to settle the government. The archbishop of Canterbury refused to assist in the deliberations of an illegally constituted assembly, supported by a foreign army ; the greater number of the bishops adhered to their oaths of allegiance to James. A majority of two voices, only in the house of peers, confirmed the vote of the convention, that the throne was vacant in consequence of James's flight to France. On the 6th of February, it was decided, by a majority of twenty, that the prince and princess of Orange, should be proclaimed king and queen.¹

The smallness of the majority by which this measure was carried, proves how closely the parties were balanced. Eight prelates, with the archbishop of Canterbury at their head, including five of the seven, who had, in commemoration of their resistance to James and imprisonment in the Tower, been called the seven pillars of the church, preferred the loss of their bishoprics to transferring their allegiance to the new sovereigns. Their example was followed by a third of the clergy ; a movement and a change took place on that occasion in the church throughout England, in which the non-juring ministers occupied a position not dissimilar to those of the free church in Scotland in the present day. They forsook all, rather than violate their principles, and were reduced, with their families, to the greatest state of destitution.² In some instances, whole congregations adhered to the deprived minister. Party ran high in parishes, and even in families, on the subject of these divisions, and good Christians beheld with pain a breach in the unity of the church of England.

King James was, meantime, reminded by his viceroy Tyrconnel, that he was still the undisputed sovereign of

¹ Journals of the lords. Burnet. Mackintosh.

² Life and Works of Bishop Ken.

Ireland; and in compliance with the urgent invitations of his subjects there, he determined to make his appearance in that realm; and, with the concurrence of the king of France, he began to make preparations for his expedition.

On the 20th of February, James lost a powerful friend by the sudden death of his niece, the queen of Spain,¹ who had been urgent with the king her husband, to render him assistance in his distress. Her decease plunged the courts of Versailles and St. Germain into grief and mourning. James prepared himself for his expedition to Ireland, rather in the spirit of a pilgrim devotee, than a warrior, by visiting the nunnery of Chaillot, where the heart of the late queen his mother was enshrined, and offering up his prayers for the repose of her soul. That convent was founded by Henrietta, and when a boy he had been accustomed to attend her thither, though at that time opposed, with all the vehemence of his enthusiastic temperament, to the doctrines of the church of Rome, and on very bad terms with his mother, in consequence of their differences of opinion; yet he told the lady abbess, that he had great pleasure in the recollections associated with his visits to Chaillot. He besought the prayers of the sisters for the success of his voyage, and expressed the pleasure he felt at the thought that his queen would often come there, during his absence, to perform her devotions.

At the request of Mary Beatrice, Louis XIV. had not only forgiven Lauzun, for all past offences, but elevated him to the rank of a duke; and king James, in acknowledgment of the services he had rendered, in conducting the escape of the queen and prince, invested him, on the eve of his expedition to Ireland, with the order of the garter, in the church of Nôtre Dame. The collar and jewel of the order, which were very richly ornamented with diamonds, were the same that had belonged to Charles I., and which had been entrusted after his death, and the subsequent reign of terror, to the care of honest Isaac Walton, who faithfully returned them to Charles II.

Lauzun was one of the hundred noble French gentlemen

¹ This princess was the eldest daughter of Henrietta of England and Philip duke of Orleans; she inherited the wit, beauty and fascination of her mother; she was only six and twenty, and her death was attributed to poison, administered by the emissaries of a party jealous of her unbounded influence over the mind of her weak, sickly husband, Charles II. of Spain. (St. Simon. Sévigné.)

who volunteered their services to king James on this occasion. James's force consisted of two thousand five hundred English and Scotch emigrants ; his funds, of four hundred thousand crowns—a loan from the French monarch. Louis supplied him with vessels, and offered to assist him with troops. James's reluctance to employ foreign soldiers was still insuperable, and he replied, "I will recover my own dominions with my own subjects, or perish in the attempt."¹ Like many a lofty spirit, he was compelled to bend to circumstances, without achieving his object. Louis had provided equipages, camp beds, and toilet furniture of a magnificent description, for the use of the royal adventurer ; at parting, he unbuckled his sword, and presented it, telling him he hoped it would prove fortunate.² The French courtiers, who delighted in anything resembling a scene, were greatly excited with this romantic incident, and talked much of Hector, Amadis and Orondates. The farewell compliment of Louis to his royal guest was blunt, but spoken in the spirit of true kindness. "The best wish that I can offer to your majesty," said he, "is that I may never see you again."³

The separation between Mary Beatrice and her lord was of a heart-rending character. They parted as lovers who expected to meet no more on earth. Every one felt for the uncontrollable anguish of the queen, her adieus were interrupted with tears, with cries, and swoonings. She withdrew the same day, February 28th, from the palace of St. Germain's, with her infant boy, into the deep retirement of the convent at Poissy, with the intention of passing the whole of her time in tears and prayers for the safety of her ill-fated lord. The catastrophe that befel the king's favourite valet, who was drowned at Pont de Cé, was considered ominous ; the vessel in which he had embarked with his majesty's luggage being lost, with all the costly presents bestowed by Louis XIV. James travelled overland in his coach, having with him his son the duke of Berwick, and the earls of Powis, Dumbarton, and Melfort, and Thomas Stuart. He crossed the Fauxbourgs of Paris, reached Orleans the same night, and took the route through Bretagne. At Roche Bernard, the duke de Chaulnes received

¹ Sir James Mackintosh.

² Madame de Sévigné.

³ Dalrymple. Dangeau. Sévigné.

the exiled monarch with great state, and would have conducted him to a bed-chamber, to repose himself; but James said, "I only want something to eat." They had provided him a splendid supper, entirely of fish.

He embarked at Brest on the 6th or 7th of March, and landed at Kinsale, in Ireland, on the 12th. He was received with acclamations. His viceroy, Tyrconnel, had got together an army of forty thousand men, but chiefly made up of half-naked unarmed peasants, ready to fight, but having neither arms nor military discipline. James entered Dublin, in triumph, and opened his parliament with declarations of religious liberty to all persuasions. Dundee and Balcarres urged him to come to Scotland, "where the Highland chiefs were eager for his presence, and hosts of shepherds would start up warriors at the first wave of his banner on the mountain tops;" and he was entreated by a strong party of faithful friends and repentant foes to hasten to England without further delay.¹ Even those subtle deep-seeing foxes of the revolution, Halifax and Danby, assured Sir John Reresby, "that king James might be reinstated in less than four months, if he would only dismiss his priests." Some of the authors of the revolution began to make overtures to their old master, in the same spirit which sometimes leads members of the jockey club to hedge their bets when they see cause to suspect that they have ventured their money on a wrong horse.

The morning after the news of king James's landing in Ireland became public in London, it was discovered that some wag had written on the walls of Whitehall—"A great house to be let by St. John's day,"² intimating by this pasquinade that the present royal tenants of the palace would be compelled to vacate it before the mid-summer quarter. The proceedings of those tenants will be related in the life of queen Mary II, those of king James belong to general history, and can only be briefly alluded to occasionally, in elucidation of the personal history of his consort.

The king of France did not wish Mary Beatrice to bury herself in the seclusion of Poissy during the absence of her lord, and endeavoured by all the means in his power to tempt her to gayer scenes; but her heart was filled with too much anxiety, and all she seemed to live for was her

¹ Dalrymple. *Life of James II.* Macpherson.

² Sévigné.

child, and letters from James, or news of his proceedings. Louis promised to send especial couriers, whenever he received despatches, to convey the news to her as early as possible.¹ From Poissy, the queen went for a few days to the convent of Chaillot. While there, she formed a spiritual friendship with the superior and several of the nuns of this community. Business recalled her majesty to her lonely court at St. Germain's, from whence she addressed the following characteristic letter to the abbess of Chaillot. The original is written in French, and has never before been published in any form. Indeed, the whole of the voluminous correspondence between the consort of James II. and her cloistered friends at Chaillot, has been carefully hidden for a century and a half from every eye, first, in the archives of that convent, and, since its dissolution, in the Archives au Royaume de France :

"St. Germain, 28 April, 1689.

' The too great respect that you have for me, my dear mother, prevents you from writing to me, and the proper regard I have for you obliges me to write to you, for I take great pleasure in telling you, that ever since I left your holy cloister, I have wished to return thither. I believe, however, there is self-love in that, for, without deceit, I have not found any real repose since the king left me, but at Chaillot. It is seventeen days since I have heard any tidings from him, which greatly disquiets me, since I cannot give any credit to news that comes from any other quarter. I implore the charity of your good prayers, and those of all your community. I salute them with all my heart, and more especially my dear sisters, *La Déposée*,² and the assistant. I would entreat them to offer for me one of their acts of simplicity and of humility, and you, my dear mother, to offer, also, some portion of the numerous acts of virtue that you perform every day, for me, who am, from the bottom of my heart, your good friend,

" MARIE R."

The concluding requests involve some of the vital differences of belief between Christians of the reformed church and those of the church of Rome; for however efficacious the prayers of holy men and women may be, it is contrary to Scripture warrant to believe that any person has good works to spare for others. The piety of Mary Beatrice became of a more spiritual and enlightened character as she advanced, through many sufferings on her Christian course. Very precious to the wounded spirit of the fallen queen of England were the sympathy and reverence which she received from the nuns of Chaillot in the days of her adversity, and the friendship that was commenced between her and some of the

¹ Dangeau. Sévigné.

² This was the title borne by the ex-abbess, that office being elective at the convent of St. Marie de Chaillot.

ladies of that community was only dissolved by death. She had her preferences among them; and the three who appeared to hold the first place in her regard were madame Catharine Angelique Priolo, madame Claire Angelique de Beauvais, and mademoiselle Francois Angelique de Mesme. Mary Beatrice often calls these ladies "her three Angeliques." She also mentions with great affection a sister whom she calls her dear little portress, and "the dear sister of Dunbarton," lady Henrietta Douglas, who took the name of Marie Paule at her profession. Many are the presents of fruit, cakes, confections, and vegetables, fish, and bread, that are acknowledged by her majesty in the course of her letters with expressions of gratitude, to the members of this community. In the postscript to this letter she speaks of the little offerings for her table that had been sent to her by her cloistered friends :

" I have eaten heartily at my dinner of your bread and salad, for which I thank you, but I forbid you to be at the trouble of sending more of it to me. I ought, at any rate, to send for it. I beg you to thank mademoiselle de la Motte for me, for the preserves she has sent me. They are very good, but too much to send at one time. I have promised lady Almond that this letter should answer for her as well as for me, for she does not know how to write in French." (This lady was an Italian.) " I believe," continues her majesty, archly, " that one of my letters will be a little more agreeable than those of her secretary.

" Adieu, my dear mother. I entreat St. Francis Xavier to hear the prayers that you will make to-morrow for me, to obtain for me of God either consolation or resignation.

" M. R."

Superscribed, " To the rev. mother, superior of the daughters of St. Marie de Chaillot."

Endorsed, " First letter of the queen to the mother, received in 1689."

Mary Beatrice found it necessary, for the sake of her royal husband's interest, to propitiate the king of France by emerging from her tearful retirement, and appearing at some of the splendid fêtes and entertainments which he devised for her amusement. The solicitude that magnificent prince manifested for her comfort, and the many distinguishing marks of attention he showed her, were exaggerated into signs and tokens of a more lively regard than friendship. Madame de Maintenon became uneasy, and betrayed symptoms of jealousy. " Yet," observes our authority, " this suspected passion for the queen of England, had no other foundation than the sympathy and innocent attentions which the king could not help offering to a princess, whose virtues were acknowledged by all the world, and which he would

have admired in any one."¹ Mary Beatrice was, moreover, the adopted daughter of Louis, and his regard for her was a sentiment, not a passion ; a sentiment which, in its refinement and generosity, forms one of the redeeming traits of his character. He treated her, it is true, with the homage which is always paid to a beautiful and intellectual woman in France, but it was her conjugal tenderness that excited his respect. "She was always a queen in her prosperity," said he, "but in her adversity she is an angel."²

The dauphin, who had a great esteem for Mary Beatrice, frequently came to see her; but the dauphiness, who was jealous of the higher title borne by the unfortunate queen, rarely visited her. One day the dauphin brought his little son, the duke of Burgundy, to St. Germain, and the queen inquired of the dauphin if she ought not to give him a *fauteuil*; and the reply being in the affirmative, he was duly inducted into one of those important seats. Then came monsieur, madame, and their son, the duc de Chartres. They had *fauteuils*, but the young duke only a *pliant*. These absurd rags of ceremonials are always noted by the journalists of the time—even those who held the office of ministers of state—with as much gravity as if connected with the fate of empires. Weariness and vexation of spirit it was for the anxious consort of James II. to bestow the attention of an overburdened mind on such follies. Situated as she was, however, she was compelled to condescend to trifles, and to learn the hard lesson, to a lofty mind, of making herself everything to all the world.

The receipt of a letter from her absent lord, written during the favourable aspect of affairs which flattered him on his first arrival in Ireland, filled her heart with joy, which she hastened to communicate to her friends at Chaillot in the following animated note, written in great haste, and without distinctive date; but the allusion to the siege of Derry fixes it to May :

"St. Germain, Tuesday matin.
"I was so much pressed with business and visits all yesterday, that I had not a single moment of time left me to give and impart my joy to my dear mother and her dear community, having received, while finishing my dinner, a very long letter from the king, of recent date, which assured me that he was in perfect health at Dublin, and that he expected every day the news of the taking of the town which is besieged (Derry). God be for ever praised, for

¹ Gallerie de L'Ancienne Cour.

² Sévigné.

that he has heard your prayers and those of your dear daughters, who, I doubt not, will return thanks to Him to-day, in concluding your *avèno*. Do the best for me, my beloved mother, and believe me, by inclination as much as by gratitude, yours and your daughters,

" M. R."

This letter has been carefully endorsed, subsequently, "Fourth letter, which must never be produced, because matters have not succeeded in Ireland."¹

The early successes of king James in Ireland were rendered useless for want of money. He was compelled to raise the value of the currency in the first instance, and finally to ruin his cause by coining brass money to pass at the nominal value of silver. The expedient of bills and bank notes had never been adopted by the Stuart monarchs as the cheap representatives of imaginary hundreds and thousands of pounds. Mary Beatrice, painfully aware of the exigency of her husband's circumstances, became an earnest suppliant for money to her royal friend, Louis; but Louis was neither able nor willing to lavish wholesale, sums in the Irish war. He was ready to conduce to her domestic comforts on a magnificent scale, but his own extensive buildings at Versailles were yet to be paid for. He referred everything relating to public business to his ministers. To them the anxious queen next addressed herself; and at last her impassioned pleadings wrought on Seignelai to send a welcome, but inefficient, supply of money and arms to her royal husband. The first time her name is mentioned as connected with public business, is in reference to the assistance she gave to the destitute champions of king James's cause in Scotland, by pawning part of her jewels, and sending the proceeds to Dundee for the purchase of arms and ammunition.² "I was extremely surprised," writes that gallant chief, to Lord Melfort, "when I saw Mr. Drummond, the advocate, in a Highland habit, come up to Lochaber to me, and give account that the queen had sent 2000*l.* sterling to London to be paid to me for the king's service, and that two more were coming. I did not think the queen had known anything of our affairs. I received a very obliging letter from her by Mr. Crain."³ Dundee's letter is dated June 28th. The seasonable supply which Mary Beatrice had sent him, enabled him to make a vigorous and triumphant advance. He gathered the clans round the standard of king James, and, on the

¹ Autograph letter of the queen of James II., in Archives au Royaume de France.

² Nairne's State Papers. Life of king James.

³ Nairne's State Papers.

18th of July, defeated king William's forces under Mackay, in the pass of Killicranky, and having taken the Dutch standard, fell mortally wounded in the moment of victory. With him fell the cause of king James in Scotland. The queen did her utmost to keep alive the interest of her royal husband, by writing to their old friends and acquaintances in Scotland, and sending over agents and busy intriguers, to nurse up plots for risings in his favour, in various parts of the ancient realm of the Stuarts.

At this epoch, Mary Beatrice assumes the unwonted character of a woman of business. James's ministers were astonished at her acute perceptions, sound sense, and application. "I confess,"¹ writes lord Melfort to king James, "I never saw any one understand affairs better than the queen, and she has really gained so much esteem from the king here, and his ministers, that I am truly of opinion, that if it had not been for her, the wicked reports spread here had made your affairs go entirely wrong at the court. I dare not," continues his lordship, "enter to speak of the prince, for adding to this letter, only; I do protest, that he is the finest child I ever saw. God Almighty bless your majesty, the queen, and him, for your comfort; grant you the possession of your own, and that you may never have a worse servant than, &c.," meaning himself. A worse counsellor James never had: his letters, when intercepted, had a very bad influence on his royal master's cause, as they betrayed a treacherous and vindictive temper. The queen, finding Melfort's presence mischievous at St. Germains, got rid of him as handsomely as she could, by sending him to compliment the new pope, and to endeavour to obtain money for the exigencies of the Stuart cause, from him. His holiness expressed great sympathy, but protested his inability to assist her majesty with anything but his prayers. Her ambassador, though a catholic, did not appear to consider these of any particular value.²

Meantime, the queen was indefatigable in her exertions for the advancement of her husband's interest in the court of France. Sometimes she was cheered with flattering tidings of successes in Ireland. On the last day of the year

¹ Original Papers from the Nairne Collection in Macpherson's *Stuart Papers*.

² Ellis's *Royal Letters*.

1689, she writes to her friend, the abbess of Chaillot, in a perfect ecstasy :

" It is always on a Saturday, my dear mother, that I have news of the king. I believe that my dear daughters of Sion may already begin to sing their canticles of praise to the Most High, whose puissant arm, without the aid of human means, has almost entirely destroyed our enemies."¹

Her majesty goes on to express her hope, that the king would soon be master of Ireland ; and asks, in conclusion, the continuation of the prayers of the holy sisters of Chaillot. This letter, like all on that subject, is endorsed : " On the good successes in the war in Ireland, which had no foundation, therefore this letter must never be shown." Little did the cautious recluse, to whom they were addressed, imagine the possibility of the concatenation of circumstances which has rendered this jealously hoarded correspondence available material for the biography of the royal writer.

When Mary Beatrice first used to make her visits to this convent, the abbess insisted on treating her with the ceremonies due to royalty, and made her dine in her state apartment ; but, early in the year, 1690, the queen expressed her positive determination not to avail herself of these marks of respect, in the following letter to the superior :

" I thank you, my dearest mother, for the offer you have made me, of giving me a dinner in your chamber of assembly, but I cannot be satisfied with that. I wish to eat in the refectory with you and the others, and I pray you to expect me on Tuesday at eleven o'clock, supposing this to be a fast-day. I propose to depart from hence at eight o'clock in the morning, and to be at matins at ten o'clock, in the church of our good fathers. I beg you to have them informed of it. I had already ordained the duty to Riva, to bring you the provisions for dinner on Tuesday, as I am persuaded that my sister, Marie Francoise, will prepare it with much pleasure, since there will be a portion for me, which I charge her to make similar to the others, without form or ceremony.

" Adieu, my dearest mother, adieu to all our sisters. I have pleasure in thinking that I shall soon be, for some hours, at Chaillot. I have great need of such a solace, for since I left you I have had repose neither in body or in mind."²

The letters of Mary Beatrice to her absent lord, at this exciting period, if they should ever be discovered, would, of course, surpass in interest any other portion of her correspondence. Her love for him was so absorbing a feeling, that it prompted her to write the most earnest entreaties to

¹ Inedited letters of the queen of James II., in the Secret Archives au Royaume de France. Chaillot MSS.

² Ibid.

those about him to be careful of his personal safety ; of this the following letter is an instance :—

QUEEN MARY BEATRICE TO THE EARL OF TYRCONNEL.¹

" St. Germain, April 5, 1690.

" This is my third letter since I heard from you, but I shall not make it a long one, for the bearer of it knows a great *deal* of my mind, or rather, of all the thoughts of my heart ; for I was so overjoyed to meet with one I durst speake freely to, that I opened my heart to him, and sayd more then (than) I should like to do again in haste to any body. I therefor refer myself to him, to tell you all *wee* spoke of, for I have no secrets for you. One thing, only, I must say, to beg of you to have a care of the king, and not to *lett* him be so much encouraged by the good news he will hear, for I dread nothing at this time, but his going so fast into England, in a *manner* dangerous and uncertain for himself, and disadvantageous to those of our persuasion. I have writt an unreasonable long letter to him to tell him my mind, and have said much to lord Dover to say to him ; for it is not probable that I shall ever have so safe an opportunity of writing again. Pray putt him (the king) often in mind of beeing carefull of his person, if not for his own sake, for mine, my sonne's, and all our friends, that are undone if anything amiss happens to him. I dare not let myself go upon this subject, I am so full of it. I know you love the king ; I am sure you are my friend ; and therfor, I need say the less to you ; but cannot end my letter without telling you that I never in my life had a truer, nor a more sincere friendship for anybody than I have for you.

" M. R."

The orthography of this letter is rather obsolete than illiterate ; the queen has evidently studied the language of her adopted country, so far as to have overcome the difficulties of spelling its capricious words of treacherous sound, in which she succeeds better than most foreigners, and, indeed, many natives, of the same era. The epistles of her daughters-in-law, Mary princess of Orange, and the princess Anne, are not so well spelled, and the construction of those of the latter is infinitely inferior. Mary Beatrice, however, retains obstinately one peculiarity of a foreigner writing English, she always writes the first person *i*, instead of the capital *I*, that important egotism of our language, in which, to be sure, ours stands alone among those of Europe. The worthy collector from whose stores the above tender and feminine letter is quoted, seems to have read it with surprise, for he proceeds to express a generous indignation at the idea universally entertained of the unfortunate wife of James II. He observes, " that the character of this queen has been most unjustly described by historians ; she is represented as devoid of almost every natural affection, of the meanest understanding, and of such defective education,

¹ From Netherclift's autograph fac-simile, from the original in the possession of lord de Clifford.

as to be incapable of reading or writing." Mary Beatrice corresponded fluently in Italian, French, and English, and she possessed sufficient knowledge of Latin, to read the Scriptures daily, in the vulgate. This practice she never omitted, however much she might be pressed for time. That she was excessively occupied at this period, may be perceived from the following letter, which she wrote to the superior of Chaillot, to excuse herself from assisting at the profession of a novice, who had been desirous of receiving the white veil from her ; she says—

" May 3.

" It is with much difficulty that I abstract this little moment to tell you that I was greatly annoyed at not being able to be with you last week, and that I will do all in my power to be there on Wednesday or Thursday, next week. In the meantime, I have ordered Riva to tell all the news that I have had from Ireland, and elsewhere, for I have not time to do it, having three expresses to despatch before I can be with you. I expect every moment another courier from Ireland, whom I know was at Brest since last Friday, and I cannot learn what has become of him.

" I shall be glad to be excused from the profession of the daughter of the holy sacrament, for when I am at Chaillot I do not seek to go out. I beg you to make my compliments to all our dear sisters, and, in particular to my dear sisters, the assistant and *La Déserte*. I am dying to be among you, and, in the meantime, I will try to unite my imperfect prayers with the holy ones that they offer to God, who is pleased to declare for us a thousand times more than we deserve.

" Adieu, my dearest mother : I am yours, from the depth of my heart,
" M. R."

This letter is certainly written in a cheerful strain. Mary Beatrice had just succeeded in raising a large sum on some of her jewels, to send to the king, although a supply little proportioned to the greatness of his need. But she had prevailed on Seignelai, the French minister of marine, to equip and send a fleet into St. George's channel. This fleet drove William's admiral, Herbert, and his squadron out of Bantry bay, and landed some military stores for king James. D'Avaux, the French minister in attendance on that prince, exultingly announced to him, that the French had defeated the English fleet, " It is for the first time, then," retorted the royal seaman, with an irrepressible burst of national feeling.¹ His consort, however, could not refrain from rejoicing in the success of the expedition, which she had been the cause of sending to his assistance ; and when Tourville, another French admiral, defeated the once invincible British fleet at Beachy head, on the 1st and 2nd of

¹ Dalrymple.

July, she wrote a long and highly complimentary letter of congratulation to him. "If," says she, "we are so fortunate as to return soon to our own country, I shall always consider that you were the first to open the way to it, for it was effectually shut against us before the success of this engagement, to which your good conduct has contributed so much. But if I do not deceive myself, it appears to me now to be completely open, provided the king could gain some little time in Ireland, which I hope he will, but I tremble with fear, lest the prince of Orange, who sees clearly that it is his interest so to do, should push the king and force him to give battle."¹

That fear was already realized. The letter of the apprehensive queen, was written July 20th, the battle of the Boyne had been fought on the 1st of that month. King James had chosen his post skilfully, but William's fine veteran well-accoutred troops doubled the numbers of that unfortunate monarch's rabble rout.² It was impossible for the result to be otherwise than a complete overthrow. Yet, strange to say, rumour brought the flattering news to Paris of a brilliant victory won by James, in which the prince of Orange, it was said, was slain. Great rejoicings and illuminations took place in consequence. This mistake only rendered the disastrous truth more agonizing to the consort of the luckless James. Tyrconnel has been greatly blamed for advising James to quit Ireland with such precipitancy, and this again has been imputed to his paying too much regard to the feelings of the queen, who was so apprehensive of the king's person, as to be in a constant agony about it. She had frequently begged him to have a special care of his majesty's safety. On the 27th of June, Tyrconnel unluckily received another passionate letter from her majesty, telling him "that he must not wonder at her repeated instances on that head, for unless he saw her heart, he could not imagine the torment she suffered on that account, and must always continue to do so, let things go as they would."³ King James landed at Brest, July 20th, N.S., with his two sons, Berwick, (who had performed prodigies of valour,) and Henry Fitzjames, likewise Tyrconnel, and lord Powis. From Brest he sent an

¹ Macpherson's Collection of Stuart Papers.

² James's Journal.

³ Quoted in the life of king James, from his Memoirs.

express to his queen, to acquaint her with his arrival there, and his misfortune, telling her, at the same time, "that he was sensible he should be blamed for having hazarded a battle on such inequalities, but that he had no other post so advantageous, and was loth to have abandoned all without a stroke."¹

Mary Beatrice, though she was overwhelmed with grief at the loss of the battle, was consoled by the news of her husband's safety, and she declared, in rather quaint terms, "that, after having broken her head with thinking, and her heart with vexation, at the king's ruin and that of their faithful friends, without being herself in a condition to help them, she felt it as an unspeakable alleviation that the king was safe, for if she had heard of the loss of the battle before she knew of the king's arrival, she knew not what would have become of her, and though she confessed, that it was a dismal thing to see him so unhappy, as he was in France, yet, in spite of her reason, her heart was glad to see him there."²

James remained a few days on the coast of Brittany, for the purpose of sending arms, money, and provisions to the relief of the unfortunate gentlemen who continued to maintain the contest in Ireland, and also in Scotland. Mary Beatrice, after the death of Dundee, continued to keep up a correspondence with their Scottish friends, and had drawn sir James Montgomery and lord Ross into the league for king James, to whom she had sent 15,000*l.*³ Through the treachery of lord Ross, and some others engaged, the project ended in disappointment.

The meeting between Mary Beatrice and her lord, who had been absent from her eighteen long months, was inexpressibly tender. James had the happiness of finding his son, whom he had left an infant in the nurse's arms, grown a fine strong boy, full of health, life, and joy, able to run about anywhere, and to greet him by the name of father. The beauty and animation of the child, pleased the French, and rendered him the darling of the British emi-

¹ Quoted in the life of king James, from his Memoirs.

² Ibid. Her letter to Tyrconnel, August 13th, 1690.

³ Two of her letters to Montgomery, as it is supposed, connected with this plot, are printed in the notes of the Melville Papers, edited by the Hon. William Leslie Melville, printed by the Bannatyne Club. This valuable volume contains the particulars of the plot, and its detection.

grants. A curious contemporary portrait of the son of James II. and Mary d'Esté, such as he was at that age, is still in existence at St. Germains, being the relic of a family group, consisting originally of the exiled king and queen and their boy, which was probably painted after James's return from Ireland, and once decorated one of the state apartments of the chateau. The little prince is very beautiful, with large dark eyes, bright complexion, and a profusion of clustering curls. He is dressed in a red and green tartan frock, with a long waist, and point-lace stomacher: and wears a sort of fanciful helmet cap of dark blue velvet, with a plume of black and blue feathers. This costume, the queen certainly intended for a highland dress. He holds a robin red breast on his finger, on which he bestows a smiling regard. The elbow of that arm originally rested in the palm of his royal mother, while the king held him by the other hand; but the portrait of the prince was all that could be restored of this interesting painting, which was discovered by James Smith, Esq., of St. Germains, in a great state of dilapidation, among some rubbish in an out-house, near the chateau.

King James and his queen were far from considering the battle of the Boyne as a death-blow to the cause. They had, up to that moment, received ardent assurances of support from attached friends in England, and so many penitential overtures through their various agents, from persons who were disposed to forsake William and Mary, that James declares, "that his chief motive in quitting Ireland, was to arrange measures with Louis XIV. for landing in England."¹ Louis came to pay him a visit at St. Germains, the day after his arrival there, but was too much dissatisfied with the result of the Irish expedition, to feel disposed to assist him in any new project. It was in vain that James told Louis that he was ready to go on board the fleet either with an army or without one, saying "that he was certain his own sailors would never fight against one under whom they had so often conquered." Louis put him off with a compliment, and James in the anguish of his heart exclaimed, "that he was born to be the sport of fortune."² All the members of the royal family came to pay him and the queen ceremonial visits on his return. To these her

¹ Journal of king James. Ditto, Life.

² Dalrymple.

majesty alludes in a letter, evidently written at this painful epoch to her friend Angelique Priolo, the ex-abbess of Chaillot. This letter is deeply interesting, unveiling as it does the natural feelings of a mind impressed with the instability of earthly greatness, and formed for higher and better things than trimming the sails of a wrecked vessel that could float no more, in the vain hope of catching a favouring gale. She says:

“At St. Germain, this Tuesday.

“It is certain, my dear mother, that I have had grand visits to make and to receive. I shall conclude these to-morrow with that of madame de Chartres, at Versailles, and I hope that we shall then have a little repose together next week. In truth, I need it, both for soul and body. What you say of that repose in your last letter is admirable, but it seems to me that the more I seek for it the less I find it. It may be, perhaps, that I seek it with too much anxiety, or rather, that I search for it where it is not; yet, all the while, I am convinced that it is only to be found in God, and I do not appear even to wish to find it out of Him.”¹

A little present of fruit, from the abbess and one of the ladies who boarded in the convent, is thus graciously acknowledged by her majesty:—

“I beg you to thank our mother and mademoiselle de la Motte, both on the part of the king and myself, for the excellent figs they have sent us. We have eaten of them at dinner, and shall again at supper, and to-morrow. Since your man is here, I will write to you by him. On Monday, I will come to your vespers and sermon, if it please God. I believe the king will also, and that he sleeps to-night at Paris. He goes to-morrow to Compeigne, and will not return till Saturday. I take pleasure in the thought that I shall pass all that time at Chaillot. I shall go one day to Paris, and I hope we shall not have to do much in paying visits of ceremony. One to the marchalle d’Humiere’s will be inevitable.

“My son has a little colic, but I believe it will be nothing. We are all in good health, and I am wholly yours, my dear mother, with all my heart.

“A thousand regards, on my part, to our dear mother, and to all our sisters; above all, to my little portress.”

Endorsed—“To La Mère Deposée.”²

King James joined his queen at Chaillot, and after attending service in that church, paid his compliments to the abbess. The queen told him how fervently the nuns had petitioned for the preservation of his person, during the late perils in which he had been engaged. James thanked the gentle sisterhood very courteously for their prayers, and in allusion to the disastrous termination of his expedition, meekly added, “It is right to submit to the decrees of God.” Their majesties returned together to St. Ger-

¹ Inedited Autograph Letters of the queen of James II. in the Archives au Royaume. Chaillot MSS.

² Ibid.

mains. They were invited to spend some days with the French court at Fontainebleau, in October. The following particulars of their reception and visit from the journal of one of the gentlemen of the royal household of France, show the respect and affectionate attention with which they were treated by Louis XIV. "On the 11th of October, his majesty, after dinner, went to meet the king and queen of England, who were to arrive at six in the evening, by the avenue of the White Horse. The king met them at the Horse-shoe, where the dauphin was already in waiting for them. Louis took his royal guests into his own carriage, giving the queen the hand. When they reached the palace, he led her to the apartments of the queen-mother of France, where she found everything prepared for her reception, and there they passed the evening. The queen played at ombre and billiards with cardinal Furstemburg and madame de Croissy."¹

The next morning, all the great ladies of the French court went to the toilet of queen Mary Beatrice, and attended her to the chapel royal, where she knelt between the two kings, James on her right hand, and Louis on her left. They were seated in the same manner at table, the dauphin, monsieur, madame, and all the princesses with them. The bad weather preventing them from going to the chase, Louis XIV. initiated his royal guests into the mysteries of the new round game of *paume*, no other than the hero of Nassau's favourite game of *loo*, which, among other Dutch pleasures, had recently become the rage at Whitehall. The French courtiers and their king chose to give it a name of their own devising, and then played at it with infinite zest. On the 18th, James and his consort offered to take their leave, but Louis would not permit it; he took them to a boar hunt on the 17th, and in the evening made them walk on the terrace of the grand apartments to see the stag roasted in the park, which he, and king James, and the dauphin had killed in the morning. This spectacle, seen by the light of flambeaux, was considered fine. The exiled king and queen departed on the 18th; the French king insisted on taking them in his own coach to the end of the forest of Chailly, followed by a cavalcade of other members of the royal family. The duchess of Orleans took the

¹ Dangeau's Journal.

countess of Almonde, and lady Sophia Bulkeley, the queen's ladies in waiting, in her coach. When they reached the banks of the Seine, Louis assisted Mary Beatrice into her own carriage, and remained standing at the door till she drove off with king James and her two ladies.¹

In England, the deposed Poet Laureate Dryden endeavoured to serve the cause of his old master king James and his queen, by the following quaint Jacobite pastoral, which, under the title of the "Lady's Song," was one of the party notes at that exciting period; and, if not the best, was certainly one of the earliest specimens of that class of compositions which, for nearly a century, served to keep alive the memory of the royal Stuarts:—

A choir of bright beauties in spring did appear,
To choose a May lady to govern the year;
All the nymphs were in white, and the shepherds in green,
The garland was given, and Phillis was queen;
But Phillis refused it, and sighing did say,
I'll not wear a garland while James is away.

While James and fair Mary are fled from our shore,
The graces are banished, and love is no more;
The soft God of pleasure in sadness retires,
He has broken his bow, and extinguished his fires,
And vows that himself and his mother will mourn,
Till James and fair Mary in triumph return.

Forbear your addresses, and court us no more,
For we will perform what our deity swore;
But if you dare think of deserving our charms,
Away with your sheep-hooks, and take to your arms,
Then laurels and myrtles your brows shall adorn,
When James and his son and fair Mary return."

Mr. Bulkeley, the husband of queen Mary Beatrice's faithful lady-in-waiting, lady Sophia Bulkeley, was actively engaged in England at this period, in attempting to draw some of the old servants of king James into a confederacy for his restoration. Lord Godolphin looked ashamed when he encountered him, and inquired, with a desponding air, after the court of St. Germains. He had deserted the falling cause of James at the revolution, and paid his homage to the ascendant star of Orange, returned to his original politics, and accepted office under William. His attachment to the late queen, as Mary of Modena was now styled, crossed his new duties. He purchased the pleasure of receiving a few lines traced by her hand, signifying that she

¹ Dangeau's Journal.

forgave him, by promising to betray the secrets of William and Mary. William intercepted a packet of his letters, showed him the proofs of his treachery, generously forgave him, and continued to employ him. Godolphin could not resolve to give up the secret correspondence with Mary Beatrice. He rendered her no particular service, but flattered her with fair words, and soothed his self-love by keeping himself in her remembrance. He was aware that she would never make the sacrifice for him, which would have rendered him wholly and devotedly her servant to command in all things.

Marlborough was one of the double-minded politicians of the age, who now courted a reconciliation with the sovereign, whom he had deserted and betrayed. The wisdom of the unjust steward in the parable, was the leading principle among those who, after the revolution, were ostensibly the servants of William, and secretly the correspondents of James. A great deal of the correspondence was carried on through the queen. Sometimes Mary Beatrice is signified in the Jacobite letters of the period, as Mr. Wisely and Mrs. Whitely, occasionally, by a figure, or as Artley's spouse, James bearing the cognomen of Artley, among many other aliases. Godolphin is often called "the bale of goods," — Marlborough, "the Hamburgh merchant," or Armsworth. There are a great many of these letters in the French archives.

The cares and restless intrigues which occupied the exiled court at St. Germains, were occasionally varied by visits to Louis XIV., Versailles, Marli, and Fountainebleau, but they rarely went to Paris, except to pay their devotions in the churches there. The great delight of Mary Beatrice was when she could pass a day or two with her cloistered friends at Chaillot. Towards the close of the year 1691, she found herself, after an interval of four years, once more likely to become a mother. The king appeared to derive consolation for the loss of three crowns, in the satisfaction which he felt at this prospect, and he exerted the utmost vigilance to prevent the queen from encountering the slightest fatigue or excitement, that might risk a disappointment. So anxious was he on this point, that he actually interposed the authority of a king and husband, to prevent one of the devotional journeys to Chaillot in the last week of

November, on which, her majesty and the catholic ladies of her household had set their hearts. Lady Sophia Bulkeley, who was deputed to make sundry excuses to the abbess of Chaillot, for her majesty, being unable to pay her promised visit to the convent, could not refrain from giving a broad hint of the true reason, though, in consequence of its being very early days, the matter was to be kept a profound secret. "Our incomparable queen," says she, "is constrained to follow the counsels of the wise, and not to risk taking the air, lest the pain in her teeth should return. Her majesty finds herself now nearly well; but it becomes necessary for her to take all sorts of precautions to keep so. The king judges it proper, and he must be obeyed, that she should await here the arrival of the king of France to-morrow. These causes unite to deprive the queen and us of one of the greatest pleasures. I hope she will make up for it by preparing for us another *very agreeable*, in the meantime, that we may take in good heart the pains of too long an absence."

At this interesting point her majesty, who had, we may presume, peeped over her noble attendant's shoulder, and, perceiving that her ladyship was bent on divulging as much of the important secret as her droll French would permit, interrupted her for the purpose of telling it herself, and her faithful amanuensis concludes in these words: "I finish my letter to give place to a more worthy and more perfect pen. If you turn the paper you will be consoled."

The queen, who had been suffering much from inflammatory tooth-ache, and other ills incidental to her situation, and was always subject to great depression of spirits at such times, commences her letter rather in a tone of resignation than joy. She writes on the same sheet of paper:

"I am much mortified, my beloved mother, that I shall not have the pleasure of seeing you as I had purposed, but it seems that, for some time, it has been God's pleasure to send me all sorts of mortifications. It is certain that I have had several of different kinds, even since I saw you; but what is there to be said to all this, if not, 'It is the Lord; let him do what is good in his sight.'

"It is necessary that I should explain to you lady Almond's letter (another of her ladies, who had been giving hints on the subject, it should seem), for it is impossible for me to have a secret from you; and I will tell you, that besides my inflammation, which has been very violent, and though abated, is not yet gone; and besides the visit of the king, which I must receive to-morrow, there is yet another reason that prevents me from coming to you. It is, that I have some suspicions of pregnancy, but as I have not yet any

certainty of it, I do not like to have it mentioned. In a few days I shall know positively, and then I will inform you, that is, if it should be verified. Alas, my dear mother, what pain to be so many months without seeing you ; but in that, as in all the rest, God is the master, and must do what he will. I entreat you not to speak of this little secret, unless it be to my sister, *La Déposée*. To all the others, give the reasons of the inflammation and the visit of the king. I hope to-morrow to make my devotions in spirit with you and your holy daughters, and I believe that I shall not have less interest in your prayers and theirs, absent, than if I could be present. My poor little Angelique will be much mortified. I assure you that I am very much, also."¹

This letter is dated November 20th, 1691. Her majesty's situation was publicly declared on the 7th of January, 1692. James addressed summonses to the peeresses, the lady mayoress of London, the wives of the sheriffs, and also to Dr. Hugh Chamberlayne, the celebrated accoucheur, as well as to the lords, inviting them to be present at the birth of the expected infant :

" That we may not be wanting to ourselves," says he, " now it hath pleased Almighty God, the supporter of truth, to give us hopes of further issue, our dearest consort, the queen, drawing near her time. * * * We do therefore hereby signify our royal pleasure to you, that you may use all possible means to come with what convenient haste you may, the queen looking about the middle of May next (English account). And that you may have no scruple on our side, the most Christian king has given his consent to promise you, as we hereby do, that you shall have leave to come, and, the queen's labour over, to return with safety."

Everything, at this conjunction, appeared favourable to the hopes of the exiled court. Louis XIV. was making apparently effectual preparations, to assist James in the recovery of his crown, having received confident assurances that the army directed by Marlborough, and the fleet by Russell, would declare in favour of their old master. The princess Anne, who had sought a reconciliation with her father, answered for a part of the church ; the steady adhesion of such men as Sancroft, Kenn, and 600 of the clergy, to their allegiance, was, in reality, a much more satisfactory pledge of the feelings of the church of England² to James, than any she could give. Letters and

¹ Autograph letter of the queen of James II., begun by lady Sophia Bulkeley: inedited Chaillot MSS., in the Hotel Soubise, Paris.

² That eminent protestant divine, Dr. Sherlock, dean of St. Paul's, was a staunch advocate for the recal of king James, as long as he thought it could be done without plunging the nation into the horrors of a civil war. Like many honest members of the church of England, he was disgusted at the mass of treachery and falsehood which had been employed by the authors of a revolution, necessary as a constitutional measure, but reflecting infinite disgrace on some of the parties concerned in it. Sherlock, in his famous letter to a

messages, full of professions of attachment, reached him or the queen, daily, from all parts of Great Britain. James determined to make another effort to regain his realm. The spirits of the queen fluctuated at this period. On the 19th of March she excused herself from assisting at the nuptials of Louis XIV.'s natural son, the duc de Maine, with mademoiselle Charolois, on account of her situation. "She had already," she said, "taken to her chamber, according to the ancient custom of the queens of England when near a confinement.¹ It is probable that she had no wish to be present at this bridal, for she subsequently made various devotional visits to religious houses and churches in the neighbourhood of St. Germain's, and even in Paris. On the 30th, the king of France and the dauphin attended one of the receptions in her bed-chamber at St. Germain's, on which occasion the princess of Conde presented the newly-married duchess de Maine to her majesty. A day or two afterwards, Mary Beatrice was attacked with a dangerous illness, in consequence of having remained too long kneeling in the chapel, and it was feared she would have to be bled. The king of France came in person to see her, and inquire after her health.² She recovered, but remained in the greatest depression of spirits, on account of the approaching departure of the king for the coast of Normandy, in order to join the expedition that was in preparation for his projected landing in England. Before he quitted St. Germain's, James invested his boy, who had not yet completed his fourth year, with the order of the garter, and, leaving his sorrowful queen surrounded member of the convention, indignantly exposes the political falsehood of the existence of a treaty between Louis XIV. and James for the destruction of the protestants. "There is," says he, "one thing more I would beg of you, that the story of a French league to cut protestant throats, be well examined, for this did more to drive the king out of the nation than the prince's army; and if this should prove a sham, as some who pretend to know say it is, it seems to be at least half an argument to invite the king back again." The enemies of Sherlock afterwards turned all he had said in favour of his old master, which was not little, against himself, when he took the oaths to king William; but Sherlock was not called upon to resist the powers that be. As a churchman, he submitted to the change which a majority of the nation had ordained, well knowing that he had duties to perform of a higher nature than those of a political partisan. He was a bright and a shining light in the church of England, and she required such men to comfort her and support her apostolic character, when bereaved of bishops like Kenn, and others of the deprived clergy.

¹ Dangeau.

² Ibid.

by a crowd of weeping ladies, departed, April 21st, for Caen, and from thence to La Hogue.¹ Unfortunate in everything, he waited four weeks in vain for a favourable wind to cross to England, and in the meantime, the Dutch fleet formed a junction with Russell in the Downs, and appeared on the coast of France: Russell, who was in correspondence with his old master, advised him to prevent a collision between the fleets. He was willing to let the squadron slip by, but, for the honour of England, he must not be defied. The unseasonable bravery of the French admiral, Tourville, provoked an encounter that ended in the destruction of the French fleet. James, who was a spectator of the battle, on witnessing the admirable effect of his own naval tactics against his allies, cried out, "Ha! have they got Pepys on board?" But when he saw the British seamen, from the boats, scrambling up the lofty sides of the French vessels, he exclaimed, in a transport of national and professional enthusiasm, "My brave English! My brave English! My brave English." The French officers warned him to retire, as he was in considerable danger, for the guns from the burning ships began to discharge their shot in all directions; and scarcely had he withdrawn, when they raked the spot where he had been standing, and killed several of the officers.

James obstinately lingered for three weeks at La Hogue, after he had witnessed the annihilation of his hopes. Nothing could rouse him from the lethargic stupor into which he had sunk; not even the repeated letters and messages from his anxious consort, who was in hourly expectation of her accouchement, and implored him to return to her. The melancholy depression of spirits in which the poor queen awaited that event, in the lonely chateau of St. Germain, unsupported by the presence of her husband, is touchingly described by her own pen, in a letter to her friend, the abbess of Chaillot:—

"June 14, 1692.

"What shall I say to you, my beloved mother, or rather, what would not you say to me, if we could be one little quarter of an hour in each other's arms? I believe, however, that time would be entirely passed in tears and sighs, and that my eyes and my sobs would tell much more than my mouth; for, in truth, what is there, after all, that can be said by friendship in the state in which I am?"

¹ Dangeau. *Life of James.*

² Dalrymple.

After the first impassioned outpouring of the anguish and desolation with which the catastrophe at La Hogue had overwhelmed her, she endeavours to resign herself to the will of God. An internal conviction that they were vainly struggling against an immutable decree, is thus mournfully confessed: "Oh, but the ways of God are far from our ways, and his thoughts are different from our thoughts. We perceive this clearly in our last calamity, and by the unforeseen, and almost supernatural mischances by which God has overthrown all our designs, and has appeared to declare himself so clearly against us for our overwhelming. What then," pursues the sorrowful queen, "can we say to this, my beloved mother; or rather, is it not better that we should say nothing—but, shutting the mouth, and bowing the head, to adore and to approve, *if we can*, all that God does; for he is the master of the universe, and it is very meet and right that all should be submitted to him. It is the Lord; he has done what was good in *his eyes*." She goes on to acknowledge the difficulty she feels in performing the Christian duty she has described, in the following simple, touching words:—

"This, my dearest mother, is what I wish to say and do, and to this, I believe you have yourself encouraged me by your words, as you do by your letters, which are always so precious to me. But I say it, and I do it, with so bad a grace, and so much against my will, that I have no reason to hope that it can be agreeable to God. Aid me to do it better by your prayers, and encourage me constantly by your letters, till we have the happiness of embracing each other again."¹

The dissection of a letter so deeply confidential is, certainly, rather like unfolding the secrets of a confessional. Little did the royal writer imagine that the various passions that agitated her mind as she penned it, would, one day, be laid open to the whole world. The tragic emotions of the fallen queen, and the elevation of the Christian heroine, are alike forgotten in the natural apprehensions of the weak, suffering woman, when she alludes to her situation at this distressing crisis. "I suffered much, both in body and mind, some days ago," she says, "but now I am better in both. I linger on, still, in continual expectation of the hour of my accouchement. It will come when God

¹ Inedited letter of the queen of James II. to the abbess of Chaillot, dated June 14th, 1692. Archives au Royaume de France.

² Inedited letter of the queen of James II., in the Archives au Royaume de France.

wills it. I tremble with the dread of it; but I wish much that it were over, so that I might cease to harass myself and every one else, any longer, with this suspense."¹

Mary Beatrice had exceeded her reckoning nearly a month. If she had been brought to bed at the time specified by king James in his summons to the peers and peeresses, it would have been in the midst of the distress and consternation caused by the battle of La Hogue.

How deeply hurt the poor queen felt at the unaccountable perversity of her lord, in continuing to absent himself from her at this agitating crisis, may be perceived from the tone of unwonted bitterness with which she adverts to his conduct. "When I began my letter yesterday," she says, "I was in uncertainty what the king would do, and of the time when I might have the happiness of seeing him, for he has not yet chosen to retire from La Hogue, though he has had nothing to keep him there; and the state in which I am speaks for itself, to make him come to me.² In the meantime," continues her majesty, with increasing pique at James's strange insensibility to the importance of the impending event, and the necessity of making such arrangements as would render the birth of their expected infant a verification of the legitimacy of their son, "he would not resolve on anything, but he will find all well done, although it has cost me much to have it so, without his orders, which my lord Melfort came to bring us this morning. It seems that for the present, the king has nothing to do but to return hither, till they can take other measures. Your great king (Louis XIV.) has received my lord Melfort very well, and has spoken to him of us, and of our affairs, in the most obliging manner in the world, and has even written to me in answer to the letter I sent to him by milord Melfort. This is a comfort to me, and the hope of having the king with me at my delivery, consoles me much, for I believe he can be here by Saturday or Sunday next. Behold, my dear mother," continues the sorrowful queen, "a little statement of what has passed, and is passing in my poor heart. You know and can comprehend it better than I do myself; I pray you to embrace all our dear sisters, and to take leave of them for me, before my lying in, not knowing what may

¹ Inedited letters of the queen of James II. in the Archives au Royaume de France.

² Ibid.

occur. I hope, however, that we may see each other again after the Assumption, if it please God." She adds, with almost childish simplicity, "Permit the poor Angelique to kiss your hand in the place of mine, as often as she wishes."¹ When the mighty are put down from their seats, it is well if the unbought, unpurchasable affection of the lowly and meek, who love them, not for their greatness, but for their misfortunes, can be appreciated at its real value.

James did not return to St. Germain's till the 21st of June.² His recklessness of the confirmation it would have afforded to the imputations on the birth of their son, if the queen had been brought to bed while he was away, together with his strange disregard to her feelings, appear indicative of an unsound state of mind. A melancholy solution could, in all probability, have been given for the unexplained mystery of that month's absence.

When sir Charles Littleton, who had faithfully adhered to James in his misfortunes, told him how much ashamed he felt, that his son was with the prince of Orange, the royal father mournfully replied, "Alas, sir Charles! wherefore ashamed? are not my daughters with him?" An impression, that he was born to fulfil an adverse destiny, in which all who attempted to show him kindness would be ruinously involved, is avowed by James in the following letter which he addressed to Louis XIV. at this gloomy epoch. A letter, certainly not written in the spirit of a politician:

"My evil star has had an influence on the arms of your majesty, always victorious but when fighting for me. I entreat you, therefore, to interest yourself no more for a prince so unfortunate, but permit me to withdraw, with my family, to some corner of the world where I may cease to be an interruption to your majesty's wonted course of prosperity and glory."³

Louis did not avail himself of the generous proposal of his desponding kinsman, to retire from France, and Heaven had still some blessings in store for the fallen king. On the 28th of June, Mary Beatrice gave birth to a daughter, at the palace of St. Germain's, in the presence of all the princesses and great ladies of the court of France, except the dauphiness, who was in a dying state. All the

¹ Inedited Letter of the queen of James II. to the abbess of Chaillot, dated June 14-15, 1692.

² Life of king James from Stuart Papers.

³ Amédée Pichot's Historical Introduction to the Life of Charles Edward Stuart.

English ladies, and noble followers of the exiled court, the chancellor of France, the president of the parliament of Paris, and the archbishop of Paris, and madame Meereroon, the wife of the Danish ambassador, were witnesses of the birth of the royal infant. Madame Meereroon was considered an important witnesss, because opposed to the interest of king James; but she could not help owning the absurdity of the aspersions that had been cast on the birth of his son.¹

The morbid state of apathy in which king James had remained ever since the battle of La Hogue, yielded to softer emotions, when he beheld the new-born princess. He welcomed her with a burst of paternal affection, and bestowed the tenderest caresses upon her. When she was dressed, he presented her to the queen, with these touching words, "See what God has given us, to be our consolation in our exile."² He called her "his comforter," because he said, "he had now one daughter, who had never sinned against him." He had confidently anticipated another son, but he declared himself abundantly grateful to Heaven for the precious gift of this girl. She was baptized, with great pomp, in the chapel-royal of St. Germains. Louis XIV. returned from the siege of Mons, in time to act in person as her sponsor; he and his sister-in-law, Elizabeth Charlotte, duchess of Orleans, held her at the font, and gave her the names of Louisa Mary. The French ladies were astonished at seeing the little princess, who was then only a month old, dressed in robes of state, and with shoes and stockings on her tiny feet. The shoes and stockings worn by the royal neophyte were begged by the nuns of Chaillot, and were carefully preserved by them among the curiosities of their convent.³ Eighteen days before the birth of the princess Louisa, the son of James II. and Mary Beatrice completed his fourth year. Mary Beatrice assured the nuns of Chaillot "that she never saw the king, her husband, in a passion but once, and that was with th ir little son, on account of his manifesting some symptoms of childish terror when he was only four years old."⁴ Her maternal anxiety tended to foster timidity in the child, which James feared might prove inimical to his future destiny.

¹ Amédée Pichot's Historical Introduction to the Life of Charles Edward Stuart, and Life of James.

² MS. Memorials of Mary Modena, Archives au Royaume de France.

³ Ibid.

⁴ Ibid.

MARY BEATRICE OF MODENA,

CONSORT OF JAMES II. KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER VII.

Queen's maternal happiness—Lansdowne verses in her praise—Queen visits Chaillot—Her conversations—Her historical reminiscences—Her visit of condolence at Versailles—Traits of character—Portraits—(*Description of frontispiece*)—Her faithful followers at St. Germains—Her sympathy for their distress—Anecdotes of her husband—Of her children—Her note of her son's visit at St. Cyr—Her son's governesses—Her letter from Fontainebleau—Attention to her by Louis XIV.—Her dangerous illness—Mentioned in Marlborough's letter to James II.—Attachment of Mrs. Penn to her—Death of queen's brother—Disputes on her inheritance—Devastation of her country—Her letter of intercession—Slights from Madame de Maintenon—Death of Mary II.—Queen's parting with her husband—Letters on his absence—Her grief for executions in England—Queen sponsor to princess of Orleans—Complains of Madame de Maintenon—Queen sells her jewels, relieves Jacobites—Letters praising her to electress Sophie—Disputes at Peace of Ryswick concerning queen's dower—Queen's impulsive confidences—Queen presides at nuptials of duke of Burgundy and Adelaide of Savoy—Refuses to part with her son to William III.—Queen's letters relating domestic incidents—Her dower granted by England—Appropriated by William III. to his own use—Dangerous illness of James II.—Queen nurses him—Her letters thereupon, &c. &c.

An interval of repose, and even of domestic comfort, succeeded the birth of *La Consolatrice*, as James II. fondly called the child of his adversity. Mary Beatrice, though deprived of the pomp and power of royalty, and a queen only in name, was assuredly much happier in her shadowy court at St. Germains than she had been as a childless mother and neglected wife, amidst the joyless splendour of Whitehall. She was now blest with two of the loveliest and most promising children in the world, and possessed of

the undivided affection of a husband, who was only the dearer to her for his misfortunes. Like the faithful ivy, she appeared to cling more fondly to the tempest-scarred oak, in its leafless ruins, than when in its majestic prime.

A very eloquent and deserved tribute to the virtues and conjugal tenderness of this princess was offered to her, in the days of her exile and adversity, by the accomplished earl of Lansdowne, in a poem, entitled, "The Progress of Beauty," in which, after complimenting the reigning belles of William and Mary's court, he adverted to the banished queen with a burst of generous feeling, which ought to have been far more gratifying to Mary d'Esté than all the homage that was paid to her in the morning flower of her charms, when surrounded by the pride and pomp of royalty :—

" Be bold, be bold, my muse, nor fear to raise
 Thy voice to her who was thy earliest praise ;
 Queen of our hearts, and charmer of our sight,
 A monarch's pride, his glory and delight !
 Princess, adored and loved, if verse can give
 A deathless name, thine shall for ever live.
 O happy James ! content thy mighty mind,
 Grudge not the world, for still thy queen is kind ;
 To lie but at her feet more glory brings,
 Than 'tis to tread on sceptres and on kings :
 Secure of empire in that beauteous breast,
 Who would not give their crowns to be so blast ?"

James himself frankly acknowledged that he had never known what true happiness was, till, rendered wise by many sorrows, he had learned fully to appreciate the virtues and self-devotion of his queen. He now regarded her not only with love, but veneration ; and made it the principal business of his life to atone to her, by the tenderest attentions, for the pangs his former follies had inflicted on her sensitive heart. He knew that, possessed of her, he was an object of envy to his cousin, Louis XIV., and was accustomed to say that, like Jacob, he counted his sufferings for nothing, having such a support and companion in them.¹ Blest in this perfect union, the king and queen endeavoured to resign themselves to the will of God, whose hand they both recognised in their present reverse of fortune. The first time James visited the convent of Chaillot, after the battle of La Hogue, the abbess, Frances Angelica Priolo, condoled with him on the disastrous termination of his hopes, and

¹ Continuator of James's Life, from Stuart Papers.

lamented, "that God had not granted the prayers which they had offered up for his success." The king making no reply, she fancied he had not heard her, and began to repeat what she had said in a louder voice.

"My mother," interposed the fallen monarch gravely, "I heard you the first time you spoke. I made you no answer, because I would not contradict you; but you compel me to tell you, that I do not think you right, for it seems to me as if you thought that what you asked of God were better than what he has done. All that God does is well done, and there is not anything well done but what he does."¹

The abbess next proceeded to make a comparison between him and St. Louis, when the great designs of that prince against the Saracens were overthrown. "Alas, my mother," replied James, "do not compare me to that great saint. It is true, I resemble him in my misfortunes, but I am nothing like him in my works. He was always holy from his youth, but I have been a great sinner. I ought to look upon the afflictions which God has sent me, not as trials, but as the just chastisement of my faults."² The sentiments expressed by James on this occasion, in a letter to his friend, the bishop of Autun, are those of an humble and contrite heart. "God says he is pleased to show, from time to time, by great events, that it is He that does all, to make us the more sensible that it is by Him that kings do reign, and that he is the Lord of Hosts!" "No enterprise," continues James, "was ever better concocted than the projected landing in England, and never was anything more visibly shown than that it was not permitted by God; for, unless the winds had been contrary to us, and always favourable to our enemies, the descent had been made. We ought to submit, without murmuring, to all that happens to us, since we are assured that it is God's will it should be so."³

On the 7th of September, 1692, Mary Beatrice paid one of her annual devotional visits to the convent of Chaillot, and remained there till the 10th, the anniversary commemoration

¹ Contemporary Life of James, and Circular Letter of the Convent of Chaillot.

² Circular Letter of the Convent of Chaillot. Stuart Papers.

³ Ibid.

of the foundress, queen Henrietta Maria, when king James, who had in the meantime made a retreat to the more lugubrious solitude of La Trappe, joined her, and they both assisted at the services for the repose of the soul of that queen. The archbishop of Diey said the mass; and after all the offices were ended, came to pay his compliments to their majesties in the state apartment. They had a long conversation on the state of religion in Dauphiny, which greatly inclined to the doctrine of Geneva. The archbishop informed their majesties, that in the city of Diey fourteen bishops abjured catholicism at once, and all the men in that town declared themselves Huguenots in one day. Their wives remained catholics ten years, and then followed the example of their husbands. "Diey," said he, "is one of the most ancient bishoprics in France; the walls of the town were built by Julius Cæsar, who named it the city of a hundred towers, there being that number round the wall, which I understand the enemy has demolished.¹ The queen lamented the destruction of so great a piece of antiquity. When the archbishop took his leave, the nuns were permitted to enter the queen's presence-chamber. Their majesties were seated on a sofa, the nuns ranged themselves round the room; but the queen requesting the abbess to permit them to sit, her reverence made a sign for them to seat themselves on the ground. The king and queen conversed pleasantly with them; and in reply to a question from the abbess about Charles II.'s death, Mary Beatrice related the particulars from beginning to end, with some assistance from her husband, who occasionally took up the word. One of the community wrote the whole narrative down exactly as it was related by their majesties. This curious and most interesting historic document is still in existence in the Archives au Royaume de France, entitled, "The Recital of the Death of his late Majesty, King Charles."

In the course of the relation, Mary Beatrice frankly told her consort, before every one, that he would have done better if he had persuaded his brother to avow his religion, instead of resorting to so many little expédients about

¹ Chaillot MS. Archives au Royaume.

² Some of the information has been embodied in the eighth volume of the Lives of the Queens.

leaving the chamber. She thought deception, she said, "very wrong at such a time, and on such a subject." The conversation was interrupted by the arrival of several ladies of quality, who wished to have the honour of paying their homage to the king and queen. Their majesties consented to receive them, and the community of nuns retired. The queen gave a second reception after the vespers, which was attended by the Orleans family, and others of the great ladies of France.

The earnestness with which the queen apologizes to the superior of the convent of Chaillot, for her carelessness in forgetting to give her some money, which she had promised to solicit from king James for a case of distress, is amusing. Her letter is only dated—

“At St. Germain, this Saturday.”

“I do not know, my dear mother, whether you can pardon me the great fault which I committed the other day with regard to you. I know well that I can never pardon myself, and that I have some trouble in pardoning you for not having reminded me, when I was with you, to give you that which I had brought for you, and before I was as far as Versailles, I found it in my pocket. It is certain that I felt myself blush so much on discovering it, that if it had been day instead of night, my ladies would have been astonished at the change in my countenance; and it is also certain that I am truly annoyed with myself about it. I have told the king that I had forgotten, the other day, to give you his money for the alms that you had asked, and I have begged him to take it himself to-day, and to give it to you with my letter. He undertook to do it with all his heart, without questioning me upon it, and you, my ever dear mother, forget, if you can, a fault of memory, but not of the heart, assuredly.”

Indorsed—“To the reverend mother superior of the Visitation de Chaillot.”

The death of the Bavarian dauphiness, *La Grande Dauphine*, as she is called in the memoirs of the period, took place in the spring of 1693, after a lingering illness, during which Mary Beatrice frequently paid her sympathizing visits, although the dauphiness had always looked upon her as a rival in the regard of Louis XIV., and was jealous of the ceremonial marks of respect that were paid to her, on account of her empty title of queen of England. After the funeral of this princess, Mary Beatrice came to Versailles, in her black mantle of state mourning, to pay her visits of condolence to the king, who received her in his great cabinet. There were present twenty ladies, who were

¹ Inedited autograph Letter of Mary d'Esté, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

allowed seats. She then visited the widowed dauphin and his children, and monsieur and madame.

The exiled king and queen had succeeded in carrying away a great many of the crown jewels, as well as those which were their own personal property. Among the precious things which they secured, was a casket full of rose nobles, coined during the reign of the sovereigns of the house of Lancaster. These had become very scarce, and a superstitious value was attached to them at that time in Europe, as it was believed that the gold, from which they were struck, had been the fruits of some successful alchymist's labours in transmuting inferior metals into gold. One of these Lancastrian coins was regarded as a valuable present by the ladies of the French court, and the queen was glad to increase her influence by all the little courtesies in her power.¹ The jewels were parted with, one by one, in cases of extremity, and not till long after Mary Beatrice had despoiled herself of all her personal ornaments, of which few queens had a richer store, or less need.

Mary Beatrice sometimes accompanied her husband in his journeys to La Trappe, where he formed a friendship with the Abbe de Ranoé, and, till his death, kept up a constant correspondence with him. The English reader will take little interest in the fact, that the devotion of this princess greatly edified even the strictest Trappists, yet her religion, though differing, in many points, from that mode of faith which the true protestant thinks most acceptable to Him who loves to be worshipped in spirit and in truth, was a vital and sustaining principle. A contemporary, who bears record of the consoling influence of religion on the heart of king James, says of his consort. "She has the same disengagement from things below. She looks upon those which are here called goods, but as flashes of light that pass away in a moment, which have neither solidity nor truth, but deceive those who set their hearts upon them."²

Mary Beatrice was now in her thirty-fifth year, but neither time nor sorrow had as yet impaired the personal graces which had been so lavishly bestowed upon her by

¹ Memoirs of the Marguise de Crequi.

² Circular Letter of the Convent of Chaillot on the Life and Death of James II., king of England.

nature. James earl of Perth, when writing in terms of great commendation of the charming duchess of Arenberg to his sister, the countess of Errol, says, "She is one of the most beautiful and every way accomplished ladies I ever saw, except our queen, who deserves the preference for her merit of all I have known."¹

The fine original portrait of Mary Beatrice, in the collection of Walter Strickland, esq., of Sizergh, engraved, by courteous permission, for the frontispiece of this volume, must have been painted about this period. The elevated coiffure there represented, was then the prevailing mode at the court of France, but far less becoming to the classical outline of the Italian princess than the floating ringlets of her more familiar portraits by Lely, or the Grecian fillet and strings of pearls with which her hair is arranged, by Rottier, in her medals. When duchess of York, or queen of England, it was sufficient for her to consult her own exquisite taste in such matters, but in France she was compelled to submit to the tyranny of fashion. In conformity to this, her luxuriant tresses were, as we see in the frontispiece portrait, turned up almost straight from her brow, and combed over a cushion, above which the back hair was arranged in a full wreath of curls, and brought sloping down each side the head. A most trying style to any face, adding an unnatural height to the forehead and a great stiffness to the general outline of the figure. Her dress in the original painting is of royal blue velvet, furred with miniver, the bodice fitting tight to the shape, and clasped with a jewelled stomacher, full sleeves looped with jewels and point-lace ruffles. The portrait, which is supposed to be a Rigaud, is an exquisite work of art. It was presented by the exiled queen to her faithful friend, lady Strickland, together with a portrait of the princess Louisa, as the only rewards fortune had left in her power to bestow on that lady, after thirty years of devoted service, through every vicissitude. These royal gifts are heir-looms in the possession of the direct descendant of sir Thomas and lady Strickland, at Sizergh castle, Westmoreland.²

¹ Letters of James, earl of Perth. Edited by W. Jerdan. Published by the Camden Society.

² Madame Caylus, or her editor, has brought a most injurious and unfounded charge against lady Strickland, whose losses of property, banishment from home and country, and fidelity unto death, sufficiently disprove it. She

Another of the French portraits of the consort of James II., is in the royal historical gallery at Versailles. A crimson curtain in the back-ground is drawn aside, and shows the parterre of St. Germain, in the distance,—that palace, so interesting to English travellers, as the refuge of the last monarch of the royal Stuart dynasty and his faithful queen; and subsequently an asylum for their noble but ruined followers, was plundered of its valuable paintings and furniture at the French revolution, and has, within the last few years, been converted into a military penitentiary. The chateau remains externally nearly the same as when James II. and Mary Beatrice held their melancholy courts there, but the interior has suffered a desecrating change. The great presence chamber, where the exiled king and queen entertained the grand monarque, the dauphin, and all the princes and princesses of the Orleans, Condé, and Conti lineage, is now converted into a tailor's atelier. Fauteuils, pliants, and tabourets, are no longer objects of angry contention there. The ignoble board, where the military needle-men are seated in the equality of shame, at their penal tasks, has superseded all those graduated scales of privileged accommodation for the full-grown children of high degree, in ancient France, who wearied the vexed spirit of a queen of England with their claims and absurd pretensions.

A portion of the private suite of the king and queen's apartments remain unaltered. King James's morning room or cabinet, with its dark green and gold panneling and richly carved cornice, presents a melancholy appearance of faded splendour. It opens with glass doors, upon the stately balcony that surrounds the chateau, and commands a charming and extensive prospect. It was here that the fallen king retired to read or write; this room communicated with the queen's bed-chamber by a private stair, and, indeed, with the whole of that wing of the palace, by a number of intri-

expired in the Benedictine convent at Rouen, some months before the death of her royal mistress; her single-hearted and kind disposition, is apparent, from her will, in which she leaves some trifles of personal property to all her relatives, and apologizes touchingly for her poverty, having so little to leave. If Madame Caylus's charge of treachery were true, why was lady Strickland's family deprived of the fine manor of Thornton Briggs, inherited from Catherine Neville, being the only landed property not secured from the grasp of William III.?

cate passages which lie behind it. In one of the lobbies there is a small square window, which commands a view of the royal closet, so that any one ambushed there, might look down upon his majesty and watch all his proceedings. A pleasing tradition connected with this window was related to me by a noble lady, whose great-grandmother, Mrs. Plowden, was one of the ladies in the household of queen Mary Beatrice. Mrs. Plowden's infant family lived with her in the palace of St. Germains, and she sometimes found it necessary, by way of punishment, to shut up her little daughter, Mary, a pretty spoiled child of four years old, in the lobby leading from her own apartment to the queen's backstairs, but the young lady always obtained her release by climbing to the little window that looked down into the king's closet, and tapping at the glass till she had attracted his attention. Then, showing her weeping face, and, clasping her hands in an attitude of earnest entreaty, she would cry, in a sorrowful tone, "Ah, sire, send for me!" James, unless deeply engaged in business of importance, always complied with the request of the tearful petitioner, for he was very fond of children; and when Mrs. Plowden next entered the royal presence with the queen, she was sure to find her small captive closeted with his majesty, sitting at his feet, or sometimes on his knee. At last, she said to the king, "I know not how it happens, but whenever my little girl is naughty, and I shut her up in the lobby, your majesty does her the honour of sending for her into your closet." James laughed heartily, and pointing to the window above, explained the mystery.

It was fortunate that James and his queen were fond of children, and indulgent to them, for their royal abode at St. Germains was full of the young families of their noble attendants, who, having forsaken houses and lands for their sake, had now no other home. There were little Middletons, Hays, Dillons, Bourkes, Stricklands, Plowdens, Staffords, Sheldons, and many of the children of their protestant followers, also, who might be seen sporting together in the parterres, in excellent good fellowship, or forming a mimic court and body-guard for the little prince, whose playmates they were, and the sharers of his infantile pleasures. These juvenile Jacobites were objects of the tenderest interest to the exiled king and queen, who, when they went to pro-

menade on the terrace, were always surrounded by them, and appeared like the parents of a very numerous progeny. The chateau, indeed, resembled an over-crowded bee-hive, only that the young swarms were fondly cherished instead of being driven forth into the world.

Other emigrants there were for whom the king and queen could do but little in proportion to their wants. The town of St. Germains and its vicinity were filled with Scotch, English, and Irish Jacobite families, who had sacrificed everything in their fruitless efforts for the restoration of king James, and were, for the most part, in a state of utter destitution. The patience with which they bore the sufferings they had incurred for his sake, pierced the heart of that unfortunate prince with the most poignant grief. Both he and Mary Beatrice imposed rigorous self-denial on themselves in order to administer to the wants of those families. "King James used to call, from time to time, into his cabinet some of these indigent persons, of all ranks, who were too modest to apply to him for aid, and distributed to them, folded up in small pieces of paper, five, ten, fifteen, or twenty pistoles, more or less, according to the merit, the quality, or the exigency of each."¹

The little prince and his sister, as soon as they were old enough to understand the sufferings of the Jacobite families, devoted all their pocket money to their relief. The princess, from a very tender age, paid for the education of several of the daughters of the British emigrants, protestants as well as catholics, and nothing could induce her to diminish her little fund, by the purchase of toys for herself.² Her natural vivacity was softened and subdued by the scenes of sorrow and distress, amidst which she was born and reared, and while yet an infant in age, she acquired the sensibility and tenderness of womanhood. Both in person and disposition there was a great resemblance between her and the queen her mother, with this difference, that she was of a more energetic character. She had quick talents and ready wit. Her state-governess was the countess of Middleton, to whom she was greatly attached, but her love for her parents and her brother amounted almost to passion.

¹ Nairne's Recollections of James II., in Macpherson's Stuart Papers.

² Chaillot MS., Archives au Royaume de France.

Mary Beatrice fully participated in the pain which it cost the unfortunate James to disband the household troops, composed of the noble-minded and devoted gentlemen who, with unavailing loyalty, had attached themselves to his ruined fortunes, and were starving in a foreign land for his sake. In one of her letters to her friend Angelique Priolo, she feelingly alludes to this measure, which was dictated to the fallen majesty of England by the then arbiter of his destiny, Louis XIV. "Yesterday," says the consort of king James, "we went to Versailles. At present, I can inform you, that we are in good health, God be thanked! It is long since I have seen the king look so well, but his kind heart, as well as mine, has suffered much for some days from this desolating reform that awaits us, and which we have endeavoured to prepare for during the last few months; it has at length begun among our poor troops. I can assure you, with truth, that the desperate condition of these poor people, touches us far more keenly than our own calamities. At the same time I must tell you, that we are perfectly satisfied with the king (Louis XIV.), as we have good grounds to be, for he spoke to us yesterday with much kindness about it, and convinced us that if it had not been for the consideration he has for us, and the desire he has to please us, he should not have kept a fourth part of those whom he has retained, and whom he will keep well for love of us. I will enter into all the details of this when I have the pleasure of seeing you, which will be in a fortnight, if it please God. In the meantime, I beg you not to speak of this affair, for it is not yet public, but it soon will."

"Pray much for us, my dear mother," continues the fallen queen, "for in truth we need it much: I never cease to pray for you as for myself, to the end that God would make his grace abound in the replenishing our hearts with his sacred love, and if we should be so happy as to obtain this of him, we may be indifferent to everything else, and even satisfied with all we have lost, so that we possess him." A pious Latin aspiration from the Psalms, concludes this letter, which is merely signed with the initial "M." A few devotional sentences, in a child's text-hand, were originally enclosed, which the fond mother explains to her friend in the following postscript:—

"Here is a prayer from the hand of my son, which seems written well

enough to be sent to you. I believe that my dear mother will be glad to have something in her hands which comes from those of that dear child."¹

Deeply interested of course were the sisters of Chaillot in the son of their royal patron and patroness, the exiled king and queen of England. The singular beauty and amiable disposition of this child, his docility and precocious piety, rendered him an attractive visitor to the ladies of St. Cyr, as well as those of Chaillot. "I will send my son when you wish," writes the queen to the abbess of Chaillot, at a time when that lady was on a visit to the superior of St. Cyr. "Send me word, if you think that he will annoy Madame de Maintenon, for in that case I will send him while she is on her journey. If not, I will send him one day next week."²

In the course of the desolating reform, as Mary Beatrice had emphatically termed the reduction of the military establishment of her unfortunate lord at St. Germain, a touching scene took place between king James and the remnant of the brave followers of Dundee, which is thus related by Dalrymple:—

"They consisted of 150 officers, all of honourable birth, attached to their chieftains, and each other, and glorying in their political principles. Finding themselves a load upon the late king, whose finances could scarcely suffice for the helpless who hung on him, they petitioned that prince for leave to form themselves into a company of private sentinels, asking no other favour but to be permitted to choose their own officers; James assented. They repaired to St. Germain to be reviewed by him before they were incorporated with the French army. A few days after they came, they dressed themselves in accoutrements borrowed of a French regiment, and drew up in order in a place through which he was to pass as he went to the chace. He asked who they were, and was surprised to find they were the same men with whom, in garbs better suited to their ranks, he had the day before conversed at his levee. Struck with the levity of his own amusement, contrasted with the misery of those who were suffering for him, he returned pensive to his palace. The day he reviewed them, he passed along their ranks, and wrote in his pocket-book with his own

¹ Inedited Autograph Letter of the queen of James II., to the abbess of Chaillot, Archives au Royaume de France.

² Ibid.

hand every gentleman's name, and gave him his thanks in particular, then removing to the front, bowed to the body with his hat off. After he had gone away, he returned, bowed to them again, and burst into a passion of tears. The regiment kneeled, bent their heads and eyes steadfast on the ground, and then rose and passed him with the usual honours of war."

The parting speech which James addressed to them concludes with these words :—

" Should it be the will of God ever to restore me to my throne, it would be impossible for me ever to forget your sufferings. There is no rank in my armies to which you might not pretend. As to the prince, my son, he is of your own blood ; he is already susceptible of every impression. Brought up among you, he can never forget your merit. I have taken care that you shall be provided with money, and with shoes and stockings. Fear God, love one another. Write your wants particularly to me, and be assured that you will find in me always a parent, as well as a king."

One of these gallant gentlemen, captain Ogilvie, was the author of one of the first and most touching of the Scottish Jacobite songs :—

" It was a' for our rightful king,¹
We left fair Scotia's strand,
It was a' for our rightful king,
We e'er saw Irish land, my dear !
We e'er saw Irish land.

" Now a' is done that man could do,
And all is done in vain,
My love, my native land, adieu,
For I must cross the main, my dear !
For I must cross the main.

" He turned him round and right about,
Upon the Irish shore,
He gave his bridle reins a shake,
With, adieu for ever more, my love !
Adieu for ever more !

" The soldier fra the war returns,
The merchant fra the main ;
But I ha'e parted fra' my love,
And ne'er to meet again, my dear !
And ne'er to meet again !

¹ Captain Ogilvie, of the family of Invenquarity, was the author of this pathetic lyric. He served king James at the Boyne, and was one of the brave Scottish exiles who fell at the battle of the Rhine. Only four of these followers of the banished king were Roman-catholics ; the rest belonged to the reformed church episcopalian of Scotland. Many of them had been bred as divines.

"When day is gane and night is come,
 And all are boun' to sleep,
 I think on him that's far awa',
 The livelang night, and weep, my dear !
 The livelang night, and weep !"

The conduct of this new Scotch brigade, both in Spain and Germany, excited the admiration of all the French army, and, as related by Dalrymple,¹ forms one of the fairest pages in the history of modern chivalry. A charming trait of the son of James II. and Mary of Modena, in connexion with some of these unfortunate gentlemen,² verified the truth of that monarch's assertion, "that the prince was already susceptible of every impression," and also, that he had been early imbued by his parents with a tender sympathy for the sufferings of their faithful friends. Fourteen of the Scotch brigade, unable to bear the hardship of the life of common soldiers, returned to St. Germains to thank king James for having written to their commander to obtain their discharge, and permission for them to return to Scotland, or in case they chose to remain in France, promising to pension them out of his personal savings. James received them with the kindness and affection their attachment had merited. Four of the number, who were too much impaired in constitution to return home, continued at St. Germains. One day, when listlessly strolling near the iron palisades of the palace, they saw a boy of six years old about to get into a coach emblazoned with the royal arms of Great Britain; this child was the son of the exiled king and queen, the disinherited prince of Wales, who was going to join the promenade of the French court at Marli. He recognised the unfortunate emigrants, and instead of entering the carriage, made a sign for them to approach. They advanced respectfully, and spontaneously offered the mark of homage, which, according to the customs of the times, was always paid to persons of royal rank, by kneeling and kissing his hands, which they bathed with their tears. The princely boy graciously raised them, and with that touching sensibility which is often prematurely developed by early misfortunes, expressed his grateful appreciation of their loyalty. He told them "that he had often heard of their valour, and that it made him proud, and that he had wept

¹ Memoirs of Great Britain.

² Amédée Pichot.

for their misfortunes as much as he had done for those of his own parents; but he hoped a day would come that would convince them that they had not made such great sacrifices for ungrateful princes."¹

He concluded by presenting them with his little purse, containing ten or twelve pistoles, and requesting them to drink the king's health. Both words and action were evidently unprompted, and from his own free impulse. The boy had been virtuously trained; indeed, it was subsequently seriously lamented, by the Jacobites, "that the queen, his mother, had brought the prince up more for heaven than earth." Gold too highly refined, is not fit for common use, and requires a certain portion of alloy to make it bear the stamp which gives its currency.

At the untimely death of his first state-governess, the marchioness of Powis, in 1691, Mary Beatrice had expressed an earnest wish that she could have the countess of Errol, the widow of the hereditary grand constable of Scotland, to supply the place of that lamented lady, as she considered her the fittest woman in all the world to have the charge of her son. Just at the moment when the queen's anxiety was at its height, the countess having received an intimation of her majesty's wish for her services, made her escape from Scotland, and presented herself at St. Germains, and received the appointment, but retained it little better than two years. In October, 1693, we find the following notice in Dangeau. "The queen of England has learned with much grief the death of the countess of Errol, the governess of the prince of Wales, a place which she considered it difficult to supply in France." He appears to have remained from that time entirely under the care of lady Strickland.

Almost the only local memorial remaining at St. Germains of the interest formerly felt in that town for the son of Mary d' Esté and James II., is the sign of the ancient Jacobite hotel, "*Le Prince de Galles*," which has every appearance of being a contemporary relic of the Stuart court. It has a portrait of the chevalier St. George on either side, coarsely enamelled on metal in enduring colours, representing that unfortunate prince at two distinct periods of his boyhood, and in different costumes. On one side he is delineated

¹ Amédée Pichot.

as a smiling round-faced child of seven or eight years old, with flowing ringlets, and royally robed in a vest and mantle of cloth of gold. In the other he is about thirteen, tall and slender, arrayed in a cuirass and point-lace cravat—his natural ringlets carefully arranged in the form of a periwig, and tied together with a blue ribbon. In both portraits he is decorated with the order of the Garter. The late proprietor of the “Prince de Galles” was offered and refused a thousand francs for this curious old sign, and declared that he would not part with it for any price. When a miniature of this prince was shown to pope Innocent XII., the old man, though anything but a friend to James and Mary Beatrice, was so charmed with the representation of their child, that he kissed it, and said, “he would fair hope to see the restoration of that angel to his just right.” The earl of Perth, by whom this little incident is recorded, says, “this picture was brought to Rome by father Mar, and that it was accounted very like the young prince, and” continues he, “I really believe it, for one sees of the king and queen both in it; he is wonderfully handsome.”¹

The exiled king and queen of England were invited to the bridal fête of their young relative, mademoiselle D’Orléans, with the duke of Lorraine. On this occasion, the queen writes rather a lively letter from Fontainebleau, giving her cloistered friend at Chaillot, a little account of the manner in which her consort and herself were passing their time in the gay and magnificent court of the *grand monarque*.

“Fontainebleau, 17th October.

“According to my promise, my dear mother, I send you my news of this place, which is good, God be thanked, as far as regards health, although the life I lead here is very different from that at St. Germain. I have been already four times to the chase, and we have beautiful weather. The king (Louis XIV.), according to his wont, loads us with benefits and a thousand marks of friendship. Of this we are not the less sensible because we are accustomed to it from him. On the contrary, at every fresh proof, we are penetrated with more lively feelings of gratitude. Our departure is delayed till next Friday; that of the duchess of Lorraine has rendered us all very sad.² She was so much afflicted herself that one could not look at her without

¹ Perth Correspondence, edited by W. Jerdan, esq., printed by the Camden Society.

² She was the daughter of the duke of Orleans, by his second wife, Elizabeth Charlotte of Bavaria, and the great granddaughter of Elizabeth, queen of Bohemia; therefore doubly related to James II. She proved a firm friend to his son.

weeping. Monsieur and madame were, and still are, full of compassion at seeing it. They did not return here till yesterday evening. The young bride preserved a demeanour throughout that has charmed all the world, and me in particular, who have always loved, and now esteem her more than ever. I have seen madame de M—— twice. She has been indisposed, but at present she is better. I entered yesterday with her on the chapter of Chaillot very naturally. I told her what I had resolved with you, and many other things. She told me that she had represented to the king the state of your house. If, however, you would not be flattered, it is necessary that I should tell you that I do not believe that you will gain anything by that at present, for a reason I will tell you when I see you. I am in doubt whether I should speak to her; I have no great inclination, for, in truth, I am ashamed of her, and for myself, that I had not power to obtain anything. I do not seem to have anything to reproach myself with on this matter, seeing that I did all, and will do all I can think of, to render you a little service.¹

There was a grand review in the plain of Houille, of the French and Swiss guards, at which James and his queen were present. As soon as they arrived on the ground, the king of France made queen Mary Beatrice come into his coach; in which mademoiselle and his daughter-in-law, the duchess of Maine, were already seated. Louis was ever and anon at the door of the carriage, to do the honours of the review to her, and took much trouble in explaining to her the evolutions of the troops. The prince-royal of Denmark was also at this review, and was treated with great attention. James and his queen met this prince at all the balls, hunts, and other amusements, with amity, notwithstanding his close relationship to prince George. They were both at the royal hunt, on the 20th of February, where the prince was very much astonished at the grand huntsman, the duke de Rochefoulcault, giving the baton to the king of England—a compliment only paid to the princes of the blood royal of France, but always to king James.

Neither James nor his consort were forgotten, meantime, in England, where the enormous taxes of William's war-government, together with his exclusive Dutch patronage, and other grievances, caused many to recur with regretful feelings to "the king over the water," as they significantly styled the deposed sovereign. The following enigmatical song, entitled "Three healths," was sung at convivial meetings by the Jacobite partisans, at this period, both in country and town :

¹ Inedited Autograph Letter of the queen of James II. to the abbess of Chaillot, in Archives au Royaume de France.

THREE HEALTHS.

A JACOBITE SONG.

" To aye king and no king, aye uncle and father,
 To him that's all these, yet allowed to be neither;
 Come, rank round about, and hurra to our standard,
 If you'll know what I mean, here's a health to our landlord !

" To aye queen and no queen, aye aunt and no mother,
 Come, boys, let us cheerfully drink off another ;
 And now to be honest, we'll stick by our faith,
 And stand by our landlord as long as we've breath.

" To aye prince and no prince, aye son and no bastard,
 Besbrew them that say it ! a lie that is fostered !
 God bless them all three, we'll conclude with this one,
 It's a health to our landlord, his wife, and his son.

" To our monarch's return one more we'll advance,
 We've a king that's in Flanders, another in France ;
 Then about with the health, let him come, let him come, then,
 Send the one into England, and both are at home then."¹

Towards the close of the year 1693, Mary Beatrice suffered excessively from the attacks of that very painful and dangerous malady, gall-stones, and this complaint continued to harass her, from time to time, for the rest of her life. Sometimes the pain was so acute, that she could not bear the motion of a carriage. In the month of December, in that year, she begins a letter to her friend, madame Priolo, to explain the necessity of her remaining quietly at St. Germaine, instead of coming to the convent as she had intended, in these words :

" Man purposes and God disposes. You used to say this every day, my beloved sister, and I prove the truth of it at present, seeing I am compelled to remain here to pass this great feast, instead of going to Chaillot to celebrate it with our dear sisters, as I proposed with much pleasure to do. But I must have patience, since there is no help for it; for although I am not suffering now the great agonies I have suffered, I have still some lesser ones."²

She then goes on to explain her symptoms, and says her physicians had forbidden her to undertake the journey to Chaillot at present.

The year 1694 commenced with a strong confederacy of

¹ This is one of the oldest Jacobite songs, and is from the collection of sir Walter Scott. It was written during the life of James II., and alludes to Mary of Modena and her son. The epigrammatic turn of the last verse is admirable. The epithets, uncle and aunt, allude to the relationship of the exiled king and queen to William III.

² Autograph Letter of the consort of James II., Archives au Royaume de France.

the aristocracy of Great Britain to bring back "the good old farmer and his wife," as James and Mary Beatrice were, among other numerous cognomens, designated in the Jacobite correspondence of that epoch. The part acted by Marlborough in these intrigues, will be seen in the following letters from James's secret agent and himself, from which it should appear that both placed great reliance on the prudence of the queen:

LETTER FROM GENERAL SACKFIELD TO LORD MELFORT.¹

" May 3, 1694.

" I have just now received the enclosed for the king. It is from lord Churchill, but no person but the queen must know from whom it comes. For the love of God, let it be kept a secret. I send it by express, judging it to be of the utmost for the service of my master (king James), and, consequently, for the service of his most Christian majesty (Louis XIV.)"

MARLBOROUGH TO JAMES II. (ENCLOSED IN THE ABOVE.)

" It is only to-day I have learned the news I now write you, which is, that the bomb ketches and *twelve* regiments encamped at Portsmouth, with two regiments of marines, all commanded by Talmash,² are destined for burning the harbour of Brest, and destroying all the men-of-war which are there. This will be a great advantage to England, but no consideration can prevent, or ever shall prevent me, from informing you of all that I believe to be for your service. Therefore, you may make your own use of this intelligence, which you may depend upon being exactly true. But I must conjure you, for your own interest, to let no one know but the queen and the bearer of this letter. Russell sails to-morrow, with forty ships; the rest are not yet paid, but it is said that in ten days the rest of the fleet will follow. I endeavoured to learn this from admiral Russell, but he always denied it to me, though I am sure he knew this design for six weeks. This gives me a bad sign of that man's intentions. I shall be well pleased to learn that this letter comes safe into your hands."

Of a very different character from this double-minded favourite of fortune, were some of the devoted gentlemen who had adhered to James and Mary Beatrice in their adversity. The disinterested affection to both that pervades the following letter from the earl of Perth, then at Rome, to Colin earl of Balcarres, is an honour to human nature:

" My heart has not been capable of any joy like what yours must feel now when you are to see our king and queen. I'm sure it must be such a one as, to me, is inconceivable at present. I'm told, from home, that there's no

¹ See Original Stuart Papers, in Macpherson, vol. i. p. 444. The name is often spelled Sackville.

² See Dalrymple's Memoirs of Great Brit. vol. ii. pp. 44-45. Likewise many curious confirmatory particulars, and Lloyd's Report to James II. Macpherson's State Papers, vol. i. p. 480. The unfortunate general Talmash (Tolemache), and his regiments, were the victims of this information, and a disastrous defeat of the British forces occurred, June 8th, 1694, at Brest.

defence against the *forfouiture* (forfeiture) of my family. I thank God I have never been tempted to wish it might subsist upon any other terms than to be serviceable to my dearest master: if things go well with him, I need not fear; and if not, should I beg a morsel of bread, I hope I shall never complain. Give him and his lady my duty, and kiss our young master's hand for me. I have no longing but to see them altogether, and I must confess I languish for that happiness. I'm sure, if somebody have anything, you will not want, so you may call for it until your own money arrives. Continue to love, my dearest lord, yours entirely," &c.¹

Every year, Mrs. Penn, the wife of James's former *protégé*, the founder of Pennsylvania, paid a visit to the court of St. Germains, carrying with her a collection of all the little presents which the numerous friends and well-wishers of James II. and his queen could muster. Mrs. Penn was always affectionately received by the king and queen, although she maintained the undeniable fact that the revolution was indispensable, and what she did was from the inviolable affection and gratitude she personally felt towards their majesties.² Unfortunately, James and his queen were surrounded by spies at St. Germains, and their faithful friends became known and marked persons, in consequence of their rash confidence in traitors:

"There was one Mrs. Ogilvie," writes one of William's spies at St. Germains, "sent to Scotland with the answers of some letters she had brought the late queen from that country. She is to be found at the countess of Carnwath's lodgings, in Edinburgh."³

On the 7th of September, Mary Beatrice paid her annual visit to Chaillot, and remained till the king joined her there, for the anniversary of his royal mother's death. Their majesties attended all the services performed on this occasion. They were over by noon. Then the king and queen went to visit one of the aged sisters who was sick in the infirmary. They remained with her a full quarter of an hour, and then dined together in the queen's apartment, in the presence of the community. The queen begged the abbess to tell the sisters not to keep their eyes always fixed on the ground, but to raise them; adding, "that they all seemed as serious as if they were at a funeral." While they were at dinner, their majesties talked on various subjects. James

¹ Notes of Lord Lindsay's Biographical Notice of his Ancestor, Colin earl of Balcarres. Balcarres' Memorial, printed by the Bannatyne Club.

² Kennersley's Life of Penn, 1740. Mrs. Penn was the daughter of a cavalier of good family.

³ Carstair's State Papers, edited by MacCormick.

drew a lively picture of the occupations of men of the world who are governed by their passions, whether of ambition, love, pleasure, or avarice; and concluded by observing "that none of those things could give content or satisfaction, but that the peace of God alone could comfort those who were willing to bear the cross patiently for the love of Him." The conversation turning on death, the king expressed so much desire for that event, that the queen was much distressed. "Alas," said she, with tears in her eyes, "what would become of me and of your little ones, if we were deprived of you?" "God," he replied, "will take care of you and our children; for what am I but a poor feeble man, incapable of doing anything without Him?" Mary Beatrice, whose heart was full, went to the table to conceal her emotion, by pretending to look for a book. The assistant sister, who tenderly loved the queen, softly approached the king, and said to him, "We humbly intreat your majesty not to speak of your death to the queen, for it always afflicts her." I do so to prepare her for that event," replied James, "since it is a thing which, in the course of nature, must soon occur, and it is proper to accustom her to the certainty of it." James only missed a few days of completing his 61st year at the time this conversation took place, and he was prematurely old for that age. The assistant said to the queen, when they were alone, "Madame, I have taken the liberty of begging the king not to talk of death to your majesty, to make you sad." The queen smiled, and said to her, "It will not trouble me any more. He is accustomed to talk to me about it very often, and, above all, I am sure that it will not accelerate his death a single moment."

The devoted love of Mary Beatrice led her to perform the part of a ministering angel to her sorrow-stricken lord; but the perpetual penances and austerities, to which he devoted himself, must have had, at times, a depressing effect on her mind. Like his royal ancestor, James IV. of Scotland, he wore an iron chain about his waist, and inflicted many needless sufferings on his person.¹ James and Mary Beatrice were about to pay a visit to the French court at Fontainebleau, when an express arrived from Louis XIV., to give James a private intimation of the death of the queen's only brother, Francisco II., duke of Modena, who

¹ Chaillot MS. in Archives au Royaume de France.

died September 6th, at Gossuolo, of the gout, and a complication of cruel maladies, in the 34th year of his age. In the evening, James broke the news to Mary Beatrice, who was much afflicted. All the amusements of the French court were suspended for some days, out of compliment to her feelings; and she received visits and letters of condolence from all the members of the royal family and great nobles of France. In reply to a letter, written to her on this occasion, by the duc de Vendôme, the grandson of Henry IV. and the fair Gabrielle, she says:—

“ My cousin,

“ The obliging expressions in the letter that you have written to me on the death of my brother, the duke of Modena, correspond fully with the opinion I have always had of the affection with which you interest yourself in all that concerns me. I wish to assure you that in the midst of my grief I am very sensible of the marks of sympathy which you give me, and that I shall be always, with much esteem, my cousin,

“ Your very affectionate cousin,

“ MARIE R.

“ At St. Germains-en-Laye, the 27th of Oct., 1694.”¹

The brother of Mary Beatrice was the founder of the university of Modena. As he died childless, the consort of James II. would have succeeded to his dominions, if the order of investiture had not preferred the more distant males.² Her uncle Rinaldo, therefore, inherited the dukedom without a question, and obtained leave to resign his cardinal's hat, that he might marry the princess Charlotte Felicité, the eldest daughter of John Frederick duke of

¹ Printed in Delort's *Journeys in the Environs of Paris*.

² Gibbon's *Antiquities of the House of Brunswick*. “ *L'Art de Vérifier les Dates*.” Hercules Renaud, the grandson and representative of the uncle of queen Mary Beatrice, had an only daughter who bore the same name. This Mary Beatrice d'Esté the younger, was compelled by her father to marry the archduke Ferdinand, the brother of the emperor, in 1771, and her descendant is at present duke of Modena. If it be asked why this duchy did ultimately go to heirs-female, in the persons of the younger Mary Beatrice of Esté and her Austrian descendants, who now hold it, it may be answered, that the Modenese heirs *male* having failed in duke Hercules Renaud, her father, the Duchy reverted to, and was consolidated in the empire, so that the emperor could give it to whom he chose, and most naturally—by his influence, and from political reasons, too—to *Mary Beatrice* who married his *relative*, and to her descendants, who now, owing to the complete failure of the *Stuart*-Modenese line in the person of the cardinal of York, step into the shoes of the latter, and are the nearest heirs-female, or of line, of the Estés, dukes of Modena, formerly dukes of Ferrara. By the marriage, likewise, of Francois IV., son of Mary Beatrice the younger, with Victorie Josephine, of Sardinia, the *Sardinian* and *Stuart* oldest co-heir and representative, their descendants singularly conjoin.

Brunswick-Hanover, his cousin in the nineteenth degree. Mary Beatrice considered that, although she and her son were barred from the succession of the duchy, she had a claim, as the natural heir, to all the personal property of her childless brother, and she employed the earl of Perth to represent her case to the pope. Unfortunate in everything, she gained nothing by the contest, except the ill-will of her uncle, and a coolness ensued between those relatives, who were once so fondly united by the ties of natural affection. Duke Rinaldo joined the Germanic league, which, being absolutely opposed to the restoration of the male line of the royal Stuarts to the throne of Great Britain, of course increased the estrangement; yet when Modena, several years afterwards, was occupied by the French army, and subjected to great misery in consequence, Mary Beatrice, notwithstanding the injurious conduct of the duke, her uncle, acted as the friend of his unfortunate subjects, by using her personal intercessions with the king of France and his ministers to obtain some amelioration for their sufferings. Louis XIV. was, however, too much exasperated against Rinaldo to interfere with the proceedings of his general, the duc de Vendôme, to whose discretion everything regarding Modena was committed by the war minister. Mary Beatrice then addressed the following earnest letter of supplication to that chief, by whom she was much esteemed:—

“ My Cousin,—

“ I am so persuaded of your friendship for me, and of the inclination you have to please every one when in your power, that I cannot refrain from writing a word to you in favour of the poor distressed country where I was born, and where you are at present, at the head of the king's armies.

“ The governor of Modena, or those who govern for him in his absence, have sent a man here to make known to the ministers of the king, the sad state in which that unfortunate city, and all the country round it, are. I have not been able to obtain so much as a hearing for him, but they reply to me, ‘that no one here can interfere in that business, and that the king ought to leave the care of it to his generals, who with the intendants must decide about those places.’ Consequently, this man has made a useless journey, and it is therefore that I address myself to you, to implore you with all the earnestness in my power, that you would be very favourable to these poor people, without, in the slightest degree, compromising the king's interests, which are not less near to my heart than my own, and preferred by me to every other on earth. M. L'Intendant Boucha, assures me, and will render the same testimony to you, of the good-will of those poor people to the French, to whom they are ready to give everything they have, but they cannot give more than they have, and this is what is demanded of them. In fine, my cousin, I resign this business into your just and benevolent hands, being persuaded that you will do your best to save this poor country, if it can be done without prejudice

to the service of the king, for I repeat that I neither ask, nor even wish it at that price. I pray you to be assured that I have for you all the esteem and friendship that you deserve of

"Your affectionate cousin,

"M A R I A R."¹

The pecuniary distress of the court of St. Germains began to be very great in the year 1694. The abbé Renaudot, a person entirely in the confidence of the cabinet of the unfortunate James, writes to one of the French ministers, December 17th, that the queen of England proposed to sell all her jewels, that she might raise the sum necessary for some project, to which he alludes, connected with the affairs of her royal husband. "I believe, monseigneur," writes he, "that I ought to relate to you this circumstance, as it seems to me that no one dare speak of the utter destitution which pervades the court of St. Germains. It is not their least embarrassment that they have no longer the means of sending to England, to those who have the wish to render them service."

Many persons, both French and English, resorted to the court of St. Germains, to be touched by king James for the king's evil. Angry comments are made by several contemporary French writers, on his presuming to exercise that function, fancying that he attempted the healing art as one of the attributes pertaining to his empty title of king of France, and that it was a usurped function formerly inherent in their own royal saint, Louis IX. The representative of the elder line of that monarch, James undoubtedly was; but the imaginary power of curing the king's evil, by prayer and touch, was originally exercised by Edward the Confessor, as early as the ninth century, in England, and afterwards by the sovereigns, who, in consequence of their descent from Matilda Atheling, claimed the ancient royal blood.² Though James and his consort were now refugees of France, and dependent on the charity of the reigning sovereign of that realm for food and shelter, they continued to style themselves king and queen, by the grace of God, of Great Britain, Ireland, and France. James frequently

¹ Printed in Delort's *Journeys in the Environs of Paris*.

² The prayer for the office of healing was originally printed in the Liturgy of the Church of England, but in Latin. James II. gave great offence by dispensing with the assistance of his protestant divines on this occasion, in the second year of his reign.

received hints as to the propriety of dropping the latter title ; but he would as soon have resigned that of England, which was now almost as shadowy a distinction.

Mary Beatrice writes to her friend, the abbess of Chaillot, January 4th, to thank her and her sisterhood for their good wishes for the new year, 1695, and to offer those of herself, her husband, and children, in return. In the postscript of this letter, she notices the death of the duke of Luxembourg as a great loss to Louis XIV., "and, in consequence, to ourselves also," she adds. She appears a little uneasy at neither having seen madame de Maintenon since the day when she had received something, which she considered a slight from her. "It is true," continues her majesty, as if willing to impute both this and the omission of an invitation to an annual Christmas fête at the court of France to accidental causes, "that the frost and ice are so hard that it is difficult to approach us here, and there is some trouble in descending from this place. I believe that this is the reason that the king has not sent for us to come to-morrow, as in other years."¹

The news of the death of James's eldest daughter, queen Mary II., reached St. Germains January 15th, and revived the drooping hopes of the anxious exiles there. James, however, felt much grief that she had not expressed a penitential feeling for her unfilial conduct towards himself. It was expected that an immediate rupture would take place between William and Anne, on account of his retaining the crown, to which she stood in a nearer degree of relationship. But Anne was too cunning to raise disputes on the subject of legitimacy while she had a father and a brother living. Her claims, as well as those of William, rested on the will of the people, and any attempt to invalidate his title would naturally end in the annihilation of her own. She played a winning game, by submitting to a delay, which the debilitated constitution of the Dutch king assured her would be but of temporary duration ; and she openly strengthened their mutual interests by a reconciliation with him, while she continued in a secret correspondence with her betrayed father.² It was, perhaps, through her artful re-

¹ Autograph letter of the queen of James II., in the Archives au Royaume de France.

² Macpherson's Stuart Papers. Life of James II.

presentations that James neglected to take advantage of the favourable crisis produced by Mary's death. He was vehemently urged, at that time, by his partisans to make a descent in England, and assured, that even the support of ten thousand men would be sufficient to replace him on the throne.¹ The French cabinet could not be induced to assist James at that crisis, and he was fretted by the proceedings of his daughter by Arabella Churchill, who, having been left a widow by the early death of her husband, lord Waldegrave, married lord Wilmot privately, but not soon enough to save her reputation. The queen forbade her her presence, and James ordered her to retire to a convent in Paris, till after her confinement, as great scandal was caused by her appearance. Acting, however, by the advice of her mother, with whom she had always been in correspondence, she fled to England, and made her court there by revealing all she knew of the plans of the unfortunate king, her father.² King James had not a more bitter enemy than his former mistress, Arabella Churchill, now the wife of colonel Godfrey. The duke of Berwick, about the same time, took the liberty of marrying one of the fair widows of St. Germains, against the wish of his royal father and the queen, who were, with difficulty, induced to sanction the alliance. The lady was the daughter of viscount Clare, and widow of lord Leven. The displeasure against Berwick was short-lived. Mary Beatrice very soon appointed his new duchess as one of her ladies of her bed-chamber ; she was much attached to her. It is mentioned by Dangeau, that the king of France gave the duke and duchess of Berwick apartments at Versailles, because he knew it would be agreeable to the queen of England.

While the partisans of the exiled royal family were in a state of feverish anxiety, awaiting some movement or important decision on the part of James, both he and Mary Beatrice appeared to exhibit a strange indifference to the chances of the game. Caryl, the secretary of state at St. Germains, in a letter to the earl of Perth, dated July 4th, 1695, after a discussion of state affairs, says, "The king and queen are both absent from St. Germains, but will return this night, having spent four or five days severally in a ramble of devotion, the king at La Trappe, and the queen

¹ Macpherson's Stuart Papers. Life of James.

² Dangeau.

at Chaillot. The prince and princess are in perfect health, and grow up to the wonder of everybody."

In the month of August, Louis XIV. gave a stag-hunt in the forest of Marly, expressly for the amusement of Mary Beatrice, whom he was anxious to divert from the ascetic habits which, like her consort, she was too much disposed to practise. In October, Louis invited her and James to spend several days with his court at Fontainebleau. The formal round of amusements in which the exiled king and queen were compelled to join with absent and sorrowful hearts, appear to have occupied, without interesting, Mary Beatrice. In a letter to her friend, madame Angelique Priolo, she says—

"These six days past have I sought for a moment to write to you, my dear mother, but without being able to find one. Yesterday evening, I thought myself sure of the opportunity of doing it before supper, but monsieur de Ponchartrain," (a person not to be neglected, certainly, as he was one of the cabinet ministers of Louis XIV.) "entered my chamber just as I would have finished my letter to our mother, and prevented me. I strive to do my duty here towards God and man, but, alas, I fail greatly in both, for in this place there is so much dissipation! Yet it is certain, also, that I am never so much persuaded of the littlenesses and vanities of this world as when I am in the midst of its grandeurs and its great appearances.

"I shall complete my thirty-seventh year to-morrow. Pray to God, my dear mother, that I may not spend another without serving and loving him with all my heart."

In conclusion, she says—

"I do not know, as yet, when I shall go from hence, but I believe that it will be one day next week. I am, as usual, always too well treated by the king and every one else here."

That minute court chronicler, Dangeau, gives these particulars of a visit paid by Mary Beatrice and her lord to the French court at Versailles, November the 9th:¹ "The king and queen of England came here at three o'clock. The king (Louis XIV.) walked with them to his new fountains and his cascade. They were a long time with the king. When he returned to madame Maintenon, the queen sat down to cards. Louis always delighted to make her play, but she generally quitted her cards soon after, under the excuse of going to prayers. When the supper was announced, the king took both her and the king her husband, and placed them at his own table. The dauphin had another table. The queen was only attended by four ladies, who were the

¹ Dangeau's Memoirs.

duchess of Berwick, the duchess of Tyrconnel, and the ladies Almonde and Bulkeley. When they rose from table, the king and queen of England returned to St. Germains." Lady Tyrconnel was a great favourite of the queen ; she was not altogether so trustworthy as her husband; her chief error was not in intention, but a habit of scribbling news incessantly to her treacherous sister Lady Marlborough. The exiled queen had, as she expressed herself in her letter, a friendship for Tyrconnel, and an unshaken reliance on his fidelity to king James, which he had proved through good report and ill report to the hour of his death.

The arrival of Mr. Powel at St. Germains, in January, 1696, charged with urgent letters and messages from a strong party of the open adherents and secret correspondents of king James in London, intreating him to make a descent in England without delay, rekindled a fever of hope in the hearts of the exiled king and queen. The representations made to them of the unpopularity of William, the miseries caused by excessive taxation, a debased currency, and the decay of commerce and trade, induced them to believe that the people were eager to welcome their old master, not only as their legitimate sovereign, but as their deliverer from the miseries of a foreign yoke.¹ Louis XIV. entered into measures for assisting James in this new enterprise with apparent heartiness. Berwick, whose military talents and chivalric character had won for him in France the surname of the British Dunois, was to take the command of the Jacobite insurgents : 12,000 men, whom they had required to assist them, were already on their march to Calais, and all things promised fair. On the 28th of February, James bade adieu to his wife and children, in the confident belief that their next meeting would be at White-hall. James had been assured by his friends in England, that if he would adventure a descent he would regain his crown without a contest. Unfortunately, Powel, the secret agent, who brought this earnest invitation to his old master, had not explained the intentions of the Jacobite association with sufficient perspicuity. In the first conversation he had with his majesty, in the presence of the queen, he was so eager for something to be attempted, and talked with so much ardour, that both James and Mary Beatrice

¹ Stuart Papers, in Macpherson. Life of James II. Journal.

imagined that the rising would take place directly it was known that the king was ready to embark. But, in reality, they expected for him to land first with the 12,000 men, which was to be the signal for a general revolt from William. The mistake was fatal to the project. Louis was willing to lead his troops and transports to assist an insurrection, but his ministers persuaded him that it would be useless to risk them on the chance of exciting one. The fleet and troops were in readiness at Calais when James arrived there, but were not permitted to stir from thence till certain news of a rising in England should be received.¹ The design of sir George Barclay, and a party of desperate persons attached to the Jacobite party, to precipitate matters by the wild project of a personal attack on king William in the midst of his guards, did the utmost mischief to James's cause, though he had always forbidden any attempt on the life of his rival, except in the battle-field.

Meantime, the fleet of French transports that should have conveyed James and his auxiliaries to the shores of England, were shattered by a violent storm which wrecked many of them on their own coast.² In short, in this, as in every other enterprise, for the purpose of replacing the exiled line of Stuart on the throne of Great Britain—winds, waves, and unforeseen contingencies, appeared to be arrayed in opposition, as if an immutable decree of Heaven forbade it. James retired to Boulogne on the 23rd of March, with the intention of remaining there till something decisive should take place. The state of his faithful consort's mind, meantime, will be best explained in one of her confidential letters to her friend, Angelique Priolo, to whom, as usual, she applies for sympathy and spiritual consolation in her trouble. "If you could imagine, my dear mother," she says, "to what a degree I have been overpowered with grief and business since I quitted you, your kind heart would have compassion on mine, which is more broken and discouraged than it has ever been, although for two or three days I appear to begin to recover a little more fortitude, or rather, to submit with less pain to the good pleasure of God, who does all that pleases him in heaven and earth, and whom no one can resist; but if we had the power I do not

¹ Journal of James II. Life. Macpherson.

² Macpherson. Dalrymple.

believe that either you or I, far less my good king, would wish to do it. No, no, my dear mother, God is a master absolute and infinitely wise, and all that he does is good. Let him then be praised for ever, by you and by me, at all times and in all places."

After lamenting that her heart does not sufficiently accord with the language of her pen in these sentiments, and entreating her friend to pray for her, that she may become more perfect in the pious duty of resignation, she goes on to say: "The king is still at Calais, or, perhaps, now at Boulogne; as long as he remains there, he must have some hope. I will tell you more about it when I see you, which will be Saturday next, if it please God."¹ Her majesty concludes with these words: "Offer many regards on my part to our dear mother, to whom I cannot write, for I have written all this morning to the king, and I can do no more; but the desire I had to write to you has made me make this effort."

This letter, though with no other date than "St. Germains, this Tuesday," was written before Ladyday, as the queen asks her cloistered friend if she intends to communicate preparatory to that festival of their church. So early after the departure of her unfortunate lord did Mary Beatrice begin to despond, and with reason, as to the success of the enterprise on which he had left St. Germains. The discovery of Barclay's insane plot against William's life, broke the measures that James's more rational adherents had concocted for a revolt, connected with the landing of their old master, provided he were backed by the promised aid of the twelve thousand auxiliaries from France.

All the business at the court of St. Germains was directed by Mary Beatrice at this anxious period, which involved constant correspondence and meetings between her and the French ministers.² Early in April, she had a long interview with Louis XIV. at Marli, in the vain endeavour of prevailing upon him to allow his troops to accompany king James to England. Louis was inflexible on this point, and she had the mortification of communicating the ill success of her negotiation to her husband. Calais was, meantime,

¹ Autograph letter of the queen of James II. in the Archives au Royaume de France.

² Letters of the earl of Middleton, in Macpherson.

bombarded by the English fleet under Russell, who stood so far committed by the confessions of some of the confederates in the late plot, that he was compelled to perform the duty of the post he held, without regard to the interests of his late master. James was anxious still to linger on the coast; but the French cabinet having destined the troops for service elsewhere, Louis signified his wish that his royal kinsman should return to St. Germain.¹ Mary Beatrice once more sought, by her personal influence with Louis, to avert measures so entirely ruinous to their cause, but her solicitations were fruitless. James returned to St. Germain in a desponding state of mind, with the mortifying conviction that no effectual assistance would ever be derived from the selfish policy of the French cabinet.² The devoted love and soothing tenderness of his queen, mitigated the pain he felt at the bitter disappointment of his hopes; and he resigned himself, with uncomplaining patience, to the will of God. The most poignant distress was felt by Mary Beatrice at the executions which took place in consequence of the denunciation of their unfortunate adherents. In one of her letters to her Chaillot correspondent, she says, "There have been three more men hanged in England, making eight in all, and two more are under sentence. Nothing can be sadder than the news we hear from that country, though we hear but little, and that very rarely."

It was at this time that the crown of Poland courted the acceptance of James II., but he firmly declined it. "Ambition," he said, "had no place in his heart; he considered that the covenant which bound him to his subjects was indissoluble, and that he could not accept the allegiance of another nation, without violating his duties to his own. England had rejected him, but she was still too dear to him to be resigned. He would hold himself, till death, free to return to his own realm, if his people chose to unite in recalling him."³ Mary Beatrice applauded his decision, though urged by Louis XIV. to persuade her lord to avail himself of so honourable a retreat from the hopeless contest for the recovery of his dominions.

The appointment of the duke of Perth to the important office of governor to the young prince, her son, then about

¹ Journal of James. Stuart Papers.

² Ibid.

³ Journal of James II. Life. Macpherson.

eight years old, is thus announced by the royal mother to her friend, madame Priolo :

" July 23.

" The king has named, this morning, milord Perth, governor of my son, and are going to put him into his hands. This is a great matter achieved for me, and I hope that God will bless the choice we have made, after having prayed for more than a year, that God would inspire us to do it well. Tell this to our dear mother from me, for I have not time to write to her. Her prayers, with yours and those of our dear sisters, have had a great part in this election, which I believe will be agreeable to God, for he is a holy man, and of distinguished merit, as well as of high rank. I am content to have my son in his hands, not knowing any one better. But I have placed him above all, and in the first place, in the hands of God, who in his mercy will have care of him, and give us grace to bring him up in his fear and in his love."¹

In the same letter, her majesty says :

" We are all in good health here. We had yesterday a visit from the king (of France), and the day before, from madame de Maintenon. We go to-morrow to St. Cloud, for the ceremonial of the baptism of mademoiselle de Chartres."

Mary Beatrice was godmother to the infant. The ceremonial, which was very splendid, took place at St. Cloud, in the presence of king James and all the foreign ambassadors, as well as the princes and princesses of the blood. After they had promenaded for some time in the apartments, the king gave his hand to the queen of England, and led her to the chapel, where they both held the little princess at the font.²

Although, in the general acceptation of the word, a great friendship might be said to subsist between Mary Beatrice and madame de Maintenon, there were times when, like most persons who have been raised by fortune immeasurably above their natural level, the widow of Scarron took the opportunity of making the consort of James II. feel how much more there is in the power of royalty than the name. The fallen queen complains, in one of her letters, of the want of sympathy exhibited by this lady on a subject which seems to have given her great pain. " You will be surprised," she says to her friend, Angelique Priolo, " and perhaps troubled, at what I am now going to tell you in regard to that which cost me so much to tell that person to whom I opened my heart thereupon, she not having thought pro-

¹ Archives au Royaume de France.

² Dangeau.

per so much as to open her mouth about it the other day, though I was a good half hour alone with her. I declare to you that I am astonished at it, and humiliated. However, I do not believe that I am quite humble enough to speak to her about it a second time, whatever inconvenience I may suffer. There is no order come from Rome, as yet, regarding our poor," continues the unfortunate queen; "on the contrary, the pope has been very ill, and I believe he will die before they are given; so that, yesterday, we came to the resolution to sell some jewels to pay the pensions for the month of September, and it follows that we must do the same for every month, unless that we get other assistance, and of that I see no appearance. I conjure you, my dear mother, not to afflict yourself at all this. For myself, I assure you I am more astonished than grieved." This observation refers to the slight the unfortunate queen had received from madame de Maintenon, to whom her application had apparently been made in behalf of the suffering adherents of king James. "And in respect to our poor," continues she, "I never shall consider that I have done my duty till I have given all I have; for it will not be till then that I can say, with truth, that nothing remains to me, and it is impossible for me to give more."

Mary Beatrice was as good as her word; by degrees, she sacrificed every ornament she had in the world for the relief of the unfortunate British emigrants. The following interesting testimony is given of her conduct by an impartial witness, madame de Brinon, in a letter to her friend Sophia, electress of Hanover. "The queen of England," says this lady, "is scarcely less than saintly; and in truth it is a happiness to see her as she is, in the midst of her misfortunes. A lady of her court told me 'that she deprived herself of everything, in order to support the poor English who had followed the king to St. Germain.' She has been known to take out the diamond studs from her manchettes (cuffs), and send them to be sold. And she says, when she does these charitable actions, 'That it is well for her to despoil herself of such things to assist others.' Is it possible that the confederate princes cannot open their eyes to the real merit and innocence of these oppressed and calumniated *majesties*? Can they forget them when a

general peace is made?¹ I always speak to you, dear electress," pursues the correspondent of the generous princess, on whom the British parliament had settled the succession of this realm, "with the frankness due to our friendship. I tell you my thoughts as they arise in my heart, and it seems to me that your serene highness thinks like me." Sophia of Hanover was of a very different spirit from the daughters of James II. She always had the magnanimity to acknowledge his good qualities and those of his faithful consort, and lamented their misfortunes, though she accepted with gratitude the distinction offered to her and her descendants by a free people; but she scorned to avail herself of the base weapons of falsehood or treachery, or to derive her title from any other source than the choice of protestant England. In a preceding section of the same letter, madame Brinon speaks of James II., with whom she had recently been conversing. "He suffers," she says, "not only like a saint, but with the dignity of a king. The loss of his kingdoms he believes will be well exchanged for Heaven. He reminded me often that one of the first things he did, after his arrival in France, was to go to see madame de Maubisson."²

The exhausted state of the French finances compelled Louis XIV., who was no longer able to maintain himself against the powerful Anglo-Germanic, Spanish, and Italian league, to entertain proposals for a general peace. The deliberations of the congress which met for that purpose at Ryswick, in the year 1697, were painfully interesting to James and his queen, since the recognition of William's title of king of Great Britain was, of course, one of the leading articles. Louis, however, insisted on the payment of the dower settled by parliament on James's queen, as an indispensable condition of the treaty. Mary Beatrice had done nothing to forfeit this provision; her conduct as wife, queen, and woman had been irreproachable. She had brought a portion of 400,000 crowns to her husband, whose private property had been seized by William. Her claims

¹ MS. Collection of George IV. Recueil de Pièces, Brit. Museum, 44, a. Madame de Brinon to the Electress Sophia, Feb. 22, 1697, dated from Maubisson.

² The elder sister of the electress Sophia, who had given up all her hopes of the English succession to become a catholic abbess. She was a great artist, "and her portraits bear a high price," says Grainger, "not as princess, but as paintress."

on the revenue of a queen-consort rested on the threefold basis of national faith, national justice, and national custom. When it was objected that James was no longer the sovereign of England, the plenipotentiaries of France proposed to treat her claims in the same manner as if her royal husband were actually, as well as politically, defunct, and that she should receive the provision of a queen-dowager of Great Britain. So completely was the spirit of the laws and customs regarding the inviolability of the rights of the queens of England in her favour, that we have the precedent of Edward IV. extorting from his prisoner, Margaret of Anjou, the widow of a prince whose title he did not acknowledge, a solemn renunciation to her dower as queen of England, before he could appropriate her settlement to his own use.

No wonder, then, that the claims of Mary of Modena infinitely perplexed her gracious nephew's cabinet, who met this question in the following pettifogging mode of discussion, from the pen of one of their understrappers, sir Joseph Williamson, whose style is worthy of his era :

" And as to the *late king James's queen's jointure* which the French stick hard upon to be made good, it is a point of that delicacy that we are not willing hitherto, to entertain it as any matter of our present business. If she have by law a right, *she be to enjoy it*; ¹ if not, we are not here empowered to stipulate anything for her. And so we endeavour to *stave it off* from being received as any part of what we are here to negotiate. However, it seems to be of use, if Mr. Secretary² can do it, without noise or observation, to get an account of all that matter, how it now stands, and what settlements were made by the marriage articles, if any? What, of any kind, have been made on her, and how far, according as the law now stands, those that have been made will take?"

These inquiries were not to be made for the purposes of justice towards the rightful owner of the said jointure, but in order that a flaw might be picked in the settlement, as this righteous Daniel subjoins :

" A private knowledge of this, if we could get it in time, might be of good help to us to *stave off the point*, which, as we think, cannot so much as be openly treated on by any of us, without inconveniences that will follow."

¹ So in the original. The letter is published in Coxe's Correspondence of the Duke of Shrewsbury, p. 361, 362.

² Mr. Secretary Vernon, who about this time talked, according to the letter of his patron, the duke of Shrewsbury, of filling his pockets with stones, and jumping into the Thames, in imitation of his unfortunate predecessor in office, the son of sir William Temple.

"MEMORIAL CONCERNING THE APPANAGE OF THE QUEEN OF GREAT
BRITAIN.¹

"October, 1696.

"According to the most ancient laws and customs of England, which are still in force, queens have their full right and power in their own persons, their estates and revenues, independently of the kings their husbands, by virtue of which they have always had officers of their revenues, who depended entirely on them, and all their acts have been valid, without the concurrence of the kings their husbands."

"As the queen of England, (Mary Beatrice of Modena,) brought a very considerable sum as her portion at her marriage, the king, her husband (on his accession to the crown) thought it was reasonable for him to make an establishment of fifty thousand pounds sterling, of annual revenue, on her, which was passed under the great seal of England, and afterwards confirmed by acts of parliament which have not been repealed to this day; insomuch, that the queen has an incontestable right to all the arrears of this revenue, which are due since she left England, as well as to those which shall be due hereafter. Her majesty only asks this simply and purely as a private debt, which is incontestably due to herself, and of which she only sets forth a state (ment), lest it should be unknown to those who have the power and the will to do her justice."

The courtesy and gentleness of the last clause of the poor queen's plea deserved to be met with more candour and justice than are perceptible in the official Williamson's despatches before quoted.

While this matter was in debate, Louis XIV. treated James and Mary Beatrice with the most scrupulous personal attention. William required that they should be deprived of their shelter at St. Germains, and, indeed, driven from France altogether; but to this Louis would not consent. He invited them to assist at the nuptials of his grandson the duke of Burgundy with Adelaide of Savoy, which were solemnized at Fontainebleau, September the 7th. The bride was nearly related to Mary Beatrice on the father's side, and her mother, being the daughter of Henrietta, duchess of Orleans, was a niece of James II., whose connexion with the royal family of France was consequently much strengthened by this alliance. The exiled king and queen were given the place of honour as the most distinguished of the guests at this marriage, and Mary Beatrice was seated between Louis XIV. and her husband, at the nuptial banquet. When supper was over, the two kings withdrew, followed by all the gentlemen, and the queen honoured the bride by assisting at her couchée, and presenting her *robe de nuit*. James attended, in

¹ Macpherson's Stuart Papers. Nairne's Papers, vol. ii., No. 40.

like manner, on the bridegroom, whom he led into the bridal chamber. The queen, who had retired with her ladies while his royal highness got into bed, re-entered and bade him and the bride good night, according to the ceremonious etiquette of the court of France.¹

It was observed that madame de Maintenon only appeared twice, and then stayed scarcely half an hour; for on this occasion of high and stately ceremony, her doubtful rank was not recognised, and she was forced to sit behind the seat of the queen of England, who was the leading lady at the court of France. The queen again visited Louis XIV. at the Trianon, with all her court, as he gave a grand festival there on the 17th of September, and again was Maintenon forced to retreat into her original insignificance.²

Unfortunately, the courier who brought the news that the peace of Ryswick, whereby Louis XIV. recognised William of Orange as King of Great Britain, was signed, arrived at Fontainebleau at the same time as the exiled king and queen. Louis XIV. had, with peculiar delicacy, told his minister Torcy, that whatever expresses arrived, or however urgent the news might be, the peace was not to be mentioned if he were in company with the king or queen of England, and he would not suffer the least sign of rejoicing to take place, or the musicians of his palace to play or sing any songs, in celebration of the peace, till their majesties and their whole court had returned to St. Germains.³

The affectionate sympathy and kindness of Louis did much to soothe the pain his political conduct had caused to his unhappy guests. They were too just to impute that to him as a fault, which was the result of dire necessity, and they had the magnanimity to acknowledge his benefits, instead of reflecting on him for the present extinction of their hopes. "We are, in the bottom of our hearts, satisfied with your great king," writes Mary Beatrice to her friend, madame Priolo. "He was beside himself to see us arrive at Fontainebleau at the same time with the courier who brought the news of the peace, and he testifies much friendship, pity, and even sorrow, for us. He had no power to act otherwise in this matter. In other things there is no alteration. Our residence at St. Germains appears fixed,

¹ St. Simon, vol. ii.

² Ibid.

³ Ibid.

from what he has told us: I say that it appears, for in truth, after all that we see, how can we believe that anything is sure in this world?¹

"I have the promise of the king (Louis) that I shall be given my dower, and I have entreated him to be pleased to take upon himself the payments for me." In other words, for him to become the medium through which the money was to be transmitted by William and received by the consort of James. "For," pursues she, her lofty spirit rising above the exigencies of her circumstances, "I will demand nothing, nor receive aught from any other than from him, to whom I will owe entirely and solely the obligation." Louis having insisted on the article of the treaty, which secured it to her as a *sine qua non*, William signed it without the slightest intention of ever fulfilling the obligation. The consort of his uncle might have spared herself the trouble of arranging any punctilios of ceremony as to the how, when, and where she was to receive her income from William; he scrupled not to deceive the British nation, at the same time that he defrauded his aunt, by charging the annual sum of 50,000*l.* to that account, and applying it to his own purposes. Mary Beatrice, after thus unburthening her mind of the subject that was uppermost in her thoughts, experienced a sudden misgiving that she was acting with some degree of rashness, for she says, "I have been drawn on, without intending it, to enter into this matter, and not knowing what I may have said, I entreat you to burn my letter."²

Is it not sufficient comment on the imprudence of which this princess was habitually guilty, in writing long confidential letters, on the most important subjects of her own and her unfortunate consort's private affairs, and afterwards those of her son to her spiritual friends at Chaillot, to say that her request was *not* complied with?—and this and many other specimens of her autograph correspondence with these ladies is in existence to this day.

Her letters afford sufficient evidence that the consort of Midas was not the only queen in the world who felt an

¹ Autograph letters of the queen of James II., in Archives au Royaume de France.

² Autograph letter of the queen of James II. to madame Priolo, in the Archives au Royaume.

irresistible necessity to whisper her lord's secrets in a quarter where she flattered herself that they would be kept from the world. The holy sister had as little appearance of being a dangerous confidant as the marshy ditch in that memorable tale ; but without accusing her of bad intentions, it is more than probable that she was no more fit to be trusted with a secret than her royal friend. She went not abroad to reveal that rash confidence it is true, but it is equally certain that the convent of Chaillot was the resort of busy and intriguing ecclesiastics. William and his ambassador, the earl of Manchester had several priests in their pay,¹ and that such men would succeed in obtaining a sight of the exiled queen of England's correspondence with her beloved friends at Chaillot, there can be little doubt, especially when letters, which ought never to have been written, were preserved, notwithstanding the royal writer's earnest request to the contrary.

It is a fact, no less strange than true, that by one of the secret articles of the peace of Ryswick, William III. agreed to adopt the son of his uncle, James II. and Mary Beatrice d'Este, as his successor to the British crown, provided James would acquiesce in that arrangement, and leave him in peaceful possession of the disputed realm for the term of his natural life.² William was at that time labouring under a compilation of mortal maladies, and it was expected by those about him, that he would precede his unfortunate father-in-law to the tomb. One of his great eulogists, Dalrymple, calls his proffered adoption of his disinherited cousin, "an intended piece of generosity towards the exiled family." It is doubtful, from the thorough apathy of William's character, whether he were sufficiently under the influence of conscience, to intend the posthumous restitution of the crown to the legitimate heir as an act of tardy justice. There can be no doubt but that he would have been glad, under any pretence, to get the young prince into his own hands, by which means he would have held him as a hostage against his own father, and at the same time, kept Anne and her party in check as long as he lived, leaving them to fight the matter out after his death. The proposition contained in itself an acknowledgment of the

¹ Reports of the earl of Manchester.

² Journal of James II. Treaty of Ryswick.

falseness of the imputations William had attempted to throw on the birth of the son of James and Mary Beatrice,¹ and had they possessed the slightest portion of political wisdom, they would have entered into a correspondence with William on the subject, for the sake of exposing his duplicity to the people of England, and the little respect he paid to the act of parliament which had settled the succession on the princess Anne and her children. When, however, the project was communicated to James, Mary Beatrice, who was present, before he could speak, exclaimed with the natural impetuosity of her sex and character, "I would rather see my son, dear as he is to me, dead at my feet, than allow him to become a party to his royal father's injuries." James said, "that he could bear the usurpation of the prince of Orange and the loss of his crown with Christian patience, but not that his son should be instrumental to his wrongs;" and thus the matter ended.² James has been accused of pride and obstinacy in this business, but as he has himself observed, he had no security for the personal safety of his son, and he had had too many proofs of the treachery of William's disposition to trust the prince in his keeping.

King William had gained a great point in being recognised as king of England by the king of France, but that was not enough, he was piqued at the asylum that was afforded by that monarch to the deposed king and queen at St. Germains. They were too near England to please him. He had laboured, at the peace of Ryswick, to obtain their expulsion from France, or at least to distance them

¹ It will be remembered that William had, in the year 1688, not only abjured the pens of disaffected lampooners to accuse Mary Beatrice of feigning a pregnancy, but had openly, in his manifesto, when he first landed in England, called the birth of the prince, her son, in question. One of the reasons alleged by him for his coming over with a foreign army, was to cause, as he said, inquiry to be made by parliament into the birth of a supposed prince of Wales. This inquiry he never made. "He dared not," says the duke of Berwick, "enter into the question, well knowing that no prince ever came into the world in the presence of so many witnesses. I speak," continues he, "from full knowledge of the facts, for I was present; and, notwithstanding my respect and my devotion to the king, I never could have lent a hand to so detestable an action as that of wishing to introduce a child to take the crown away from the rightful heirs, and after the death of the king it was not likely that I should have continued to support the interests of an impostor, neither honour nor conscience would have permitted me." (*Autobiography of the duke of Berwick.*)

² Nairne's Collection of Stuart Papers.

³ James's Journal.

from the court. Louis was inflexible on that point. The duke of St. Albans, the son of Charles II., by Nell Gwynne, was sent to make a fresh demand, when he presented the congratulations of William on the marriage of the duke of Burgundy, but it was negatived. St. Alban's was followed by William's favourite, Portland, attended by a numerous suite. At the first conference he had with the minister Torcy, he renewed his demand that James and his family should be chased from their present abode.

Torcy replied, "that his sovereign's pleasure had been very fully expressed at Ryswick, that it was his wish to maintain his present amicable understanding with king William ; but that another word on the subject of St. Germain's would disturb it." Portland was treated with all sorts of distinctions by the princes of the blood, and was invited to hunt with the dauphin several times at Meudon. One day, when he had come for that purpose, word was brought to the dauphin, that it was the intention of king James to join him in the chase, on which he requested Portland to defer his sport till a future occasion. Portland quitted the forest with some vexation, and returned to Paris with his suite. Portland was a great hunter, and he was surprised that he received no more attention from the duke de Rochefoulcault than common civility warranted. He told him he was desirous of hunting with the king's dogs. Rochefoulcault replied drily, "that although he had the honour of being the grand huntsman, he had no power to direct the hunts, as it was the king of England (James) of whom he took his orders. That he came very often ; and as he never knew till the moment where he would order the rendezvous, he must go to attend his pleasure with great reverence ;" and left Portland, who was much displeased. What he had replied was out of pure regard for James, who at that time was not well enough to hunt ; but he wished to show Portland, that he was not one of the time-serving nobles, whom he had been able to attach to his chariot wheels. Portland resolved to depart ; and before he left Paris, hinted that the dower, which, by one of the articles of the peace of Ryswick, had been secured to Mary Beatrice, would never be paid as long as king James persisted in remaining at St. Germain.¹ It is well known

¹ Dangean.

that it never was, this being one of the pretences on which it was withheld. In order to give his ambassador Bentinck more influence with the vain-glorious Louis XIV., it is said that 80,000*l.* was expended by him. Prior, the poet, was secretary to the embassy. He saw the unfortunate James in his exile a few months before his troubrous career was brought to a close ; and in these words he describes the royal exiles to his master, Halifax : “ The court is gone to see their monarch, Louis XIV., a cock-horse at Compiegne. I follow as soon as my English nags arrive. I faced old James and all his court the other day at St. Cloud. *Vive Guillaume !* You never saw such a strange figure, as the old bully is (James II.) lean, worn, and rivelled, not unlike Neale, the projector. The queen (Mary of Modena) looks very melancholy, but otherwise well enough; their equipages are all very ragged and contemptible. I have written to my lord Portland the sum of several discourses I have had with M. de Lauzun, or rather they with me, about the pension which we were to allow the queen. Do we intend, my dear master, to give her 50,000*l.* per annum, or not? If we do not, I (or rather my lord Jersey) should now be furnished with some chicaning answers when we are pressed on that point; *for it was fairly promised*—that is certain.”¹ Prior, however brutally he expresses himself, was right as to fact, and parliament had actually granted the dower, and supposed it was paid; “ but,” as the duchess of Marlborough truly observes,² “ it never found its way further than the pockets of William III.”

In one of her letters, without date, the poor queen says :

“ I have been sick a whole month, and it is only within the last four or five days that I can call myself convalescent; even within the last two days I have had inflammation in my cheek and one side of my throat, which has incommoded me, but that is nothing in comparison to the other illness I have suffered, which has pulled me down, and rendered me so languid that I am good for nothing. In this state it has pleased God to allow me to remain all the time I have been at Fontainebleau. It is by that I have proved doubly the goodness and the patience of the king, which has exceeded everything one could imagine. I have also been overwhelmed with kindness by every one. Monsieur and madame, have surpassed themselves in the extreme friendship they have shown for me, which I can never forget while I live. Madame de Maintenon has done wonders with regard to me, but that is nothing new with her. After all, my dear mother, I agree with you, and I am convinced in the

¹ Letters of Eminent Literary Men, by Sir H. Ellis, p. 265. Camden Society.

² Conduct, duchess of Marlborough. Burnet.

bottom of my heart, and never more so than at the present moment, that all is but vanity. I dare not allow myself to go on writing to you without reserve, but I will tell you everything when I have the pleasure of conversing with you, which will be next Tuesday, I hope."¹

In another of her letters to her Chaillot correspondent, Mary Beatrice says, "A very honest man died yesterday, who had been secretary of war for Ireland. The king, my husband, loved him very much, and he is a great loss to him. He died in the chateau very Christianly, and as a good catholic ought. I request a *de profundis* from all our sisters, for the repose of his soul. I send you the English news, which we have received by the usual way. You will see that the parliament makes itself entirely the ruling power there. We are all in good health, God be thanked."²

One day, the princess of Conti said to the exiled queen, "The English don't know what they would be at. One party is for a republic, another for a monarchy." To which her majesty made this acute rejoinder, "They have had a convincing proof of the fallacy of a republic, and they are now trying to establish it, under the name of a monarchy."³

Some little facts connected with the domestic history and private feelings of the royal exiles at St. Germain, are generally to be gathered from the unaffected letters of Mary Beatrice to her spiritual friend and confidante, madame Priolo; in one of these, which is merely dated "at St. Germain, this Saturday morning," she says—

"The king had a little fever eight days ago, but nothing came of it, only that it prevented him from hunting, and going to Marli. We were there the day before yesterday till an hour after midnight, to see the young and old dance. I take very little pleasure in that sort of thing, and even when it is over, I feel very much fatigued."⁴

So much for the joyless gaiety of formal court balls, which to the fallen king and queen of England, who as a matter of state etiquette, were compelled to perform at least the part of complacent spectators in such scenes, while their hearts were oppressed with unutterable cares and sorrows, must have been worse than vanity and vexation of spirit. Her majesty, with the fond simplicity of

¹ Archives au Royaume de France. Chaillot,

² Archives au Royaume de France.

³ MS. Memorials in ditto.

⁴ Inedited Letters of the queen of James II., in the Archives au Royaume de France.

maternal love, which makes mothers in humbler life fancy that every little incident or change that affects their offspring, must be no less interesting to their friends than to themselves, goes on to communicate the following details relating to her children :—

“ My son has had two great teeth torn out within the last twelve days ; they were very fast, and he bore it with great resolution. They had caused him much pain, and prevented him from sleeping.”

“ My daughter’s nose is still a little black from her fall ; in other respects, they are both well. Here is an exact account of the health of all who are dear to me.”

The royal matron, whom nature when forming her heart, so entirely for the instincts of maternal and conjugal love, never intended for a politician, now proceeds as a matter of minor moment, to speak of public affairs, and thus mentions the severe mortification that had recently been inflicted on their great adversary, William III, in the dismissal of his Dutch guards,—

“ In regard to business, the parliament of England have not had much complaisance for M. le P. d’Orange, for they have deprived him of his army, and he has himself consented to it, and passed the bill, seeing plainly that he had no other resource.”¹

Mary Beatrice passes briefly over the affair of the Dutch guards as a mere matter of personal mortification to the supplanter of her lord in the regal office, not perceiving the importance of the political crisis that had been involved in the question of whether the Dutch sovereign of England were to be permitted to overawe a free people by a foreign standing army, paid with their gold. The fates of Stuart and Nassau were then poised in a balance, which William’s refusal to acquiesce in the unwelcome fiat of those who had placed the regal garland on his brow, would have turned in favour of the former. William, however, possessed a wisdom in which his luckless uncle was deficient, the wisdom of this world. He knew how to read the signs of the times ; he felt the necessity of schooling his sullen temper into a reluctant submission, and kept his diadem.

The following interesting letter from Mary Beatrice to the abbess of Chaillot, though without any date of the year,

¹ Autograph Letter of Mary Beatrice to sister Angelique Priolo, in the Archives au Royaume.

appears to have been written some little time after the peace of Ryswick :—

" Fontainebleau, 25th September.

" I received your last letter, my dearest mother, just as we were starting from St. Germain, and could only read your letter in the coach, where, too, I read that from sister Angelique, which you had had copied in such fair and good writing, that it was really wonderful. The king and all my ladies were charmed with it, for I read the whole of it aloud. We put your basket of fruit into the coach, and found the contents so excellent, that we eat of them several times in the course of that day.

" Your own letter is admirable. Nothing can be more beautiful than your reflections on the cross. That cross follows me everywhere, and I have found it even here, having been ill for three or four days. My indisposition commenced with an ordinary colic, and ended in a nephrytique, occasioned, M. Fagon thinks, by the violent exercise of hunting, after having remained for a long time inactive; but, God be thanked, it is all over, and I have been twice to the chase since, without suffering any inconvenience."

The abbess of Chaillet's fine basket of fruit, which the royal party had such pleasure in discussing, during their journey to Fontainebleau, had probably more to do with her majesty's colic, than the fatigues of the chase, which she only followed in her coach, as she expressly notices in another letter. The devotion of Mary Beatrice to this unfeminine amusement, was not among the most amiable of her propensities. It was a passion with James, and almost the last pleasure in which he permitted himself to indulge.

" We are treated here, by the king and all his court, as in other years," continues Mary Beatrice, " and having said that, I can say no more, for you know in what manner I have always described it. With the permission of the king, we have named Thursday for the day of our departure, and tomorrow we go to Melun. I shall not go to Lis; you can divine the reason.

* * * * *

" It is two days since I commenced this letter, and I cannot finish it today (the 27th). I was yesterday at Melun, and was very much pleased with our sisters there, and above all, with their mother. They are very good daughters; they were charmed with the king, my husband, whom I brought to see them.

" I am now about to write two words to our mother on the subject of the little Strickland, who is perhaps dead at this time; for Mr. Arthur has sent word to her mother that she was very ill, and it is several days since she has had any tidings of her.

" Adieu, my ever dear mother; I embrace you with all my heart at the foot of the cross. It is there where you will always find me. I will send you my news from St. Germains on Friday or Saturday next, if it pleases God, who alone knows what may happen between this and then. Alas! poor M. de Pompone, who was so well on Tuesday last, died yesterday evening. There is nothing more to tell you at present, for in this place they talk of nothing but the chase."

Indorsed—"2nd letter of the queen, during the extremity of our little sister, Strickland."¹

This young lady, in whom the queen took almost a maternal interest, was the daughter of one of her faithful servants, who had forsaken everything to follow her adverse fortunes. "*La petite Strickland*," as Mary Beatrice familiarly calls her, had, by the liveliness of her disposition, caused some anxiety to her parents and the nuns, though it appears, from a subsequent letter of the queen, that she died in what was considered an odour of sanctity, having received the white veil of a probationer from the hand of her royal mistress—an honour of which all the ladies who destined themselves for a religious life in that convent were ambitious.

In the November of 1699, Mary Beatrice was alarmed, during one of her annual retreats to Chaillet, by a rumour that the king her husband was seriously indisposed. Without tarrying for the ceremonies of a formal leave-taking of the community, she hastened back on the wings of love and fear to St. Germains, and found his majesty in great need of her conjugal care and tenderness. She gives the following simple and unaffected account of his sufferings and her own distress, in a confidential letter to the abbess of Chaillet, dated 28th of November:—"Although I quitted you so hastily the other day, my dear mother, I do not repent of it, for the king was too ill for me to have been absent from him. He was surprised, and very glad to see me arrive. He has had very bad nights, and suffered much for three or four days; but, God be thanked, he is getting better, and has had less fever for some days, and yesterday it was very slight. I am astonished that it was not worse, for the disease has been very bad. Felix (one of Louis XIV.'s surgeons) says that it is of the same nature with that which the king, his master, had in the neck about two years ago. It suppurated three days ago, but the boil is not yet gone."

Thus we see that king James's malady was not only painful, but loathsome—even the same affliction that was laid on Job, sore boils breaking out upon him. Yet his faithful consort, five-and-twenty years his junior, and still one of the most beautiful women in Europe, attended on him day and night; and unrestrained by the cold ceremonial

¹ Autograph Letter of Mary Beatrice, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

etiquettes of royalty, performed for him all the personal duties of a nurse, with the same tenderness and self-devotion with which the patient heroine of domestic life occasionally smoothes the pillow of sickness and poverty in a cottage.

"It is only for the last two nights," continues the queen, "that I have slept apart from the king on a little pallet-bed in his chamber. I experienced some ill consequences myself, before I would consent to this separation; and you may believe, my dear mother, that I have not suffered a little in seeing the king suffer so much. I hope, however, that it will do him great good, and procure for him a long term of health. I attribute his recovery principally to the prayers at Chaillot; and I thank our dear mother and sisters with all my heart, and request a continuation of them.

"My own health is good; God has not sent all sorts of afflictions at once. He knows my weakness, and He has disposed for me accordingly. It is His signal grace that the malady of the king has come to so rapid a conclusion, and without any relapse. Thank Him, my dear mother, for me, and pray that I may be rendered sufficiently thankful for this mercy, and for all that has been done for me, *mortificat et vivificat*; but He can never be sufficiently praised by you and me.

"I am yours, my dear mother, with all my heart. I recommend my son to your prayers; he will make his first communion at Christmas, if it please God."¹

The latter part of this letter is illegibly written, and in broken French, with a confusion of pronouns which renders it difficult to translate. It bears evident traces of the restless nights and anxious days which the royal writer had spent in the sick-chamber of her unfortunate consort, and the reader must remember that it was not the native language of the Modenese princess.

In another of her letters, Mary Beatrice speaks in a more cheerful strain of her husband's health: "The king, thank God, is better; he is not quite free of the gout yet, (that is but a trifle.) His other complaint is quite cured, but the doctor would not permit him to go to Marly yesterday, as he had hoped, because it was too far to go in the

¹ Autograph Letter of the queen of James II., in the Archives au Royaume de France. Subscribed, "A ma sœur la déposée."

coach for the first time. He has been out for the first time to-day to take the air, without the least inconvenience, so that we hope he may be able to accomplish the journey to Marli." She hastily concludes her letter with these words: "Adieu, my ever dear mother; I must finish, for the king calls me to come to supper."

The king did not rally so fast as was anticipated by his faithful consort. The season of the year was against him, and he had more than one relapse. Mary Beatrice was herself very far from well at this time, but all thoughts of her own sufferings were, as usual, swallowed up in her anxiety for her husband. "I have been for a long time indisposed," writes she to Angelique Priolo, "but my greatest pain has been the serious illness of the king; but God be thanked, he has been without fever for the last two days, and is now convalescent, as I am also, although we have not as yet attended mass, except in the chamber, on account of the great cold which still confines us here, and deprives me of the hope of seeing you before the 22nd of the month, when I hope to spend two or three days at Chaillot, if there be no change; but in this world there is not anything that we can reckon upon as sure."¹ In the same letter, she requests her friend to ask the abbess of Chaillot to forward the bills of expenses for her own chamber, and for the young Scotch novice, her *protégé*, whom she always designates as "*La petite sœur de Dumbarton*," for whose board in the convent of Chaillot she had made herself responsible. She also names the chamber of the ladies in waiting, who were accustomed to attend on her during her occasional retreats to the convent of Chaillot, some expenses having been incurred for their accommodation:—

"Adieu," she says, "my ever dear mother. *Sursum corda.* Adieu! Let us in all times and in all places, employ time for eternity. Amen."

¹ Autograph Letter of Mary Beatrice, Archives au Royaume de France.

MARY BEATRICE OF MODENA,

CONSORT OF JAMES II. KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND
IRELAND.

CHAPTER VIII.

Ill health of queen Mary Beatrice—Alarming symptoms—Letter on her son's religion—Princess Anne announces death of the duke of Gloucester—Letter of the queen thereon—Improved prospects of her children—Queen's importunity for Chaillot—Rudeness of Madame Maintenon to her—Queen's conversation with Louis XIV.—Visits Fontainebleau—Letters from thence—On her son—Escape from fire—Alarming illness of James II.—Distress of the queen—Her letter from his bedside—Their pecuniary difficulties—Queen goes with the king to Bourbon baths—Her devoted attention—Seen supporting him in his walks—Letters and anecdotes of her homeward journey—Anxiety to return to her children—Arrives at St. Germains—Placability to her step-daughters—Decline of James II.—All business transacted by the queen—Hopes of her son's restoration—James II. struck with apoplexy at chapel—Falls in the queen's arms—Her devoted attendance on his death-bed—His eulogium on her virtues—Violence of her grief—Forced to withdraw—Watches unseen near him—Brings her son to Louis XIV. at James II.'s death-bed—Recognition of her son by Louis as heir to James II.—Queen charged by James to write to his daughter Anne—Queen's touching parting with James II.—His death—QUEEN'S WIDOWHOOD—Her son proclaimed at gates of St. Germains James III., &c.—Queen's homage to him—She goes to Chaillot—Reception there—Obsequies of James II.—Anecdotes of the queen's sojourn at Chaillot—Assumes her widow's dress—Visit to the heart of James II.—Returns to her children at St. Germains—Receives visit of condolence from Louis XIV.—James II.'s will—Appoints queen as regent for their son—Queen's letter to princess Anne—Queen's letter on her forty-third birth-day—Conferences with lord Belhaven—Refuses to send her son to Scotland—Her cabinet at St. Germains—In debt to the convent at Chaillot—Her letter theron—Sends it by her daughter.

THE keen, bracing air of St. Germains was certainly inimical to Mary Beatrice, a daughter of the mild genial clime of Italy, and she suffered much from coughs and colds, which often ended in inflammations of the lungs and

chest. Her children inherited the same tendency to pulmonary affections, and their constitutions were fatally weakened by the erroneous practice of frequent and copious bleedings, to which the French physicians resorted on every occasion. Habitual sorrow and excitement of spirit, generally speaking, produce habits of valetudinarianism. Mary Beatrice seldom writes to her friends at Chaillot without entering into minute details on the subject of health. That king James, prematurely old from too early exertion, broken-hearted, and practising all sorts of austerities, was an object of constant solicitude to her, is not wonderful, or that anxiety and broken rest, for which her delicate frame was ill suited, laid her in turn upon a bed of sickness; but she generally passes lightly over her own sufferings, to dwell on those of her beloved consort and their children. In one of her letters to Angelique Priolo, she says:

" For myself, I have been more frightened than ill, for my indisposition has never been more than a bad cold, attended, for half a day, with a little fever. I am still a little *en rhumée*, but it is just nothing. My alarm was caused by the very serious illness of my son, in which, for thirteen or fourteen days, the fever never left him; and scarcely did he begin to amend a little, when the fever attacked the king. I declare to you that the thought of it overwhelmed me with affliction. But, God be thanked, he had only one fit of it, and a very bad cold, of which he is not yet quit. That one fit of the fever has weakened and depressed him very much, and he has not been out, as yet, further than the children's little chapel, and for this reason I would not leave him here alone, to go to Chaillot. Since the last two days his cold has abated, and he is regaining his strength so well, that I hope to see him wholly recovered at the end of this week. My son is also very much pulled down and enfeebled, but he, likewise, has improved much during the last two days. He went, the day before yesterday, to mass, for the first time. My poor daughter had also a very severe cold and fever for two days, but it has left her for several days, and she is entirely recovered; so that, thank God, we are all out of the hospital. This morning the king and I united in an act of thanksgiving together, for it, in the little chapel."¹

From another of her letters, which, though uncertain as to date, having only that of "St. Germains, this 11th of December," appears to be a subsequent one of the same period, her majesty says:

" My sickness has been brief, but my convalescence very tedious. It is only since the last two days that I can say that I have been wholly free from the great debility and depression, which have been more distressing to me than the malady itself, and which rendered me insupportable to myself and every one else."²

This symptom, which the king and the prince had also

¹ Archives au Royaume de France.

² Ibid.

experienced, looks like influenza ; but we find, from the conclusion of the letter, that the poor queen had also been suffering from a severe attack of the hereditary complaint of her family, gout in her hand, which had prevented her from holding her pen—a great privation to so determined a letter-writer as she appears to have been. She says :

“ As to M. d’Autun, alas, I have not been in a condition to write to him. It is all I can do (and you can see it, without doubt, in the characters) to write to you, to-day ; to you, my dear mother, to whom I can assuredly write when I cannot to any other, for my heart conducts and gives power to my hand.”¹

In the same letter there is an interesting little trait of conjugal duty, indicative of the delicacy of feeling with which this amiable princess conformed her wishes to the inclinations of her husband, when she perceived that they were likely to be opposed.

“ I had,” says she, “ a great desire to go to Chaillot before Christmas-eve, to make up for my journey at the presentation. I sounded the king upon it, but perceiving that I should not be able to obtain his permission without pain, I would not press it. We shall not, therefore, see each other at that vigil.”²

It may be said that this was but a trifling sacrifice on the part of the queen ; but it should also be remembered that she was in a state of personal suffering, attended with great depression of spirits, at that time, the result of a long illness, brought on by fatigue and anxiety during her attendance on her sick husband and children, and that she felt that desire of change of place and scene, which is natural to all invalids ; above all, it is the little every-day occurrences of domestic life that form the great test of good humour. A person who is accustomed to sacrifice inclination in trifles, will rarely exercise selfishness in greater matters.

“ I shall not,” says she, on another occasion, “ have the pleasure of seeing you before the vigil of the Ascension, for the king goes very little out of my chamber, and I cannot leave him. He will not even be in a state to go to La Trappe so soon, therefore I will not quit him till the eve of that feast.”

¹ Autograph Letters of the queen of James II., in the Archives au Royaume de France.

² Ibid.

The terrible malady of which Mary Beatrice died, cancer in the breast, made its appearance, though possibly in an incipient state, during the life of her husband, king James, and notwithstanding the angelic patience with which all her sufferings, both mental and bodily, were borne, must have added a bitter drop to the overflowing cup of affliction of which she was doomed to drink. She mentions this alarming symptom to her friend, madame Priolo, in these words :

" I cannot say that I am ill, but I have always this gland in my bosom, undiminished, and three days ago I discovered another tumour in the same breast, near the first, but not so large. I know not what God will lay upon me, but in this, as in everything else, I try to resign myself, without reserve, into his hands, to the end that he may work in me, and for me, and by me, all that it may please him to do."

The sympathies of Mary Beatrice were not confined within the comparatively selfish sphere of kindred ties. She never went to the convent of Chaillot without visiting the infirmary, and endeavouring to cheer and comfort the sick. Once, when an infectious fever had broken out in the convent, and it was considered proper for her to relinquish her intention of passing a few days there, she says :

" For myself I have no apprehension, and if there were not some danger in seeing my children afterwards I should come ; but I believe the doctor is the only judge of that, and for that reason I wish to send you one of ours, that you may consult with him about the sickness, the time of its duration, and how far the sick are from my apartment, and after that we must submit to his judgment."

The peace between England and France, however fatal in its terms to the cause of James II., was the means of renewing the suspended intercourse between him and his adherents, many of whom came to pay their homage to him and the queen, at St. Germain, with as little regard to consequences as if it had been Whitehall. A still more numerous class, impelled by the national propensity which has ever prevailed among the English to look at celebrated characters, flocked to every place where they thought they might get a peep at their exiled king and queen, and their children.

" Last Thursday, May 22, 1700," writes the British ambassador, the earl of Manchester to the earl of Jersey, "was a great day here. The prince of Wales, as they call him, went in state to Nôtre Dame, and was received by the archbishop of Paris with the same honours as if the French

king had been himself there. After mass, he was entertained by him ; and your lordship may easily imagine that all the English that are here ran to see him.”¹

Mary Beatrice, writing to her friend at Chaillot on the same subject, after thanking her and the rest of the nuns for the prayers they had made for her son, during his preparation for one of the sacraments of their church, says, “ That dear son, God be praised, appeared to me to make his first communion in very good dispositions. I could not restrain my tears when I witnessed it. I seem as if I had given him to God with my whole heart, and I entreat our heavenly Father only to permit him to live for his service, to honour and to love him. The child appears to be well resolved on that. He has assured me, ‘ that he would rather die than offend God mortally.’ Let us all say from the depths of our hearts, continue, O Lord, to work thus in him.”²

The queen refers, in the same letter, with great satisfaction, to the religious impression that had lately been made on one of the young ladies in the convent of Chaillot :

“ We must,” she says, “ entreat God for its continuance. Our mother, her mistress, and yourself, will have great merit in his sight on account of it, for that child has tried your patience and your charity, in the same manner as the little Strickland exercised that of others ; and we have seen with our eyes the blessing of God on them both, for which may He be for ever praised, as well as for the cure of the king, which we may now call perfect, for the abscess is healed, and the gout is gone, but it will require time and repose to harden the skin, which is still very tender and delicate, but, with His patience, all will be well soon.”³

The death of the young duke of Gloucester, the only surviving child of the princess Anne of Denmark, which occurred August 12, 1700, appeared to remove a formidable rival from the path of the son of Mary Beatrice. The news of that event was known at St. Germains two or three days before it was officially announced to the English ambassador, who was first apprised of it by one of his spies in the exiled court. This seems a confirmation of the assertion of Lamberty, that the princess Anne sent an express secretly

¹ Cole’s State Papers.

² Autograph Letter of the queen of James II., in the Archives au Royaume de France. Chaillot Collection.

³ Autograph Letter of the queen of James II. to the abbess of Chaillot, in Archives au Royaume de France.

to St. Germains, to notify the death of her son to her injured father.

"In respect to the decease of the young prince," says Mary Beatrice, in allusion to that important event, in one of her confidential letters to Angelique, "that does not as yet produce any visible change, but it must, of necessity, in the sequel, and perhaps rather sooner than they think in France. We follow our good rule of keeping a profound silence, and put our hopes in God alone. Pray to him, my dear mother, that he will be himself our strength."

There was to have been a great hunting on the plains of St. Denis for the prince of Wales," writes the earl of Manchester, "in order that the English here might have seen him; but, after this melancholy news, it was thought more decent to put it off"—a proof of respect, at any rate, on the part of the exiled king and queen, for the memory of his innocent rival, and of their consideration for the feelings of the princess Anne. Greatly were the outward and visible signs of respect paid by the court of France to the son of James II. augmented by the death of his nephew, Gloucester. "I shall only tell you," proceeds the earl of Manchester, "that the prince of Wales is to be at Fontainebleau for the first time, and an apartment is preparing for him." September 8th, Manchester writes, "that the court of St. Germains is actually in mourning, except the king and queen. One of the cabinet there, was of opinion that they should be so far from expecting an official notification of the duke of Gloucester's death—that king James himself ought rather to notify it to all other princes." William's ambassador goes on to report that, "Sir John Parsons, of Rygate, (one of the London aldermen,) and his son, have both been to make their court to the late king and queen; and he (Parsons) says, 'he hopes to receive them when he is lord mayor of London,' which he pretends is his right next year. The court of France goes to Fontainebleau on the 23rd instant, and the late king of England, and the prince of Wales, on the 27th. There are great numbers of English," continues his excellency, "and it is observed at St. Germains, that they see every day new faces, who come to make their court there. There are a few of note who go; but I find some that come to me, and go there also."¹

¹ Cole's State Papers.

Very accurate is the information of William's ambassador, as to the movements of the royal exiles of St. Germains.

The queen writes, on the 26th of September, to the abbess of Chaillot, to tell her that she had performed her devotions in preparation for her journey to Fontainebleau. "I renewed," says she, "my good resolutions, but, my God, how ill I keep them! Pray to Him, my dear mother, that I may begin to day to be more faithful to him. Alas, it is fully time to be so, since I am at the close of my forty-second year!"¹

"Here is a sentence," continues the queen, "which comes from the mind, the hand, and, I believe I may say, the heart of my son. Give it to father Raffron from me, and recommend us all to his prayers." Her reverence of Chaillot, in all probability, did as she was requested, for the paper written by the young prince is not with his royal mother's letter. We may suppose it was of a devotional character, for religion was the principal occupation of the exiled family:

"The king tells me," proceeds Mary Beatrice, to "inform our mother that he has sent her papers to the king, his brother, and that he has written two words with his own hand on the one for Chaillot. He recommends himself to the prayers of all the sisters, and to yours in particular."

This constant solicitation on the part of Mary Beatrice, for some temporal advantage for her friends at Chaillot, subjected her at last to a rude repulse from madame de Maintenon; for that lady, while her majesty was speaking to her on the subject, rose up abruptly and left the room,² without troubling herself to return an answer. Mary Beatrice did not condescend to resent her ill-manners, though, in one of her letters to the abbess of Chaillot, she expresses herself with some indignation at her breach of courtesy. Her majesty was impolitic enough to endeavour to carry her point by a personal appeal to Louis XIV., and was unsuccessful. "I acquitted myself," she says, in one of her letters, "as far as was possible of the commission with which our dear mother had charged me, and which I undertook with pleasure, but I must confess to you, that the king replied, very coldly, and would scarcely allow me to speak there-

¹ Autograph Letter of the queen of James II. to madame Priolo, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

² Ibid.

upon. I had, however, sufficient courage to tell him a good deal of what I had purposed. I obliged him to answer me once or twice, but not in the manner I could have wished. He afterwards inquired after you. I told him, you had been much distressed that his majesty could believe that the daughters of Chaillot had wished to deceive him; to which he frankly replied, ‘Oh, I have never believed that;’ and then he appeared as if he would have been glad to change the conversation; and I had not the boldness to prevent him a second time.”

The poor queen showed little tact in importuning the fastidious and ease-loving prince, so perseveringly on a subject which appeared disagreeable to him. In this letter she begs her friend not to mention her having related the particulars of her conversation with Louis, as it might be taken amiss by him and madame de Maintenon.

After having importuned madame de Maintenon for several years about the Chaillot business, till she obtained at last the object of her petition, Mary Beatrice, with strange inconsistency, forgot to express her personal thanks to that powerful mover of the secret councils of Versailles, for the favour she had rendered to her protégés at her solicitation. Her majesty writes to the abbess of Chaillot, in a tone of consternation, about this omission :—

“ You are already acquainted,” she says, “with what I am about to tell you, for it is impossible but that M. de M—— must have expressed her surprise to you that I conversed with her an hour and a half, the other day, without so much as mentioning the favours that she had obtained for you of the king, having been so full of thankfulness, on my own account, two days before. I, however, avow this to you, and entreat your forgiveness, as I have done to herself, in a letter which I have just been writing to her. It seems to me,” continues her majesty, “that when we have the misfortune to commit faults, the best thing we can do is to repent of them, confess them, and endeavour, as far as we can, to repair them. Send me word,” she says, in conclusion, “when you would like best that I should come and see you, and what day you would wish to see my son.”

On the day of the assumption, 1700, the queen attended the services of her church in the convent of Chaillot. Her majesty was accompanied by king James and their son; she presented them both to the abbess and the nuns. In the circular letter of Chaillot for that year, the holy ladies give the following description of the disinherited heir of Great Britain. “He is one of the finest and best made princes of his age, and he has the most beautiful and happy

countenance in the world ; he has much wit, and is lively, bold, and most agreeable. He greatly resembles the queen, his mother, and is also like the late king Charles, his uncle."

Portraits and medals of their son were sent by the deposed king and queen this year, not only to their adherents in England, but, in many instances, to noble families opposed in principles,¹ to show them how decidedly nature had vindicated his descent, by stamping his countenance, not only with the unmistakeable lineaments of a royal Stuart, but with a striking resemblance of the kindred Bourbons, Louis XIII. and Louis XIV. We trace it even in the smiling, dimpled face he shows in his eighth year, as may be seen by the original portrait in the marquis of Breadalbane's collection at Holyrood. His visit to Fontainebleau gave great pleasure to the young prince, and to his fond mother also, whose maternal pride was, of course, highly gratified at the caresses that were lavished on her son, and the admiration which his beauty and graceful manner excited. "My son," she says to her friend at Chaillot, "is charmed with Fontainebleau. They would make us believe that they are delighted with him. It is true, that for the first time, he has done well enough. Your great king has surpassed himself in goodness and cordiality to us. Pray God to recompense him for it, even in this life."²

The death of his nephew, William duke of Gloucester, who was only one year younger than the son of Mary Beatrice and James II., appeared to have placed that prince in a more favourable position than he had occupied since he had been deprived of his place in the royal succession. The decease of William III. was confidently expected to precede that of king James, who was accustomed to say, "that he would embark for England the instant the news of that event reached him, though three men should not follow him."³

Mary Beatrice was with her husband, king James, again

¹ "Seven thousand medals of the pretended prince of Wales are to be stamped by Rottier, who is here, and sent to captain Cheney, who formerly lived at Hackney, but is now in some part of Kent." Despatches of the earl of Manchester, August, 1700.

² Autograph Letters of the queen of James II., in the Archives au Royaume de France.

³ Stuart Papers in Macpherson.

at Fontainebleau, in October, on a visit to the French court. She writes to her friend at Chaillot, on the 13th of the month, in a more lively strain than usual. "I have never," she says, "had such good health at Fontainebleau as this year. The king, my husband, has also been perfectly well. He has been hunting almost every day, and is growing fat. We have had the most beautiful weather in the world. The king (Louis), as usual, lavished upon us a thousand marks of his goodness, and of the most cordial regard, which has given us the utmost pleasure. The whole of his royal family followed his example, and so did all his court. To God alone be the honour and glory."¹ Two public events, of some importance, are next mentioned by her majesty in this letter: "At length," says she, "our good father (the pope) is dead, and the poor king of Spain also; the news arrived yesterday at Fontainebleau, two hours after our departure. They had been three days expecting momentarily this event. * * I found my children, God be thanked! in perfect health on my return yesterday evening at half-past seven; they told me that you had not forgotten them during our absence. I thank our mother, all our sisters, and you, for it with all my heart."

The queen's preservation from a frightful peril, in which she was involved during her recent visit to the French court, excites all the natural enthusiasm of her character. "I experienced," she says, "when at Fontainebleau, the succour of the holy angels, whom you have invoked for me; for one evening, while I was saying my prayers, I set fire to my night cornettes, which were burned to the very cap, without singeing a single hair." These cornettes were three high, narrow stages of lace, stiffened very much, and supported on wires, placed upright from the brow, one above the other, like a helmet, with the vizor up, only composed of point or Brussels lace, and with lappets descending on either side. A lady stood small chance, indeed, of her life, if such a structure ignited on her head; therefore some allowance must be made for the pious consort of James II., imputing, not only her escape, but the wonderful preservation of her jetty tresses, under those circumstances, to the friendly intervention of the guardian angels,

¹ Autograph Letters of the queen of James II., in the Archives au Royaume de France.

whom the holy *mère déposée* of the convent of Chaillot had been endeavouring to interest in her favour. The fashion of the cornettes was introduced by madame de Maintenon, and was invariably adopted by ladies of all ages, though becoming to very few, from the ungraceful height it imparted to the forehead. Mary Beatrice not only wore the cornette head-tire both by day and night herself, but had her beautiful little girl, the princess Louisa, dressed in this absurd fashion when but four years old, as may be seen in a charming print in possession of Kirkpatrick Sharp, Esq., from the original picture of the royal children at play, in the parterre at St. Germains. The infantine innocence and arch expression of the smiling babe, who, hand in hand with the prince, her brother, is in eager pursuit of a butterfly, give a droll effect to the formal appendage of Brussels lace cornettes, and lappets, on the little head.

The following letter was written by the young princess, when in her eighth year, to the queen, her mother, during a temporary absence from St. Germains:—

“ Madame,

“ I hope that this letter will find your majesty in as good health as when I left you. I am at present quite well, but I was very tired after my journey. I am very glad to learn from my brother that you are well. I desire extremely your majesty's return, which I hope will be to-morrow evening, between seven and eight o'clock. M. Caryl begs me to inquire of you if I ought to sign my letter to the nuncio ‘‘ Louise Marie, P.’’ I am impatient to learn if you have had any tidings of the king.

“ I am, madame,

“ Your majesty's very humble and obedient daughter,

“ LOUISE MARIE.¹

“ St. G., this 21st of May, 1700.”

Some secret intrigue appears to have been on foot at this time, for the purpose of inducing the son of James II. and Mary Beatrice to undertake the desperate enterprise of effecting a landing in some part of England, unknown to his royal parents, if any credit is to be attached to the following mysterious passage in one of the earl of Manchester's ambassadorial reports, dated December 11th:—

“ I cannot tell from whence they have, at St. Germains, an apprehension that the P. (Prince of Wales) will be carried away into England, with his own consent; and upon this, they have increased his guards. Whereas formerly he had six, he has now fourteen. They think their game so very sure, that there is no occasion he should take such a step.”

¹ The original autograph is in French, written in a child's large-text hand, between ruled lines. It is preserved in the Chaillot Collection.

If such a scheme were in agitation, it is possible that it originated with some of the Scotch magnates, who were anxious to defeat the project of the union, which was then contemplated by William. The notorious Simon Fraser, generally styled lord Lovat, made his appearance at the court of St. Germain, about this time, with offers of services, which, in consequence of the horror expressed by Mary Beatrice for his general conduct and character, were rejected, and he received an intimation that his presence was unwelcome. It would have been well for the cause of the exiled family if, after James's death, she had continued to act according to her first impression regarding this unprincipled adventurer. If any judgment may be formed from the secret correspondence of the nobility and landed gentry of Great Britain with the court of St. Germain, it should seem that nearly the whole of Ireland, and a closely-balanced moiety of the people of England, weary of the oppressive taxation of the Dutch sovereign, sighed for the restoration of a dynasty, who, whatever were its faults, did not needlessly involve the realm in expensive continental wars, to the ruin of commerce and the decay of trade. In Scotland the burden of the popular song—

“There's nae luck about the house, there's nae luck at a',
There's meikle pleasure in the house, while our good man's awa' ;”

is well known to have borne a significant allusion to the absence of the deposed sovereign.

The wisdom of the proverbial sarcasm, “Defend me from my friends, and I will take care of my enemies,” was never more completely exemplified than in the case of king James. A letter, written by his former minister, the earl of Melfort, to his brother, the duke of Perth, stating, “that there was a powerful party in Scotland ready to rise in favour of the exiled sovereign, and that it was fully the intention of that prince to re-establish the Roman-catholic religion in England,” being intercepted, was communicated by king William to parliament, and, of course, did more injury to the cause of the royal Stuarts than anything that could have been devised by their foes. The king and queen were greatly annoyed, and Melfort was banished to Angers; but the mischief was irrecoverable.

In the midst of the vexation caused by this annoying

business to the king and queen, James was seized with an alarming fit of that dreadful constitutional malady, sanguineous apoplexy, of which he had manifested the first symptoms at the period of the Revolution. The attack, on this occasion, appears to have been produced by agitation of mind, under the following affecting circumstances : their majesties were attending divine service in the chapel royal at St. Germain, on Friday, March 4th, 1701—the anthem for that day being from the first and second verses of the last chapter of the Lamentations of Jeremiah, “Remember, O Lord, what is come upon us : consider and behold our approach ; our inheritance is turned to strangers, our houses to aliens.”

These words, so applicable to his own case, touched too powerful a chord in the mind of the fallen monarch. His enfeebled frame was unable to support the climax of agonizing associations which they recalled ; a torrent of blood gushed from his mouth and nose ; he fainted, and was carried out of the chapel in a state of insensibility. A report of his death was generally circulated.¹ The terror and distress of the poor queen may readily be imagined ; but she had acquired, during long years of adversity, the needful virtue of the patient heroine of domestic life, the power of controlling her own feelings for the sake of ministering to the sufferings of the beloved partner of her trials. Very touching is the account given by Mary Beatrice to her friend, Angelique Priolo, in a letter, dated December 13th, of the sufferings of her unfortunate consort, and her own despondence during her anxious attendance in his sick chamber.

“I seize this moment,” she says, “while the king sleeps, to write a word to you by his bed-side. I have read your letter to him, and he has charged me to return his thanks to you, holy mother, and to all the sisters, for your prayers, and for the part you take in his illness, which is not painful, but I fear dangerous ; for he is extremely weak in the right hand and leg, which threatens paralysis ; his other hand is not affected, God be thanked, but he trembles with apprehension, lest it should mount to his head. I suffer far more than he does, from the anticipation of greater sufferings for him ; and, throwing myself at the foot of the Cross, my heart seems to tell me that this is not enough, for that it is the

¹ Somer's Tracts. Stuart Papers.

will of God that it should be pierced with a terrible wound." The dread that the beloved of her heart would be taken from her with a stroke, fills her soul with unutterable anguish as a woman; but as a Christian, she submits, and only seeks to obtain the grace of resignation: " You know my weakness, my dear mother, and my little virtue, and therefore you may judge better than any other person the extreme need I have of prayers. I do not ask anything in particular; for I feel a want of my former faith in devotion, but only a public desire to be able to conform myself to the will of God. I request only the fervent prayers of my dear mother and all our sisters, and of the other monastery. I ask yours, my good mother, who suffer for me and with me, and who know well the sad state in which I find myself. I do not hope to see you during the holy week; but we will be found at the foot of that Cross, whither our crosses should be borne."¹

The apprehensions entertained by the anxious consort of James, that he was threatened with an attack of paralysis, were fully realized; and, as a last resource, he was ordered to the baths of Bourbon. "The late king," says William's ambassador, the earl of Manchester, in his official report of the 16th, "is very ill, having had a second fit of apoplexy," which was violent, and has taken away the use of his limbs on one side of him." In another despatch, dated 26th, his excellency gives the following particulars to secretary Vernon of the melancholy state of their old master, of whose sufferings he invariably writes with more than diplomatic hardness: "What I wrote concerning James was a true account, which you may judge by his intending to go to Bourbon in November next. He is far from being well, and is very much broke of late, so that some think he cannot last long. His stay at Bourbon will be of three weeks. He is to be eleven days in going, and as long coming back. They intend to pump his right arm, which he has lost the use of, and he is to bathe and drink the waters."

The anguish of the poor queen was increased by the misery of pecuniary distress at this anxious period, having

¹ Archives au Royaume, &c.

² The ambassador uses this word erroneously, two or three times, instead of paralysis. Several of the fits with which James was attacked, during the last six months of his life, were epileptic.

no funds for the journey, she was compelled to appeal to Louis XIV., for a charitable supply. "They desired," says the earl of Manchester, "but 30,000 livres of the French court for this journey, which was immediately sent them in gold. I don't know but they may advise him after that to a hotter climate, which may be convenient enough on several accounts. In short, his senses and his memory are very much decayed, and I believe a few months will carry him off." Very kind attention and much sympathy were shown to James and his queen, on this occasion, by Louis XIV. He sent Fagon, his chief physician, to attend him at Bourbon, and charged d'Urfi to go with them, to pay all the expenses of the journey, and to arrange that they were treated with the same state as if it had been himself, although they had entreated that they might be permitted to dispense with all ceremonies.¹

The waters and baths of Bourbon were, at that era, regarded as the most sovereign panacea in the world for paralytic affections and gout. King James, who was fully aware that he was hastening to the tomb, was only induced to undertake the journey by the tender importunity of his consort. They bade adieu to their children, and left St. Germains on the 5th of April, proceeding no farther than Paris the first day. Even that short distance, sixteen miles, greatly fatigued the king. They slept at the house of their old friend, the duke de Lauzun, where several persons of quality from England, who were then in Paris, came privily to inquire after king James's health, and to kiss his hand and that of his queen. So closely, however, were their proceedings watched by William's ambassador, that the intelligence, together with the initials of the names of the parties, was transmitted to the secretary of state in London.² The following day, their majesties had a meeting with Louis XIV. at the Louvre, and attended mass at Notre Dame. King James, says our authority, walked without much difficulty, aided by the supporting arm of his faithful queen, who was constantly at his side.³

Among the papers at the Hotel de Soubise, are letters

¹ St. Simon, vol. iii. p. 93, 94.

² Despatches of the earl of Manchester.

³ Inedited Letter de l'Abbé de Roguette, dated May 2, 1701. Archives Royaume, &c. Hotel de Soubise.

from various ecclesiastics to the queen's friend, La Mère Priolo, tracing the progress of their journey to the baths of Bourbon, in which they made stages from one convent to another. The nature of this correspondence makes it overloaded with the details of catholic observances, which afford little satisfaction to those interested in historical research. Here and there, however, are a few biographical notices. The queen was a little overpowered by the odour of the pastilles burnt at the high mass; but she told the writer, "she was quite ashamed of this weakness, which had not thus affected her for a long time."

The tender and devoted affection of Mary Beatrice for her unfortunate consort is simply and touchingly manifested in a letter which she addressed, on the 20th of April, to her friend, madame Priolo, after they had accomplished their long weary journey to the baths of Bourbon. The king was better, and her heart overflows with thankfulness to God, and an unwonted strain of cheerfulness pervades her paper: "Bourbon, 20th April.—At last, my dear mother," she says, "we arrived at this place on the fourteenth day after our departure from St. Germain, without any accident. God be thanked, the king is much better! he has had a little gout, which is now gone; his hand and knee are gaining strength. He eats and sleeps well, and I hope that we shall bring him back in perfect health. If God should grant us this mercy, instead of complaining of the journey, which I have assuredly found very long and uncomfortable, I shall call it the most agreeable, and the happiest I have made in all my life. With regard to myself, too, I ought not to complain, for I am so well that I am astonished at it. Assist me, my dear mother, in rendering thanks to God for his mercy, in sustaining me in all the various states in which it has pleased him to place me, and beseech him to grant me the grace to be more faithful and grateful to him."¹

The British ambassador had accurate information, meantime, of the minutest particulars relating to the proceedings of Mary Beatrice and her suffering lord. In a despatch dated April 20th, he says: "The late king has the gout at Bourbon, so cannot drink the waters." Mary Beatrice, in

¹ Autograph Letter of the queen of James II., in the Archives au Royaume de France. Chaillot MS.

her letter of the same date, mentions her visits to the nuns of Montargis, and other religious communities, being aware that such matters would prove of greater interest to her friends at Chaillot, than details of the company whom she met at the Baths of Bourbon, or the business of the great world :—"I have been much pleased with our sisters of Montargis, and above all, with the good mother, with whom I appeared to be well acquainted, from the love I bear to her sister, whom she much resembles. They have also a *Deposée*, who appears to have some merit. These of Nevers gave me your dear letter. There was such a crowd when I received it, that I was not able to look over it, as I could have wished, but the little I saw pleased me much. Our poor sisters of Moulins I have not seen, because we were taken by another road, at which I was much vexed, but, if it please God, before I quit this place, I will go one day to see them, express. To-day they have sent their confessor to signify their chagrin at not having seen me."¹

From an inedited letter of the superior, in the Archives au Royaume de France, it appears that Mary Beatrice and her consort visited that convent the day before the festival of the holy Trinity. The queen edified all the religieuses by the humility with which she followed the processions of that festival, on foot, "without *parasol*,² squire, or trainbearer, with a taper in her hand. The angelic modesty of her countenance made her the admiration of all beholders." The king was unable to walk without the supporting arm of his faithful consort, but he viewed the procession from a balcony. "We have had five queens here," says the superior of Moulins, "whom I remember very well, but not one comparable to this; every one is equally charmed and edified with her." From this correspondence, it appears that the waters and baths of Bourbon freed king James's arm from the rheumatic gout, and enabled him to walk and speak with less difficulty, instances of amendment which prove how deeply he had been afflicted. The personal attentions of the queen to her suffering husband are mentioned with admiration by the writers of the numerous packets of letters from which we have gleaned

¹ Autograph Letter of the queen of James II., in the Archives au Royaume de France. Chaillot MS.

² This remark proves that this article of luxury was in use in Louis XIV.'s reign.

this intelligence. Such instances of humanity and affectionate duty can be appreciated by every one ; those who would turn away with disgust from the processions and trifling observances with which these letters are loaded, can appreciate the fond wife and devoted nurse.

The effect of the waters of Bourbon was so beneficial to king James, that, contrary to all expectation, he was able to commence his journey to St. Germains on the 4th of June. The queen, on her return from the baths of Bourbon, visited the convent of nuns in the town called La Charité, on the Loire. She could not help, as she told her ladies afterwards, observing the extreme poverty of the nuns. They told her "that this was occasioned by robbers, who often came and pillaged them of all that they possessed ; but of late they had kept a rifle always loaded, in order to fire if the bandits came," which, indeed, the queen added, "that she had noticed, and had remarked to herself, that it was strange to see such a weapon in a cell of nuns." It does not appear whether the poor ladies ever fired the rifle ; perhaps it was merely hung up in terrororem.¹ The queen writes from Montargis the following cheering account of king James's health :—" We are now within three days' journey of Paris, in good health, thank God ! The king gains strength every day, and they assure us that, after a few days of rest, he will find himself much better than he has yet done. He has a very good appearance ; he eats well, and sleeps very well ; he walks much better, and has begun to write. It is a great change for the better. I am persuaded that the prayers of Chaillot, and of almost all our holy institutions, have contributed more to it than the waters. God be praised for it, for ever." The queen, in her postscript, adds : " I must not forget to tell you that it will be impossible to stop at Chaillot at all, for the Tuesday, the last day of our journey, we have arranged to go straight by d'Essone to St. Germains, having, as you may believe, some impatience to embrace my dear children."²

During her anxious attendance on her sick consort at Bourbon, Mary Beatrice, from time to time, sent messengers to St. Germains, to inquire after the health and welfare of her children, who remained there under the care

¹ Autograph Letter of the queen of James II., in the Archives au Royaume de France. Chaillot MS.

² Ibid.

of the duke of Perth and the countess of Middleton. Very constant and dutiful had the prince and his little sister been in their correspondence with their royal parents, at this period of unwonted separation. A packet of their simple little letters to the queen is still preserved, among more important documents of the exiled Stuarts, in the Archives au Royaume de France, in Paris, containing interesting evidence of the strong ties of natural affection by which the hearts of this unfortunate family were entwined together. Mary Beatrice and James arrived at St. Germains in time for the celebration of the birthday fêtes of their son and daughter. The prince completed his thirteenth year on the 10th of June, and the princess her ninth on the 28th of the same month. Visits of congratulation were paid by the king of France, and all the members of the royal family, to the king and queen, on their return from Bourbon. Though Louis XIV. had been compelled to recognise William III. as king of Great Britain, he continued to treat the deposed king and queen with the same punctilious attention to all the ceremonials of state, as if they had retained their regality. When the young duke of Anjou, his grandson, was declared king of Spain, he sent his first equerry to announce the fact to them, and he treated the new monarch precisely with the same honours as he did king James, taking care to avoid the slightest misunderstanding, by never allowing them to meet in his presence, as he considered each entitled to the honour of a fauteuil on his right hand; which it was impossible both could have at the same time. The young king of Spain visited James and his queen at St. Germains, and they returned his visits at Versailles.

The improvement in the health of her beloved consort, during their late visit at Bourbon, which had filled the heart of Mary Beatrice with false hopes of his ultimate recovery, was but of temporary duration. The British ambassador, who kept, through his spies at St. Germains, a close watch on the symptoms of his deposed sovereign, gives the following account of his state in a despatch dated June 15:—"King James is so decayed in his senses that he takes care of nothing, all things going direct to the queen. They were both yesterday at Versailles to wait on the king, but they did not come till after five, so that I

was gone."¹ The decay of king James's senses, of which his former liegeman speaks, was a failure of his physical powers, which had, as before noticed, been brought too early into action. Edward the Black Prince, John of Gaunt, Henry IV., and Henry VII., men of far greater natural talents than James II., all died in a pitiable state of mental atrophy, prematurely worn out, the victims of their precocious exertions. In addition to this cause, James had been heavily visited, in the last fourteen years of his life, with a burden of sorrow such as few princes have been doomed to bear. Calumniated, betrayed, and driven from his throne, into exile and poverty, by his loved and fondly cherished daughters, the heart of the modern Lear of British history had, of course, been wrung with pangs no less bitter than those which that great master of the human heart, Shakespeare, has portrayed, goading the outraged king and father to madness; but James bore his wrongs with the patience of a Christian, and instead of raving of "foul, unnatural hags," and invoking the vengeance of Heaven on one and both of them, like the hero of the tragedy, he besought daily of God to pardon them. He was encouraged in his placable feelings by his consort, for Mary Beatrice, deeply as she had been injured by her step-daughters and their husbands, never spoke an angry word of either, but was accustomed to check her ladies if they began to inveigh against them. "As we cannot speak of them with praise," she would say, "we will not make them a subject of discourse, since it only creates irritation, and gives rise to feelings that cannot be pleasing to God. Let us rather look closely to ourselves, and endeavour to avoid those faults which we see in others."²

Although a few fond superstitions, the result of education and association with her conventional friends, now and then peep out in the letters of Mary Beatrice, the fervency and depth of her piety and love of God, her patience and resignation under all her trials and afflictions, and her charitable forbearance from reviling those who had so cruelly injured and calumniated her, prove her to have been a sincere Christian. In one of her letters to her friend, An-

¹ Cole's State Papers.

² MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice d'Esté, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

geliue Priolo, she says that she supplicates the God of all consolation to fill her heart with his holy love, and then to do what He would with her ; " for I believe," continues she, " that a heart full of divine love is at peace and content in every kind of state, and cannot be otherwise than well. This is the only thing I would pray you to ask for me, my dear mother. It is the sole thing needful, without which one cannot be happy, either in this world or in the other ; and with which, all that the world calls misfortunes and disgrace cannot render one miserable. I believe this as firmly as if I had experienced it myself, although, in truth, I have never felt an approach to it ; for instead of doing all for love, I do all perforce. God knows it, and you may comprehend it well ; and therefore I am sure, my dear mother, that you will pity me and pray for me."

King James's sands of life were now ebbing fast. The earl of Manchester, in a despatch dated July 13th, says, " The late king was taken with another fit of apoplexy, and it was thought he would not have lived half an hour. His eyes were fixed, and I hear yesterday he was ill again. He is so ill decayed, that, by every post, you may expect to hear of his death." The skill of Fagon, who remained in constant attendance, and the tender care of his conjugal nurse, assisted the naturally strong constitution of James to make a second rally. He crept out once more, on fine sunny days, in the parterre, supported by the arm of his royal helpmate, accompanied by their children, and attended by the faithful adherents who formed their little court. Sometimes his majesty felt strong enough to extend his walk as far as the terrace of St. Germain, which, with its forest background and rich prospect over the valley of the Seine, bore a tantalizing resemblance to the unforgotten scenery of Richmond hill and the Thames, with the heights of Windsor in the distance. The eyes of Mary Beatrice were at times perhaps suffused with unbidden tears at the remembrances they recalled ; but the thoughts, the hopes, the desires of the dying king, her husband, were fixed on brighter realms. He who had learned to thank his God for having deprived him of three crowns, that He might lead him through the chastening paths of sorrow to a heavenly inheritance, regarded the kingdoms of this world

and their glories, with the eye of one who stands on the narrow verge between time and eternity.

The terrace at St. Germain was a public promenade, and many of the English who visited France, after the peace of Ryswick, incurred the risk of being treated as Jacobites on their return home, by resorting thither. Some, doubtless, sought that prohibited spot to gratify a sort of lingering affection for James and his queen, which they dared not acknowledge even to themselves; but the greater number came for the indulgence of their idle curiosity to see the exiled court. Few even of the latter class, however, except the hireling spies of the Dutch cabinet, who were always loitering in the crowd, could behold without feelings allied to sympathy, the wasted form of him who had been their king, bowed earthward with sorrow rather than with years, his feeble steps supported by his pale, anxious consort, their once beautiful queen; her eyes bent with fond solicitude on his face, or turned with appealing glances from him to any of their former subjects whom she recognised, and then with mute eloquence directing their attention to her son. It was not every one who could resist her silent pleading; and it is noticed by lord Manchester, that the hopes of the Jacobites of St. Germain of the restoration of the royal family, were never more sanguine than at that period, when everything in the shape of business was transacted by the queen.

The tender solicitude of Mary Beatrice for her children, led her to bestow much of her personal attention on them when they were ill. On one occasion, when they were both confined to their chambers with severe colds, she describes herself as "going from one to the other all day long."¹ The early deaths of her three elder children rendered her naturally apprehensive lest these beloved ones should also be snatched away; yet her maternal hopes were so confidently fixed on her son, that one day, when he was so seriously ill that apprehensions were entertained for his life, she said, "God, who has given him to me, will, I hope, preserve him to me. I doubt not that he will rule, one day, on the throne of his fathers. God can never permit the legitimate line of princes to fail." It was the personal influence of

¹ Inedited Letters of Mary Beatrice in the Archives au Royaume de France.

the woman, a queen now only in name, that gave vitality to the Stuart cause, at a time when every passing day brought king James nearer to the verge of the tomb. It was her impassioned pleading, that, enlisting the dauphin and his generous son, the duke of Burgundy, and madame de Maintenon on her side, obtained from Louis XIV. the solemn promise of recognising her son's claim to the style and title of king of England, when his father should be no more.¹

King James continued to linger through the summer, and was occasionally strong enough to mount his horse. Mary Beatrice began to flatter herself with hopes of his recovery ; and weary as he was of the turmoil of the world, there were yet strong ties to bind him to an existence that was endeared by the affection of a partner who, crushed as he was with sorrow, sickness, and infirmity, continued, after a union of nearly eight-and-twenty years, to love him with the same impassioned fondness as in the first years of their marriage. It was hard to part with her and their children, the lovely, promising, and dutiful children of his old age, whom nature had apparently so well qualified to adorn that station of which his rash and ill-advised proceedings had been the means of depriving them. A political crisis of great importance appeared to be at hand. The days of his rival, William III., were numbered as well as his own ; both were labouring under incurable maladies ; the race of life, even then, was closely matched between them ; and if James ever desired a lengthened existence, it was that, for the sake of his son, he might survive William, fancying—fond delusion—that his daughter Anne would not dare to contest the throne with him. The clear-sighted diplomatist who represented William at the court of France, feeling the importance of a close attention to the chances in a game that was arriving at so nice a point, kept too keen a watch on the waning light of his old master's lamp of life to be deceived by its occasional flashes. In his despatch of the 31st of August, 1701, he says, “The late king hopes still to go to Fontainebleau, but I know this court will prevent it, because he might very likely die there, which would be inconvenient.”²

¹ Earl of Manchester's Despatches, in Cole.

² Ibid.

The event alluded to in these humane terms, appears to have been hastened by a recurrence of the same incident which caused king James's first severe stroke of apoplexy in the preceding spring. On Friday, September 2nd, while he was at mass in the chapel-royal, the choir unfortunately sung the fatal anthem again, "Lord, remember what is come upon us; consider and behold our reproach," &c. The same agonizing chord was touched as on the former occasion, with a similar effect. He sank into the arms of the queen, in a swoon, and was carried from the chapel into his chamber in a state of insensibility. After a time, suspended animation was restored; but the fit returned upon him with greater violence. "A most afflicting sight," says the continuator of his memoirs, "for his most disconsolate queen, into whose arms he fell the second time."¹

Mary Beatrice had acquired sufficient firmness in the path of duty to be able to control her own agonies on this occasion, for the sake of the beloved object of her solicitude. She had inherited from her mother the qualifications of a skilful nurse, and her queenly rank had never elevated her above the practical duties of the conjugal character. She could not deceive herself as to the mournful truth which the looks of all around her proclaimed; and her own sad heart assured her that the dreaded moment of separation between them was at hand. Contrary, however, to all expectation, nature made another rally; her husband recovered from his long deathlike swoon, and, all the following day, appeared better; but he, looking death steadily in the face, sent for his confessor on the Sunday morning, and had just finished his general confession, when he was seized with another fit, which lasted so long, that every one believed him to be dead. His teeth being forced open, a frightful haemorrhage of blood took place—a recurrence for the third time, only in a more aggravated form, of the symptoms of sanguineous apoplexy with which he was threatened when with the army at Salisbury, and which so effectually fought the battles of his foes against him, by precluding him from the possibility of either bodily or mental exertion.

The distress and terror of the queen nearly overpowered her on this occasion, but she struggled with the weakness

¹ Life of James II., from the Stuart Papers, edited by Stanier Clark, Historiographer to George IV.

of her sex, and refused to leave her suffering husband in his extremity. James himself was calm and composed, and as soon as the haemorrhage could be stopped, expressed a wish to receive the last rites of his church; but said he would see his children first, and sent for his son. The young prince, when he entered the chamber and saw the pale, deathlike countenance of his father, and the bed all covered with blood, gave way to a passionate burst of grief, in which every one else joined except the dying king, who appeared perfectly serene. When the prince approached the bed, he extended his arms to embrace him, and addressed his last admonition to him in these impressive words, which, notwithstanding the weakness and exhaustion of sinking nature, were uttered with a fervour and a solemnity that astonished every one:¹

"I am now leaving this world, which has been to me a sea of storms and tempests, it being God Almighty's will to wean me from it by many great afflictions. Serve Him with all your power, and never put the crown of England in competition with your eternal salvation. There is no slavery like sin, nor no liberty like his service. If his holy Providence shall think fit to seat you on the throne of your royal ancestors, govern your people with justice and clemency. Remember, kings are not made for themselves, but for the good of the people. Set before their eyes, in your own actions, a pattern of all manner of virtues. Consider them as your children; you are the child of vows and prayers, behave yourself accordingly. Honour your mother, that your days may be long; and be always a kind brother to your dear sister, that you may reap the blessings of concord and unity."²

Those who were about the king, apprehending that the excitement of continuing to speak long and earnestly on subjects of so agitating a nature, would be too much for his exhausted frame, suggested that the prince had better now withdraw; at which his majesty was troubled, and said, "Do not take my son away from me till I have given him my blessing, at least."

The little princess Louisa was brought to the bedside of her dying father, bathed in tears, to receive, in her turn,

¹ Life of James II., from the Stuart Papers.

² Somer's Tracts, vol. xi. p. 342.

all that Heaven had left it in the power of the unfortunate James to bestow on his children by Mary Beatrice—his paternal benediction and advice. It was, perhaps, a harder trial for James to part with this daughter than with his son; she was the child of his old age, the joy of his dark and wintry years. He had named her *La Consolatrice* when he first looked upon her, and she had, even when in her nurse's arms, manifested an extraordinary affection for him. She was one of the most beautiful children in the world, and her abilities were of a much higher order than those of her brother. Reflective and intelligent beyond her tender years, her passionate sorrow showed how deeply she was touched by the sad state in which she saw her royal father, and that she comprehended only too well the calamity that impended over her. "Adieu, my dear child," said James, after he had embraced and blessed her, "adieu; serve your Creator in the days of your youth. Consider virtue as the greatest ornament of your sex. Follow close the steps of that great pattern of it, your mother, who has been no less than myself overclouded with calumnies; but Time, the mother of Truth, will, I hope, at last make her virtues shine as bright as the sun."¹

This noble tribute of the dying consort of Mary Beatrice to her moral worth, doubly affecting from the circumstances under which it was spoken, is the more interesting, because the prediction it contained is fulfilled by the discovery and publication of documents verifying the integrity of her life and actions, and exposing the baseness of the motives which animated the hireling scribblers of a party to calumniate her.

The observation of human life, as well as the research of those writers who, taking nothing on trust, are at the trouble of first searching out and then investigating evidences, will generally prove that railing accusations are rather indicative of the baseness of the persons who make them, than of want of worth in those against whom they are brought.

James did not confine his death-bed advice to his children; he exhorted his servants and friends to forsake sin, and lead holy and Christian lives, and tried to persuade his principal minister of state, the earl of Middleton, to embrace the

¹ Somer's Tracts, vol. ii. p. 342.

doctrines of the church of Rome. After he had received the last sacraments of that church from the curé of St. Germain, he told him that he wished to be buried privately in his parish church, with no other monumental inscription than these words, "Here lies James, king of Great Britain." He declared himself in perfect charity with all the world; and, lest his declaration that he forgave all his enemies from the bottom of his heart should be considered too general, he named his son-in-law, the prince of Orange, and the princess Anne of Denmark, his daughter.

All this while, the poor queen, who had never quitted him for a moment, being unable to support herself, had sunk down upon the ground by his bed-side, in much greater anguish than he, and with almost as little signs of life. James was sensibly touched to see her in such excessive grief, and seemed to suffer more on that account than any other. He tried all he could to comfort her, and to persuade her to resign herself to the will of God in this as in all her other trials, but none had appeared to Mary Beatrice so hard as this, and she remained inconsolable till, a visible improvement taking place in the king's symptoms, she began to flatter herself that his case was not desperate.¹ James passed a better night, and the next day Louis XIV. came to visit him; he would not suffer his coach to drive into the court, lest the noise should disturb his dying kinsman, but alighted at the iron gates the same as others. James received him with the same ease and composure as though nothing extraordinary were the matter. Louis had a long private conference with Mary Beatrice, for whom he testified the greatest sympathy and consideration. On the following Sunday, his majesty of France paid a second visit, and the whole of that day the chamber of king James was thronged with a succession of visitors of distinction, who came to harass him and the queen with complimentary marks of attention on this occasion. No wonder that he sank into a state of exhaustion on the following day, that his fever returned and all hopes of his recovering vanished.²

When this last fatal change appeared, the queen, who was as usual by his bedside, gave way to an irrepressible burst of anguish. This distressed the king, who said to her,

¹ Life of James II., from the Stuart Papers.

² Ibid.

“ Do not afflict yourself—I am going, I hope to be happy.” “ I doubt it not,” she replied ; “ it is not for your condition I lament, but for my own,” and then her grief overpowering her, she appeared ready to faint away, which he perceiving, entreated of her to retire, and bade those who were near him lead her to her chamber.¹ The sight of her grief was the only thing that shook the firmness with which he was passing through the dark valley of the shadow of death. As soon as the queen had withdrawn, James requested that the prayers for a departing soul should be read to him and for him, in which he joined with unaffected devotion. Meantime, Mary Beatrice having recovered herself a little, was only prevented, by the injunctions of her spiritual director, and the consciousness that, worn out as she was by grief and watching, she would be unable to command her feelings, from returning to her wonted station by the pillow of her dying lord. But, though she was not permitted to be present visibly, she came softly round by the backstairs, and knelt, unseen, in a closet behind the alcove of the bed, where she could hear every word and every sigh that was uttered by that dear object of her love which, for upwards of seven and twenty years had been the absorbing principle of her existence. In that unsuspected retreat, Mary Beatrice remained for several hours, listening with breathless anxiety to every sound and every motion in the alcove. If she heard the king cough, or groan, her heart was pierced at the thought of his sufferings, and that she was no longer permitted to support and soothe him ; and if all were silent, she dreaded that he had ceased to breathe. James sunk into a sort of lethargy, giving, for several days, little consciousness of life, except when prayers were read to him, when, by the expression of his countenance, and the motion of his lips, it was plain that he prayed also.²

Meantime, the momentous question of what should be done with regard to acknowledging the claims of the youthful son of James II. and Mary Beatrice, to the title of king of Great Britain, after the decease of the deposed monarch, was warmly debated in the cabinet council of Louis XIV. All but seven were opposed to a step in direct violation to

¹ Life of James, from the Stuart Papers.

² Circular Letter of the convent of Chaillot on the death of Mary Beatrice of Modena, late queen of England.

the treaty of Ryswick, and which must have the effect of involving France in a war for which she was ill prepared. Louis XIV., who had committed himself by the hopes he had given to Mary Beatrice, listened in perturbed silence to the objections of his council, in which his reason acquiesced, but the dauphin, being the last to speak, gave a strong proof of the friendship, which, in his quiet way, he cherished for the parents of the disinherited heir of England, for rising in some warmth, he said, “it would be unworthy of the crown of France to abandon a prince of their own blood, especially one who was so near and dear to them as the son of king James, that he was, for his part, resolved to hazard not only his life, but all that was dear to him for his restoration.” Then the king of France said, “I am of monseigneur’s opinion,” and so said the duke of Burgundy and all the princes of the blood.

The following interesting particulars connected with this determination of Louis XIV., were narrated by Mary Beatrice, herself, and must be related in her own words.¹ “It was,” said she, “a miraculous interposition, in which, with a heart penetrated with a grateful sense of his goodness to us, I recognise the hand of the most High, who was pleased to raise up for us a protector in his own good time, by disposing the heart of the greatest of kings to take compassion on the widow and orphans of a king, whom it had pleased God to cover with afflictions here below. We can never cease to acknowledge the obligations that we owe to the king; for not only has he done all that he could for us, but he did it in a manner so heroic and touching, that even our enemies cannot help admiring him for it. He came twice to see my good king during his illness, and said and did everything with which generous feeling could inspire a noble heart, for the illustrious sufferer. He could not refrain from shedding tears, more than once, on seeing the danger of his friend. He spared neither care nor pains to procure every solace, and every assistance that was considered likely to arrest the progress of the malady. At last, on the Tuesday after the king had received the viaticum for the second time, and they had no longer any hopes of him, this kind protector did me the honour of writing with

¹ Recital of the death of James II., by his queen. Chaillot MS. Archives au Royaume de France.

his own hand a note to me, to let me know that he was coming to St. Germain, to tell me something that would console me. He then came to me in my chamber, where he declared to me, with a thousand marks of friendship, the most consolatory that could be, under the circumstances—‘that after due reflection he had determined to recognise the prince of Wales, my son, for the heir of the three kingdoms of Great Britain, whosoever it should please God to remove the king, and that he would then render the same honours to him, as he had done to the king his father.’ I had previously implored this great monarch, in the presence of the king my husband, to continue the honour of his protection to my children and me, and entreated him to be to us in the place of a father. I made him all the acknowledgments in my power, and he told me that ‘I could impart these tidings to the king my husband when and how I thought best.’ I entreated him to be the bearer of them himself.”¹

Louis, being desirous of doing everything that was likely to alleviate her affliction, proceeded with her to king James’s chamber. Life was so far spent with that prince, that he was not aware of the entrance of his august visitor, and when Louis inquired after his health, he made no answer, for he neither saw nor heard him.² When one of his attendants roused him from the drowsy stupor in which he lay, to tell him that the king of France was there, he unclosed his eyes with a painful effort, and said, “Where is he?” “Sir,” replied Louis, “I am here, and am come to see how you do.” “I am going,” said James, quietly, “to pay that debt which must be paid by all kings, as well as by their meanest subjects. I give your majesty my dying thanks for all your kindnesses to me and my afflicted family, and do not doubt of their continuance, having always found you good and generous.”³ He also expressed his grateful sense of the attention he had been shown during his sickness. Louis replied, “that was a small matter indeed, but he had something to acquaint him with of more importance,” on which the attendants of both kings began to retire; “Let nobody withdraw,” exclaimed Louis; then turning again to James, he said, “I am come, Sir, to acquaint you that when-

¹ Recital of the death of James II. by his queen. Chaillot MS. Archives au Royaume de France.

² Life of James II., from the Stuart Papers. St. Simon.

³ Somer’s Tracts. Stuart Papers. St. Simon.

ever it shall please God to call your majesty out of this world, I will take your family under my protection, and will recognise your son the prince of Wales, as the heir of your three realms." At these words, all present, both English and French, threw themselves at the feet of the powerful monarch who was at that time the sole reliance of the destitute and sorrowful court of St. Germains.¹ It was, perhaps, the proudest, as well as the happiest moment of Louis XIV.'s life, that he had dared to act in compliance with the dictates of his own heart, rather than with the advice of his more politic council. The scene was so moving, that Louis himself could not refrain from mingling his tears with those which were shed by those around him. James feebly extended his arms to embrace his royal friend, and strove to speak, but the confused noise prevented his voice from being heard, beyond these words, "I thank God I die with a perfect resignation, and forgive all the world, particularly the emperor and the prince of Orange." He might have added, the empress Eleanor Magdalen of Newburgh, whose personal pique at the preference which his matrimonial ambassador the earl of Peterborough had shown for the beautiful Mary Beatrice of Modena, eight-and-twenty years before, although the means of elevating her to the greatest throne in Europe, was one of the unsuspected causes of the ill offices James, and afterwards his widow and son, experienced from that quarter.

James begged, as a last favour, "that no funeral pomp might be used at his obsequies." Louis replied, "that this was the only favour that he could not grant." The dying king begged, "that he would rather employ any money that he felt disposed to expend for that purpose, for the relief of his destitute followers." These he pathetically recommended to his compassionate care, with no less earnestness than he had done Mary Beatrice and her children. Having relieved his mind by making these requests, he begged his majesty "not to remain any longer in so melancholy a place."²

The queen having, meantime, sent for the prince her son, brought him herself through the little bed-chamber into that of his dying father, that he might return his thanks to his royal protector. The young prince threw himself at

¹ St. Simon. *Stuart Papers.*

² Duke of Berwick's *Memoirs.*

Louis' feet, and, embracing his knees, expressed his grateful sense of his majesty's goodness. Louis raised, and tenderly embracing him, promised to act the part of a parent to him. "As this scene excited too much emotion in the sick," says the queen, "we passed all three into my chamber, where the king of France talked to the young prince my son. I wish much I could recollect the words, for never was any exhortation more instructive, more impressive, or fuller of wisdom and kindness."¹

The earl of Manchester, in his private report of these visits of Louis XIV. to the sorrowful court of St. Germains, and his promises to the queen and her dying husband, in behalf of their son, mentions the resignation of king James, and then speaking of the prince his son, says,—"I can tell you, that the moment king James dies, the other will take the title of king of England, and will be crowned as such by those of St. Germains. The French king is now at Marly, and at his return he goes to Fontainebleau, so it may easily be contrived not to see the P. (prince) till his return. The queen will be in a convent at Chaillot, till the king be buried, and the P. (prince) at the duke of Lauzun's at Paris, and after that they will return to St. Germains; I doubt not but the French will call him *Roi d'Angleterre*. September 14. It was expected that king James would have died last night, but he was alive this morning, though they expect he will expire every moment, being dead almost up to his stomach, and he is sensible of no pain."²

James retained, however, full possession of his mental faculties, and when his son entered his chamber, which was not often permitted, because it was considered to occasion too much emotion in his weak state, he stretched out his arms to embrace him, and said, "I have not seen you since his most Christian majesty was here, and promised to own you when I should be dead; I have sent my lord Middleton to Marly to thank him for it." The same day, the duke and duchess of Burgundy came to take their last leave of him, when he spoke with composure to both, and begged that the duchess would not approach the bed, fearing it might have an injurious effect on her health.³

¹ Recital of the death of James II. Chaillot MS.

² Despatches of the earl of Manchester.

³ Life of James II. Stuart Papers.

"We have been," writes the earl of Manchester, September 16th, "ever since Tuesday, expecting to hear of the death of the late king. His greatest distemper is now a lethargy, and he is often thought dead, though with cordials they keep him up. The king of France was that day to see him, and there declared publicly, that he would own the P. (prince) for king of England, and ordered the captains of the guards to pay him the same honours that, they did to the late king James."

The duke of Berwick, who was an attendant on the death-bed of his royal father, James II., says that he remained in a lethargic state, except when roused by stimulants; his sight was weakened, but sense and consciousness remained with him unimpaired to his last sigh. "Never," continues Berwick,¹ "was there seen more patience, more tranquillity, and even joy, than in the feelings with which he contemplated the approach of death, and spoke of it. He took leave of the queen with extraordinary firmness; and the tears of this afflicted princess did not shake him, although he loved her tenderly. He told her to restrain her tears. "Reflect," said he to her, "that I am going to be happy, and for ever."¹ Mary Beatrice told him, that the nuns of Chaillot were desirous that he should bequeath his heart to their community, to be placed in the same tribune with that of their royal foundress, queen Henrietta, his mother, and her own, when it might please God to shorten the term of their separation, by calling her hence." James thanked her for reminding him of it.

He gave Mary Beatrice some directions about their son, and requested her to write to the princess Anne, his daughter, when he should be no more, to assure her of his forgiveness, and to charge her, on his blessing, to endeavour to atone to her brother for the injuries she had done him. Soon after, his hands began to shake with a convulsive motion, and the pangs of death came visibly upon him. His confessor and the bishop of Autun told the queen, "that she must withdraw, as they were about to offer up the services of their church for a departing soul, and that the sight of her agony would disturb the holy serenity, which God had shed upon the heart of the king." She consented, as a matter of conscience, to tear herself away; but when she kissed his hands, for the last time, her

¹ Memoirs of the duke of Berwick.

sobs and sighs roused the king from the lethargic stupor, in which exhausted nature had sunk, and troubled him. "Why is this?" said he tenderly to her. "Are you not flesh of my flesh, and bone of my bone—are you not a part of myself? How is it, then, that one part of me should feel so differently from the other? I in joy, and you in despair. My joy is in the hope I feel, that God in his mercy will forgive me my sins, and receive me into his beatitude, and you are afflicted at it. I have long sighed for this happy moment, and you know it well; cease, then to lament for me. I will pray for you.—Farewell."¹

This touching adieu took place four-and-twenty hours before James breathed his last. They forbade the queen to enter the chamber again, though he asked for her every time he awoke. Mary Beatrice being informed of this, implored so passionately, the evening before his death, to be permitted to see him once more, promising not to allow anything to escape her that should have the effect of agitating him, that she was permitted to approach his bed. She struggled to feign a composure that she was far from feeling; but James, although his eyes were now waxed dim, and his ear dull, perceived the anguish of her soul; and when she asked him, if he suffered, replied, "I suffer, but it is only because I see how much you suffer. I should be well content if you were less afflicted, or could take some share in my happiness."² She asked him, to request of God for her the grace of love and perfect resignation to his will. They compelled her to withdraw; and she passed the awful interval in fasting, watching, and prayer, alone in her chamber. When all was over, her confessor, father Ruga, came to seek her, no one else venturing to announce to her the fact, that her husband had breathed his last. Even he shrank from the task of telling her so in direct words; but requesting her to unite with him in offering up some prayers for the king, he commenced with, "*Subvenite Sancte Dei.*"

"Oh, my God, is it then done?" exclaimed the queen, throwing herself upon the ground, in an agony of grief, for she knew, too well, that this was part of the office appointed by their church for a soul departed; and pouring out a torrent of tears, she remained long unable to utter a word.³

¹ Recital of the death of James II., by his widow. Chaillot MSS.

² Ibid.

³ Chaillot MS. Records of the death of James II.

Father Ruga exhorted her to resign herself to the will of God, and, in token of her submission to his decrees, to say “*Fiat Voluntas Tua:*” Thy will be done. Mary Beatrice made an effort to obey her spiritual director; but, at first, she could only give utterance to the word “*Fiat.*” The blow, though it had so long impended over her, was hard to bear; for, in spite of the evidences of her own senses to the contrary, she had continued to cherish a lingering hope that the separation might yet be delayed, and she scarcely knew how to realize the fact that it was irrevocable. “As there never was a more perfect and more Christian union than that which subsisted between this king and queen, which, for many years, had been their mutual consolation,” says a contemporary, who was well acquainted with them both, “so there never was a more bitter sorrow than was felt by her, although her resignation was entire and perfect.”¹

King James departed this life at three o'clock in the afternoon; he died with a smile on his countenance.² The bitterness of death had long been passed, and he had requested that his chamber door might be left without being guarded, so that all who wished to take a last look of him might freely enter. His apartments were crowded both with English and French, of all degrees, and his curtains were always open. “The moment after he had breathed his last,” says the duke of Berwick, “we all went to the prince of Wales, and saluted him as king. He was, the same hour, proclaimed at the gates of the chateau of St. Germains by the title of James III., king of England, Scotland, Ireland, and France.” The earl of Manchester affirms that there was no other “ceremony than that the queen waited on him, and treated him as king. What was done in the town,” continues his excellency, “was done in a tumultuous manner. Some say there was a herald, an Irishman. Lord Middleton, &c., did not appear, because they could not tell how the title of France would be taken here, had they done it in form. Lord Middleton brought the seals to him, which he gave him again. Others did the like. I am told that, before the French king made this declaration, he held a council at Marly, where it took up some time to debate

¹ Narrative of the death of king James, written by an eye-witness for the nuns of Chaillot.

² Ibid.

whether he should own him or no; or, if he did, whether it ought not to be deferred for some time. The secret of all this matter is that, in short, there was a person who governs here who had, some time since, promised the queen that it should be done.¹ So that, whatever passed in council was only for form's sake."

When the royal widow came, in compliance with the ceremonial which their respective positions prescribed, to offer the homage of a subject to her boy, she said to him, "Sir, I acknowledge you for my king; but I hope you will not forget that you are my son;" and then, wholly overpowered by grief, she was carried in a chair from the apartment, and so conveyed to her coach, which was ready to take her to the convent at Chaillot, where she desired to pass the first days of her widowhood in the deepest retirement, declaring that she would not receive the visits or the compliments of any person whatsoever.²

Mary Beatrice left St. Germains about an hour after her husband's death, attended by four ladies only, and arrived at Chaillot a quarter before six. The conventional church of Chaillot having, in the meantime, been hung with black by the nuns, and everything done requisite to testify their respect for the departed king and the royal widow of England, their afflicted friend and patroness, as soon as the tolling of the bells announced her approach, the abbess and all the community went in procession to receive her at the convent gate. The widowed queen descended from her coach in silence, with her hood drawn over her face, followed by her four noble attendants, and apparently overwhelmed with the violence of her grief. The nuns gathered round her in silence; no one offered to speak comfort to her, well knowing how tender had been the union that had subsisted between her and her deceased lord. The abbess kissed the hem of her robe, some of the sisters knelt and embraced her knees, and others kissed her hand; but no one uttered a single word, leaving their tears to express how much they felt for her affliction. The tragedy of real life, unlike that of the stage, is generally a veiled feeling. "The queen," says our authority,³ "walked directly into the choir, without

¹ Madame de Maintenon.

² Stuart and Chaillot MSS. Autobiography of the duke of Berwick.

³ MS. Narrative of the visit of the widow of James II. to Chaillot, by one of the nuns. Archives au Royaume de France.

a sigh, a cry, or a word, like one who has lost every faculty but the power of motion. She remained in this mournful silence, this stupefaction of grief, till one of our sisters"—it was the beloved Françoise Angelique Priolo—"approached, and kissing her hand, said to her in a tone of tender admonition, in the words of the royal Psalmist, 'My soul, will you not be subject to God?' '*Fiat voluntas tua,*' replied the sorrowful queen, in a voice stifled with sighs. Then advancing towards the choir, she said in a firmer tone, 'Help me, my sisters, to thank my God for his mercies to that blessed spirit, who is, I believe, rejoicing in his beatitude. Yes, I feel certain of it in the depth of my grief.' The abbess told her she was happy in having been the wife of such a holy prince. 'Yes,' answered the queen, 'we have now a great saint in Heaven.' She was then conducted into the choir, and all the sisters followed her. She prostrated herself before the altar, and remained long in prayer." Having eaten nothing since the night before, she was so weak, that the nuns apprehending she would faint, begged her to be carried to her chamber in a chair; but, out of humility, she chose to walk, after practising many little fond observances, which appear to have been edifying to the nuns, though the reader might be wearied, and perhaps offended, by the detail. The abbess and two or three of the nuns attended the poor queen to her chamber, and entreated her to suffer herself to be undressed and go to bed; but she insisted on listening to more prayers, and complained bitterly that the solace of tears was denied her. She could not weep now—she who had wept so much during the prolonged agony of her husband's illness.¹

"She sighed, often," says the nun, who has preserved the record of this mournful visit of the widow of James II., to the convent of Chaillot, "her sighs were so heavy and frequent, that they pierced all our hearts with a share of those pangs that were rending her own. She was seized with fits of dying faintness, from the feebleness and exhaustion of her frame, but she listened with great devotion to the abbess, who knelt at her feet and read to her appropriate passages from the holy Scriptures, for her consolation. Then she begged the community to offer up

¹ Narrative of the visit of the queen to the convent of Chaillot, after the death of James II., by a nun of Chaillot. Archives au Royaume.

prayers for the soul of her husband, for "oh," said she, "a soul ought to be very pure that has to appear in the presence of God, and we, alas, sometimes fancy that persons are in heaven when they are suffering the pains of purgatory," and at this thought the sealed up fountain of her grief was opened, and she shed floods of tears; much she wept, and much she prayed, but was at last prevailed on to take a little nourishment, and go to bed while the nuns returned to the choir and sang the vespers for the dead.¹ Then the prayers for the dead were repeated in her chamber, in which she joined, repeating the verses of every psalm, for she knew them all by heart. She begged that a prayer for the conversion of England might be added for her sake, observing, "that for the last twelve years she had been at St. Germain, she had never omitted that petition at her private evening devotions." This little trait will be regarded as an instance of bigotry by many persons, but, although Mary Beatrice, educated as she was in the strictest tenets of the church of Rome, placed an undue importance on some things, which are not regarded by members of the reformed church as scriptural, her prayers were intended as acts of charity and Christian piety, and therefore ought not to be condemned.

At seven in the evening, the queen sent for her almoner, and after she and her ladies had united in their domestic worship for the evening, she begged that the writer of this record, who was her particular friend, and another of the sisters of Chaillot, would remain with her, for she saw that her ladies in waiting and her *femme de chambre* were worn out with fatigue and watching, and made them all go to bed. The nuns read to her from the book of Wisdom, and the description of the new Jerusalem in the Apocalypse, the occupation of the blessed in that holy city, and several other passages from holy writ, that were considered applicable to the time and circumstances.² The queen listened, sometimes with sighs, and sometimes with elevation of the soul to God, and submission to his

¹ The author of this biography does not consider herself in any way responsible for the sentiments and theology of either James II. or his queen. She is herself a member of the church of England, and relates things as she finds them; that being the duty of a biographer, notwithstanding differences of opinion on many important points.

² Chaillot MS. in Archives du Royaume de France.

decrees; but her affliction was inconceivable, and would scarcely permit her to taste a few moments of repose. During the whole of the Saturday, she continued to pray and weep, and, from time to time, related the particulars of the illness of the late king her husband, and his patience. "Never," said her majesty, "did the illustrious sufferer give utterance to a word of complaint, nor make a gesture of impatience, although his pains were sharp, and lasted more than fifteen days. He accepted his sufferings as the punishment of his sins. He took all the remedies that were prescribed, however disagreeable they might be, observing, 'that he was willing to live as long as it pleased God's providence to appoint, although he desired, with ardour, to die, that he might be united to Jesus Christ, without the fear of offending him any more.' So entirely was my good king detached from earthly things," continued the royal widow, "that notwithstanding the tenderness I have always had for him, and the love he bore to me, and the grief that I must ever feel for his loss during the rest of my days, I assure you that if I could recal his precious life by a single word, I would not pronounce it, for I believe it would be displeasing to God."

After the royal widow had departed from St. Germain's to Chaillot, about six o'clock in the evening, the public were permitted to view the body of king James in the same chamber where he died. The clergy and monks prayed and chanted the dirge all night. Altars were erected in the chamber of death, where masses were said, next morning, until noon. When the body was opened for embalming, the heart and the brain were found in a very decayed state. James had desired, on his death-bed, to be simply interred in the church of St. Germain's, opposite to the chateau; but when his will was opened, it was found that he had therein directed his body to be buried with his ancestors in Westminster Abbey. Therefore the queen resolved that his obsequies only should be solemnized in France, and that his body should remain unburied till the restoration of his son, which she fondly hoped would take place; and that, like the bones of Joseph in Holy Writ, the corpse of her royal husband would accompany his children, when they returned to the land of their ancestors. The body was destined to await this expected event in the church of

the Benedictines, Fauxbourg de St. Jacques, Paris, whither it was conveyed on the Saturday after his demise, about seven in the evening, in a mourning carriage, followed by two coaches in which were the officers of the king's household, his chaplains, and the prior and curate of St. Germain. His guard carried torches of white wax around the cortége. The obsequies being duly performed in the convent church of the Benedictines, the body was left under the hearse, covered with the pall, in one of the chapels. So it remained during the long years that saw the hopes of the Stuart family wither, one after the other, till all were gone; still the bones of James II. remained unburied, awaiting sepulture.

But, to return to Mary Beatrice, whom we left in her sorrowful retreat at Chaillot, endeavouring to solace her grief by prayers and devotional exercises, which are termed by the sister of that community by whom her proceedings have been recorded, "acts of faith and acts of resignation."¹ "On the evening of Saturday, September 17th, the second day of her widowhood, her majesty," continues this sympathizing recluse, who had watched beside her on the preceding night, "did me the honour of commanding me to take some repose, while sister Catharine Angelique took my place near her. At the second hour after midnight, I returned to the queen. As soon as she saw me, she cried out, 'Ha, my sister, what have I suffered while you were away! It is scarcely possible to describe my feelings. I fell asleep for a few moments, but what a sleep it was! It seemed to me as if they were tearing out my heart and rending my bowels, and that I felt the most horrible pains.' I made her majesty take some nourishment, and read to her the soliloquies in the Manual of St. Augustin, and she slept again for a few moments. Then my sister, Catharine Angelique, told me that, during my absence, her majesty had done nothing but sigh, lament, and groan, and toss from one side of the bed to the other, and bemoan herself as if in the greatest pain. We, who had seen the queen so resigned in the midst of her affliction, were surprised at this extreme agitation; but," continues the simple nun, "our surprise ceased when they told us privately that the body of the late king had been opened and embalmed at the precise time that the queen was thus

¹ MS. Recital of the death of James II., and the visit of the queen to the convent of Chaillot.

disquieted in her sleep. That same night, they had conveyed his bowels to the English Benedictines, and his heart to us, without any pomp or noise, as secretly as possible, for fear the queen should hear of it, and be distressed. "Our mother had received particular orders on that subject from our king (Louis XIV.), prohibiting her from either tolling her bells or chanting at the reception of king James's heart, within the convent of the visitation of St. Marie de Chaillot, lest it should agitate the royal widow."

"The young king of England, too, had expressly recommended us, by milord Perth, to take every possible precaution to prevent the queen, his mother, from having the slightest idea of the time of its arrival; but the sympathy of the queen defeated all our precautions. The late king had good reason to say to his august spouse 'that she was flesh of his flesh, and bone of his bone'; for when death had rendered his body insensible of the wound, the queen had felt all the pain in her own living frame; and this was the more to be remarked, since she knew nothing of what was then doing."

The good sister of Chaillot, being of a marvellous temperament, has made a miracle of a coincidence very easy to be accounted for by natural causes. The poor queen had scarcely closed her eyes in sleep for upwards of a fortnight, during which time she was in a state of the most distressing excitement; while the occasional deceptive amendments in the king's symptoms, by kindling the "hope that keeps alive despair," "had added the tortures of suspense to her other sufferings, and kept her nerves on a perpetual stretch. Every one knows the distressing sensations that attend the first perturbed slumbers into which exhausted nature sinks, after either nurse or patient have passed many nights of continuous vigils.

Early on the Sunday morning, the queen asked many questions, which the nuns considered a confirmation of the presentiment she had had of the arrival of the heart of her departed lord. She said she knew that it was near her; and, at last, they acknowledged that it was already enshrined in their tribune, near that of the queen, his mother. She spoke much, and eloquently, that day of James. She said, "that he had felt his humiliation, and, above all, the injustice he had experienced, very keenly; but that his love

of God had changed all his calamities into blessings ; she compared him to St. Stephen, who saw the heavens opened while they were stoning him."

While the queen was at Chaillot, they read to her some passages from the life of the reverend mother, Anne Marie d'Epernon, the superior of the great Carmelite convent at Paris, who had recently departed this life, with a great reputation for sanctity. Her majesty had been well acquainted with this *religieuse*, whom both the late king and herself had been accustomed to visit, and held in great esteem. Mary Beatrice appeared much interested in the records of her departed friend, who, before she took the habit, had refused the hand of the king of Poland, and preferred a life of religious retirement to being a queen. "Ah," exclaimed the royal widow, "she was right ; no one can doubt the wisdom of the choice, when we are at liberty to make it." Her majesty told the community, that she had herself passionately desired to take the veil, and that it was only in compliance with her mother's commands that she had consented to marry her late lord. "If it were not for the sake of her children," she said, "she would now wish to finish her days at Chaillot." Other duties awaited her.

The king of France had commanded the exempt of the guard of honour, by whom her majesty was escorted to Chaillot, and who remained on duty during her stay, not to admit any person whatsoever to intrude upon her grief during her retirement there, not even the princesses of the blood, though Adelaide, duchess of Burgundy, stood to her and king James in the near relation of great niece. This order was so strictly obeyed, that even the cardinal Noailles was refused admittance, though the queen had a great wish to see him. When his eminence was informed of this, he returned, and they had a long conference. On the third day after her arrival, being Monday, Mary Beatrice assumed the habit of a widow ; "and while they were thus arraying her," continues our good nun, "her majesty, observing that I was trying to look through her eyes into her soul, to see what effect this dismal dress had on her mind, assured me, "that those lugubrious trappings gave her no pain, because they were in unison with her own feelings, and that it would have been very distressing to herself to have dressed otherwise, or, indeed, ever to change that dress. For the

rest of my life ;” said her majesty, I shall never wear anything but black. I have long ago renounced all vanities, and worn nothing, in the way of dress, but what was absolutely necessary, and God knows that I have not put on decorations, except in cases where I was compelled to do so, or in my early youth.”¹

When the melancholy toilet of Mary Beatrice was fully completed, and she was dressed, for the first time, in widow’s weeds, she seated herself in a fauteuil, and all the ladies in the convent were permitted to enter, to offer her their homage and condolences. But every one was in tears, and not a word was spoken ; for the queen sat silent and motionless as a statue, with her eyes fixed on vacancy, apparently too much absorbed in her own unspeakable grief to be conscious of anything. “I had the boldness,” says our simple nun, “to place the crucifix where her majesty’s regards were absently directed, and soon all her attention was centred on that model of patience in suffering. After a quarter of an hour, I approached to give her an account of a commission, with which she had charged me. She asked what hour it was? I told her, that it was half-past four o’clock, and her carriages were come ; that the community were waiting in the gallery, and a chair and porters were in attendance to convey her to her coach.” She rose and said, “I have a visit to make before I go ;” then bursting into a passion of tears, she cried. “I will go and pay my duty to the heart of my good king. It is here—I feel that it is, and nothing shall stop me from going to it. It is a relic that I have given you, and I must be allowed to venerate it.”²

The more enlightened tastes of the present age, incline us to condemn as childish and superstitious, this fond weakness of an impassioned lover, in thus clinging to a portion of the earthly tabernacle of the beloved, after his spirit had returned to God who gave it ; but it was a characteristic trait, both of the times, the religion, and the enthusiastic temperament, of the countrywoman of Petrarch, of Ariosto, and Tasso. Every one in the church of St. Marie de Chaillot, at any rate, sympathized with her, and felt the tragic excitement of the scene, when the disconsolate widow of James II. in her sable weeds, covered with

¹ Chaillot MS. Archives au Royaume de France.

² Ibid.

her large black veil, and preceded by the nuns singing the *De Profundis*, approached the tribune where the heart of her beloved consort was enshrined in a gold and vermeil vase. She bowed her head, clasped her hands together, knelt, and kissed the urn across the black crape that covered it, and after a silent prayer, rose, and having asperged it with the holy water, without a tear or sigh, turned about in silence to retire, apparently with great firmness, but before she had made four steps from the spot, she fell into a fainting fit, which caused us," continues the recording nun, "some fears for her life. When, at last, she recovered, she was, by the order of her confessor, placed in a chair, and so carried to her coach. It was impossible for her to stay longer at Chaillot, because the young prince and princess, her children, had need of her presence at St. Germains."

"We have seen all this with our own eyes," observes the nun, in conclusion, "and the queen herself confirms what we have said here, as our mother and all the community judged it proper that an exact and faithful narrative of the whole should be made, to the end that it might be kept as a perpetual memorial in our archives, and for those who may come after us."

Mary Beatrice returned to her desolate palace, at St. Germains, on Monday, September 19th, in the evening, where the prince and princess rejoined her from Paris, and a tender re-union took place between the sorrowful family and their faithful adherents. The next day, Louis XIV. came in state, to pay his visits of condolence to the royal mother and son. The widowed queen received him in her darkened chamber hung with black, lying on her bed of mourning, according to the custom of the French queens. Louis said everything he could to mitigate her affliction, and comforted her with the assurances of his protection to her and her son. William's ambassador, who kept a jealous eye on all the proceedings of the French sovereign, with regard to the widow of James II. and her son, gives the following notices in his reports to his own court, which supply some authentic information touching this important epoch. On the 24th of September, he says: "I did not go to Versailles, yesterday. I was satisfied that the whole discourse would be of their new Roi d'Angleterre, and of the king's going to make him the first visit at St. Germains,

which he did that day. He stayed but little with him, giving him the title of Majesty. He was with the queen a considerable time. The rest of the court made their compliments the same day."

"September 23. The French king made the P. (prince) the first visit. Next day, the P. (prince) returned the visit at Versailles. All the ceremonies passed to the entire satisfaction of those at St. Germains, and in the same manner, as it was observed, with the late king."

"September 24th. I can perceive from M. de Torcy, that the French king was brought to do this, at the solicitation of the queen at St. Germains. It is certain, that M. de Torcy, as well as the rest of the ministers, was against it, and only the dauphin and Madame de Maintenon, whom the queen had prevailed with, carried this point, which I am satisfied they may have reason to repent of."

"September 26th. The will of the late king James is opened, but not yet published, but I hear it is to be printed. What I have learned of it is, that the queen is made regent; the French king is desired to take care of the education of the P. (prince); that in case he be restored, the queen is to be repaid all that she has laid out of her own; that all other debts which they have contracted, since they left England, and what can be made out, shall be paid—that the new king shall not take any revenge against his father's enemies, nor his own. That he shall not use any forces in matters of religion, or in relation to the estates of any persons whatsoever. He recommends to him all those that have followed him. I am told, that lord Perth is declared a duke, and Caryl a lord."

The information touching the will of king James, was true, as far as regards the power given to Mary Beatrice; but this document was dated as far back as November 17th, 1688, having been made by him after the landing of the prince of Orange, when he was on the eve of leaving London to join the army at Salisbury. By that document, he bequeaths his soul to God, in the confident assurance of eternal salvation, through the merits and intercession of our blessed Saviour Jesus Christ, without a word of the Virgin Mary, or any other saint. "Our body," he says, "we commit

¹ Cole's State Papers.

to the earth, and it is our will that the same be privately interred in our royal chapel, called Henry VII.'s chapel."

After mentioning the settlements which he had made—first, as duke of York, out of his personal property, and afterwards when king, as a provision for his entirely beloved consort, queen Mary—he constitutes his dear son, prince James, his sole heir, both of his three kingdoms and his personal property, with the exception of certain jewels, plate, household furniture, equipages, and horses, which are left to the royal widow.

"And we will and appoint that our said dearest consort," continues his majesty, "have the sole governance, tuition, and guardianship of our said dear son, till he shall have fully completed the fourteenth year of his age."

It is a curious fact, that James, after thus constituting Mary Beatrice as the guardian of their son and executrix of his last will and testament, appoints a council to assist her in this high and responsible charge, composed of the persons in whom he, at that date, reposed the most especial trust and confidence; and at the head of this list stood uncancelled the name of his son-in-law, prince George of Denmark! The duke of Newcastle, the earl of Nottingham, the duke of Queensbury, Cromwell's son-in-law, viscount Fauconberg, and lord Godolphin, are there, united with the names of some of the most devoted of James's friends, who, with their families, followed him into exile: the true-hearted earl of Lindsay, the marquis of Powis, the earls of Perth and Middleton, and Sir Thomas Strickland, besides several of those who played a doubtful part in the struggle, and others, both friend and foe, who had gone to their great account, before the weary spirit of the last of the Stuart kings was released from its earthly troubles.

In virtue of this will, the only one ever made by James II., Mary Beatrice was recognised by the court and council of her deceased lord, at St. Germain, as the acting guardian of the prince their son, and took upon herself the title of queen regent of Great Britain; she was treated by Louis XIV., and his ministers, with the same state and ceremony as if she had been invested with this office in the only legal way, by the Parliament of this realm.

The first care of the widowed queen was to obey the

death-bed injunctions of her deceased consort, by writing to his daughter, the princess Anne of Denmark, to communicate his last paternal message and admonition. It was a painful duty to Mary Beatrice, perhaps the most painful to her high spirit and sensitive feelings, that had ever been imposed upon her, to smother her indignant sense of the filial crimes that had been committed by Anne, against her fond confiding king and father, the slanders she had assisted in disseminating against herself, and, above all, the base aspersions that princess had endeavoured to cast on the birth of the prince her brother, for the purpose of supplanting him in the succession to the throne of the Britannic empire. Mary Beatrice had too little of the politician, too much of the sensitive feelings of the female heart in her character to make deceitful professions of affection to the unnatural daughter of her heart-broken husband. Her letter is temperate, but cold and dignified; and though she does not condescend to the language of reproachful accusation, it clearly implies the fact, that she regarded Anne in the light of a criminal, who, without effective repentance, and the fruits of penitence, sincere efforts to repair her offences against her earthly parent, must stand condemned in the sight of her heavenly Father.

LETTER OF MARY BEATRICE OF MODENA TO THE PRINCESS ANNE OF DENMARK.

"I think myself indispensably obliged to defer no longer the acquainting you with a message, which the best of men, as well as the best of fathers, has left with me for you. Some few days before his death, he bid me find means to let you know that he forgave you from the bottom of his heart, and prayed God to do so too; that he gave you his last blessing, and prayed to God to convert your heart, and confirm you in the resolution of repairing to his son, the wrongs done to himself; to which I shall only add, that I join my prayers to his, herein, with all my heart, and that I shall make it my business to inspire into the young man who is left to my care, the sentiments of his father, for better no man can have.¹

"Sept. 27, 1701."

If Mary Beatrice expected any good effects to be produced by the stern sincerity of such a letter, she knew little of the human heart, to which nothing is so displeasing as the prayers of another for its amendment.

A few days after the date of this letter, Mary Beatrice completed her forty-third year. The anniversary of her

¹ From the copy in Stanier Clarke's Life of James II., printed from the Stuart MSS. in George IV.'s possession.

birth had always been kept as a fête by the exiled court at St. Germain, but this year, in consequence of the melancholy bereavement she had so recently sustained, it was observed by her in a different manner. She gives the following account of herself in her first letter to the superior of Chaillot, on her return to St. Germain; it is dated October 6th, just three weeks after the death of king James:¹

"My health," she says, "is good beyond what I ever could have hoped in the state in which I find myself, for I avow frankly that my heart and my soul are sad, even unto death, and that every passing day, instead of diminishing, appears to augment my grief. I feel more and more the privation and the separation from him who was dearer to me than my own life, and who alone rendered that life sweet and supportable. I miss him, every day, more and more, in a thousand ways. In my first grief, I felt something like a calm beneath, but now, although, perhaps, it does not appear so much outwardly, I feel a deeper sorrow within me."

"Yesterday, the day of my birth, I made a day of retreat, (spiritual retirement for self-recollection and religious exercises,) but with so much pain and weariness, and tedium, that, so far from finding it a solace, I was oppressed and crushed down with it, as I am also with the weight of business; so much so, that, in truth, my condition is worthy of compassion. I hope the God of mercy will have pity on me, and come to my help; but here I feel it not, nor is it permitted me to find comfort either on earth or Heaven."

The royal widow then goes on to express her ardent wish of making another visit to Chaillot, to keep the festival of All Saints with her cloistered friends there, and her fears that, overwhelmed with business and anxiety as she was at this period, it would not be permitted to her to follow the bent of her own inclination. "Never," she says, in conclusion, "never had any one so great a want of prayers as I have. I entreat of God to hear those which you make to Him for me, and that He will deign to pity and take care of me."

Mary Beatrice was now a widow without a dower, a regent without a realm, and a mother whose claims to that

¹ Inedited Letters of Mary Beatrice, widow of James II., king of England, in Archives au Royaume de France.

maternity which had deprived herself and her husband of a throne, were treated by a strong party of her former subjects with derision. Although the subsequent birth of the princess Louisa had sufficiently verified that of her son, rendering, withal, the absurdity manifest of the widowed queen upholding the claims of an alien to her blood, to the prejudice of her own daughter, who might otherwise expect to be recalled to England as the next in the royal succession to the princess Anne of Denmark, there were, indeed, those—Burnet, for instance—who talked of a second imposition in the person of the young Louisa; but the striking likeness between the royal brother and sister sufficiently indicated that their parentage was the same. Mary Beatrice gives the following brief account of their health and her own, together with a touching allusion to her departed husband, in her letter to the abbess of Chaillot, at the commencement of a sorrowful new year, dated,

“ St. Germains, Jan. 4th, 1702.

“ My health is good, and that of the king, my son, and my daughter, perfect, God be thanked! I have bad nights myself, but that does not prevent me from going on, as usual, every day. I have great want of courage and of consolation. God can grant me these when it pleases him. I hope that your prayers will obtain them for me, joined with those of that blessed spirit whose separation from mine is the cause of all my pain.”¹

The first step taken by Mary Beatrice, in the capacity of guardian to the prince, her son, was to publish a manifesto in his name, setting forth his claims to the crown of Great Britain as the natural heir of the deceased king, his father. This manifesto produced no visible effects in favour of the young prince in England. In Scotland, the party that was secretly opposed to William's government, and openly to his favourite project of the union of the two realms, perceived how powerful an instrument might be made of the youthful representative of the royal Stuarts, if they could bring him forward as a personal actor in the political arena. The duke of Hamilton and the confederate lords having organized their plans for a general rising, sent the earl of Belhaven on a secret mission to St. Germains, to communicate their design to the queen-mother, and to endeavour to prevail on her to intrust them with her son. From a very curious contemporary document in the lately discovered

¹ In Archives au Royaume de France. Chaillot MSS.

portfolio in the Bibliothèque du Roi,¹ it appears that, in November, 1701, the earl of Belhaven came to Paris, on this errand, where he remained three months. He had several conferences with the earl of Middleton, to whom he was introduced by his brother-in-law, captain John Livingston. Lord Belhaven was naturally regarded, at first, with feelings of distrust by the exiled queen and her cabinet, having been one of the most subtle of all the instruments employed by William in bringing about the revolution of 1688. He succeeded, however, in removing the unpleasant impression created by his former political conduct, by professing the most determined hostility against the Dutch sovereign, who, instead of paying the debt of gratitude with the rewards and honours, to which he conceived that his extraordinary services entitled him, had neglected and slighted him, and performed none of his pledges with regard to Scotland.

"I remember," says our authority,² "that my Lord (Belhaven) said, 'that he had sent letters to the duke of Hamilton, and that he acted by his instructions, the duke having become the head of those who were faithful to the interests of their country; that he had himself been hated and ill treated by king William, and that he had now an aversion to the cause of a prince who had so greatly deceived the nation; that the yoke which bound Scotland to England—for he could not call it a union—had been the ruin of his country; that he, for one, was for setting up the claims of the prince of Wales in so decided a manner, as to compel the reigning king to acknowledge him, and that would keep him in check, and make him pay more attention to the interests of the ancient realm of his ancestors.'"

On the 2nd of February, 1702, his lordship had a private audience of the queen, in her palace of St. Germains, to whom he repeated all he had said to the earl of Middleton of the favourable intentions of his party, in behalf of her

¹ MS. in the St. Germains Collection. This record is endorsed, "Papers of my lord Belhaven." It is enclosed in the following brief note, addressed to the earl of Seaford:—

"My lord,

"The paper that I send you is the same of which I spoke to you yesterday.

"I am, my lord, &c.,

"C. HEDGES."

² St. Germains MS. on Lord Belhaven's Secret Mission, in the Bibliothèque du Roi.

son. He told her, "that if the prince could be induced to embrace the protestant religion, it would be easy to obtain his recall, even by the parliament, as the recognised successor of king William." He represented to her how desirable this would be; "for," said he, "England is so superior in force to Scotland, both by sea and land, that unless he had a strong party in England, he would not, as king of Scotland, be able to conquer England. The prince of Wales," continued he, "has not only a strong party in England, but a bond of alliance in France to support him in his claims."¹ Mary Beatrice was inexorable on the subject of religion. Even when lord Belhaven went on to assure her, "that if her son would declare himself a protestant, the duke of Hamilton and his party would proclaim him king of Scotland, without waiting either for the death of William or the consent of the English parliament," her majesty, with uncompromising sincerity, replied "that she would never be the means of persuading her son to barter his hopes of Heaven for a crown. Neither could she believe that any reliance could be placed by others on the promises of a prince who was willing to make such a sacrifice to his worldly interests." Lord Belhaven, after expressing his extreme regret at her stiffness on this important point, next proposed to her majesty, on the part of the duke of Hamilton and the confederate Scottish lords, "that if the prince would not change his religion, he would at least make a compact not to suffer more than a limited number of Romish priests in his kingdom, and that he would make no attempt to alter the established religion in either realm." This the queen freely promised for the prince her son; and then his lordship engaged, in the name of his party, that they would do all in their power to oppose the English parliament in the Act of Settlement regarding the Hanoverian succession.²

It is interesting to be able to unveil some of the secret feelings that had agitated the heart of the royal mother in anticipation of this important interview. In a letter to her friend, the abbess of Chaillot, dated February 1st, she says—

"I am ashamed to tell you, that for several days past I have slept less, and wept more, than I have done for some time. I find myself utterly overwhelmed, without power to

¹ St. Germain's MS., Bibliothèque du Roi.

² Ibid.

find consolation either in heaven or earth. I hope always that my dear sainted king will by his intercessions obtain help for me of God. I expect it perhaps too eagerly, for my need of it is very great.”¹

She goes on to speak of the publication of some of king James’s letters, and of the funeral oration that had been made for him in the pope’s chapel at Rome, where her kinsman, cardinal Barberini, chanted the mass, and the pope himself sang the *Libera*—“My health,” continues she, “thanks to God, is wonderfully good, and I beg of him to give me grace to employ all his gifts for his sole service.” In conclusion, she says, and this has clearly reference to the propositions about to be made to her by the confederate Scotch lords, through lord Belhaven :—

“I request some particular prayers, to obtain the enlightenment and blessing of God on the business which we have at present on the tapis; and when it is put home to me, is likely to augment my troubles. This is to yourself alone.”²

Lord Belhaven had several interviews with the queen, to whom he continued unavailingly to urge the desirableness of the prince conforming to the prevailing religion of the realm, over which she flattered herself he might one day reign. The queen declared that her son, young as he was, would rather die than give up his religion; but that neither he nor the late king, his father, or herself, entertained any designs to the prejudice of the church of England; all they desired was toleration for those of their own way of thinking, which, she said, with some emotion, she considered “was only reasonable.”³

Finally, lord Belhaven communicated the earnest desire of the duke of Hamilton, and his party, “that she should send the prince to Scotland, in which case they were willing to raise his standard, and rally their followers. At present, his name was all that was known of him; but if he were once seen among them, he would be recognised as the representative of their ancient sovereigns, and the people would be ready to fight in his cause.”⁴

Unfortunately the maternal weakness of Mary Beatrice was of too absorbing a nature to allow her to entertain

¹ Archives au Royaume de France. Chaillot MSS.

² Ibid.

³ MS. Bibliothèque du Roi.

⁴ State Papers in the Bibliothèque du Roi.

this proposition. Perhaps she doubted the principles of lord Belhaven, whom she had little reason to esteem.¹

It has been conjectured, that she apprehended that the duke of Hamilton meant to revive the never-forgotten claims of his own ancestors on the Scottish crown; nothing could induce her to put her son into the hands of the confederate lords. "He was a minor," she said, "and as his guardian, she stood responsible to the late king, his father, and also to the people of England, who would, she doubted not, one day recall him to the throne of his forefathers; but, in the interim, she would not consent to his incurring so great a peril on her own responsibility." She had been persuaded, that it was the intention of the party that had placed the prince of Orange on the throne to assassinate her boy at the time she fled with him from England, thirteen years before, and this idea returned so forcibly to her mind on the present occasion, that she could not conceal her uneasiness when the proposition was made to her; and thus an opportunity that seemed to promise much, was lost, for she preferred the personal safety of her son to the advancement of his interests.

Mary Beatrice gave much of her confidence at this period to lord Caryl, who had been her secretary when duchess of York, had followed her into exile and sacrificed all his property in England for the sake of his principles.

¹ John earl of Belhaven, whose family name was Hamilton, played a more remarkable, though, perhaps, less conspicuous part, in bringing about the Revolution of 1688, than any other man. In order to perform the office of a spy and secret agent for the prince of Orange more safely and effectually, the tradition of his family affirms that, immediately on the death of Charles II., he left his family mansion, attended by only one servant, in whose fidelity he could confide, and when he reached England, he sent this person back, with directions to circulate a report that his lordship and his horse had suddenly disappeared, while crossing Solway Moss, and that it was to be feared he had been engulfed in a quicksand. The earl, who had made every arrangement for his deep-laid plot, meantime disguising himself as a gardener, hired a cottage and a market garden at Richmond, where he affected the cultivation of rare exotics, especially tulips, hyacinths, and other Dutch plants. As a collector of these, he made frequent voyages to Holland, and was, for upwards of three years, the unsuspected medium of communication between William and his confederates in England. After the Revolution was accomplished, the long-lost earl of Belhaven re-appeared on the scene, but after some years he changed his politics, and became a Jacobite: finding, however, that he could not induce the mother of the disinherited prince to enter into his projects, he returned to his original party, became a promoter of the union, and zealously supported the whig interest to the end of his life.

She had induced king James to advance him to the post of secretary of state, being well persuaded of his fidelity. He was a person of a very elegant mind, and had been the friend and earliest patron of Pope. It was to the suggestions of Caryl that Pope was indebted for the idea of the unique and graceful poem of "the Rape of the Lock." He was also the friend and assistant of Dryden. His talents as a statesman were not equal to the difficulties of his position at the court of St. Germain, where he was crossed by the intrigues and jealousies of weak, violent, and wrong-headed rivals. The queen esteemed and trusted him, and that was sufficient to entail upon him the envy and ill-will of the rest of the cabinet, who charged all the miscarriages of the Jacobite cause to his influence. It is strange, that among persons who had sacrificed everything for their principles, so much disunion should exist, especially in a court without an exchequer, where all service was performed *con amore*.

Lord Middleton professed to be a protestant, but in his hours of relaxation declared that he believed in no religion. His fidelity to James II. was greatly doubted; that king, on his death-bed, entreated him to heed his ways and to be converted. After the death of his royal master, he fell into disgrace with the queen; he regained her confidence in the following manner:—he had been ill some time, or affected to be so; one morning, in great agitation, he demanded audience of the queen at St. Germain, and when she granted it, he told her, "that by a miracle his health was perfectly restored: for he had seen a vision of his lost master, king James, in the night, who told him he would get well, but that he owed his health to his prayers, and that he must become a catholic." Middleton concluded this scene by declaring his conversion.¹ This was attacking the poor widow of James on the weak point of her character; she burst into tears of joy, and received Middleton into her confidence; he abjured the protestant faith, took the catholic sacraments immediately, and soon after ruled all at St. Germain.

The news of this conversion was communicated by Mary Beatrice to her friend Angelique Priolo, in terms which, though they may elicit a smile from persons of a calmer

¹ St. Simon, vol. vi. 124, and following.

and more reflective turn of mind, were perfectly consistent with the enthusiastic temperament of her own :

" I defer not a moment, my dear mother, to send you the good news of the conversion of milord Middleton, which I have known for several days, but it was not in my power, till yesterday, to declare that to you which has given me such great pleasure ; the only one, in truth, of which I have been sensible, since the death of our sainted king, to whose intercession I cannot but attribute this miracle—the greatest, in my opinion, that we have seen in our day. Entreat our mother (the abbess of Chaillot), and all our sisters, from me, to assist me in returning thanks to God, and in praying to him for a continuance of his grace and his mercies, which are admirable and infinite. I will tell you the particulars of this when we meet, but at present you must be content with learning that he left us at seven o'clock yesterday morning, to go to Paris, and to put himself into the hands of the superior of the English seminary there (who is a holy man), for some weeks. I am about to send this news to madame de Maintenon, but I hope to see her to-morrow, or the day after, at St. Cyr. Let us confess that God is good, my dear mother, and that he is true ; that his mercies are above all, and through all his works, and that he ought to be blessed for ever. Amen."¹

At the time of king James's death, Mary Beatrice was in arrears to the convent of Chaillot a large sum, for the annual rent of the apartments that were retained for her use, and that of her ladies and their attendants. The money that she would fain have appropriated to the liquidation of this debt by instalments, was constantly wrung from her by the craving misery of the starving families of the devoted friends who had given up everything for the sake of their old master king James ; and she knew that their necessities were more imperative than the claims of the compassionate nuns, who were willing to wait her convenience. Occasionally she had it in her power to gratify them with gifts from the poor remnants of her former splendour for the decoration of their church. Their gratitude, on one of these occasions, when they addressed a letter of thanks to her, signed by the superior, and all the sisterhood, appeared to her sensitive delicacy so much more than was her due, that she addressed the following affectionate letter of reproof to her beloved friend Angelique Priolo on this subject. It is like too many of hers, without date.

" Is it possible, my dear mother, that all your good sense, and the friendship you bear me, should not have led you to prevent all the thanks from our mother, and the rest of the community, for so trifling a thing, and have spared me this shame. I expected that of you ; instead of which you have seriously put your name among the others, to augment my confusion. You know my

¹ Autograph Letters of the Queen of James II., Archives au Royaume de France. Chaillot MSS.

heart, my dear mother, and the desire I have to do much for you and others, to whom I owe much, and the pain I feel at doing so little. In truth, my poverty is never more keenly felt by me than when I think of Chaillot, and if I ever become rich, assuredly you would all be the first to feel it."

Her majesty laments that it will be a month before she can see her friend again :

"In the meantime," she says, "I send my children to you. It is my daughter who will give you this letter; say something to her for her good, and give her some instruction. Ah! how happy I should esteem myself if I could put her into the hands of a person who had all your good qualities. Beg of God to inspire me with what I ought to do for the benefit of this dear daughter."¹

¹ Archives au Royaume de France.

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